Saturday Evening Post · April 8, 1967 · 35c

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CORRUPTION IN CONGRESS?

THE WISHING TREE
BY WILLIAM FAULKNER
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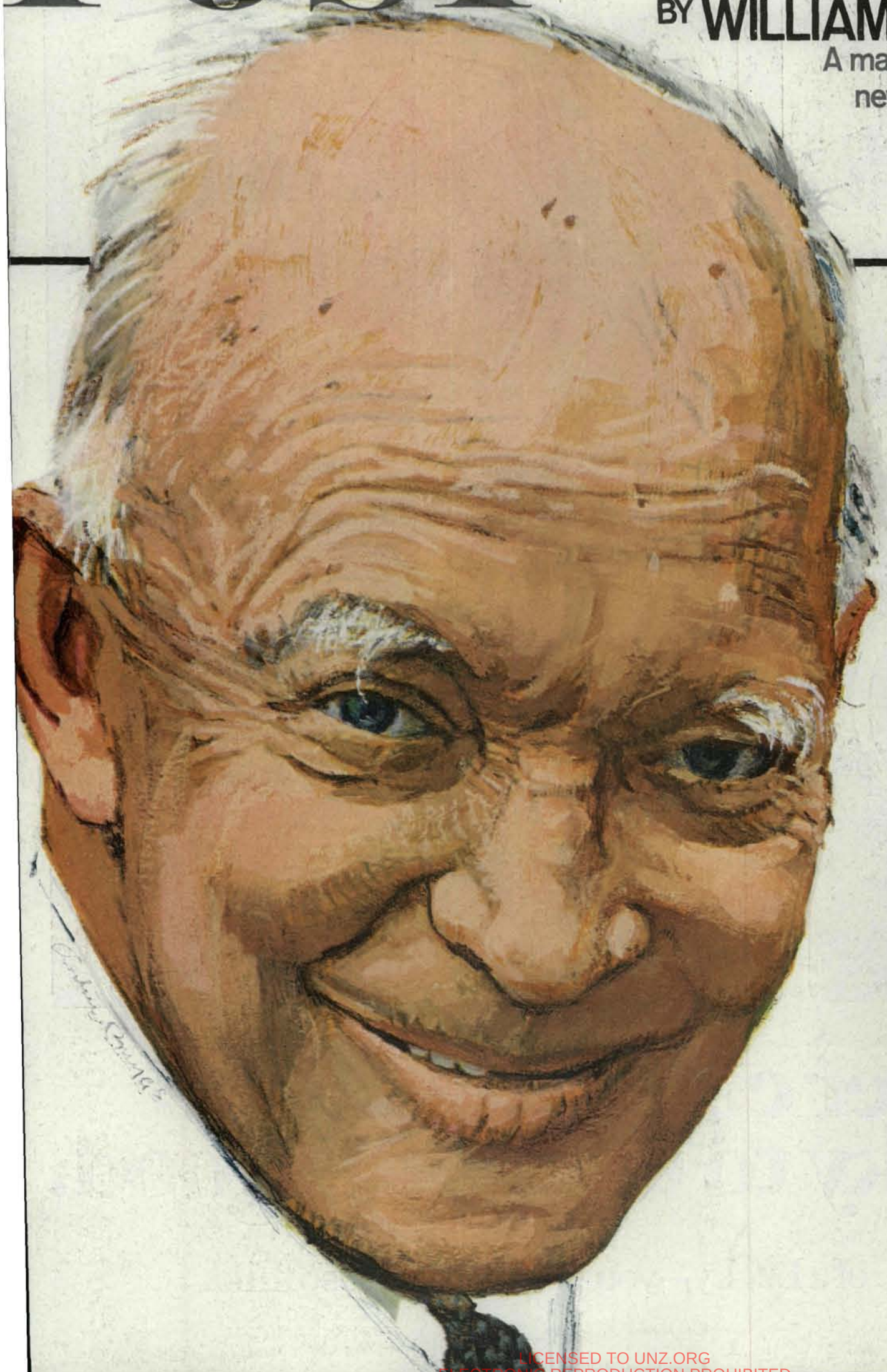

EXCLUSIVE

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From the big new autobiography of
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

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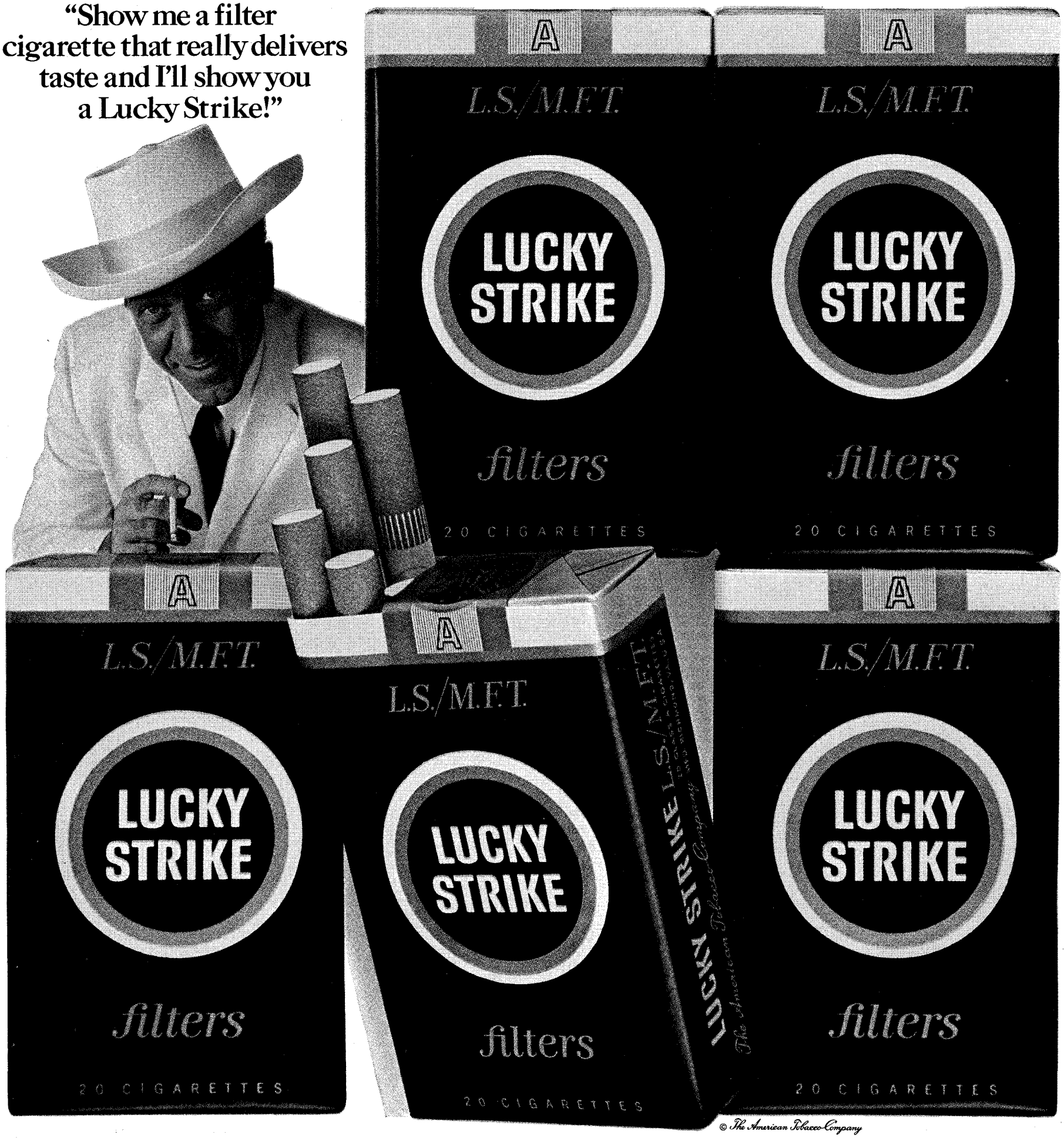
"Show me a filter cigarette that really delivers taste and I'll show you a Lucky Strike!"



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A filter cigarette has to be Lucky to taste this good.

The taste of a Lucky—you've never had it so mild.

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1950	people invested $	518,811,000 in mutual fund
1951	people invested $	674,610,000 in mutual fund
1952	people invested $	782,902,000 in mutual fund
1953	people invested $	672,005,000 in mutual fund
1954	people invested $	862,817,000 in mutual fund
1955	people invested $	1,207,458,000 in mutual fund
1956	people invested $	1,346,738,000 in mutual fund
1957	people invested $	1,390,557,000 in mutual fund
1958	people invested $	1,619,768,000 in mutual fund
1959	people invested $	2,279,982,000 in mutual fund
1960	people invested $	2,097,246,000 in mutual fund
1961	people invested $	2,950,860,000 in mutual fund
1962	people invested $	2,699,049,000 in mutual fund
1963	people invested $	2,459,105,000 in mutual fund
1964	people invested $	3,402,978,000 in mutual fund
1965	people invested $	4,358,144,000 in mutual fund
1966	people invested $	4,671,842,000 in mutual fund

SOURCE: INVESTMENT COMPANY INSTITUTE

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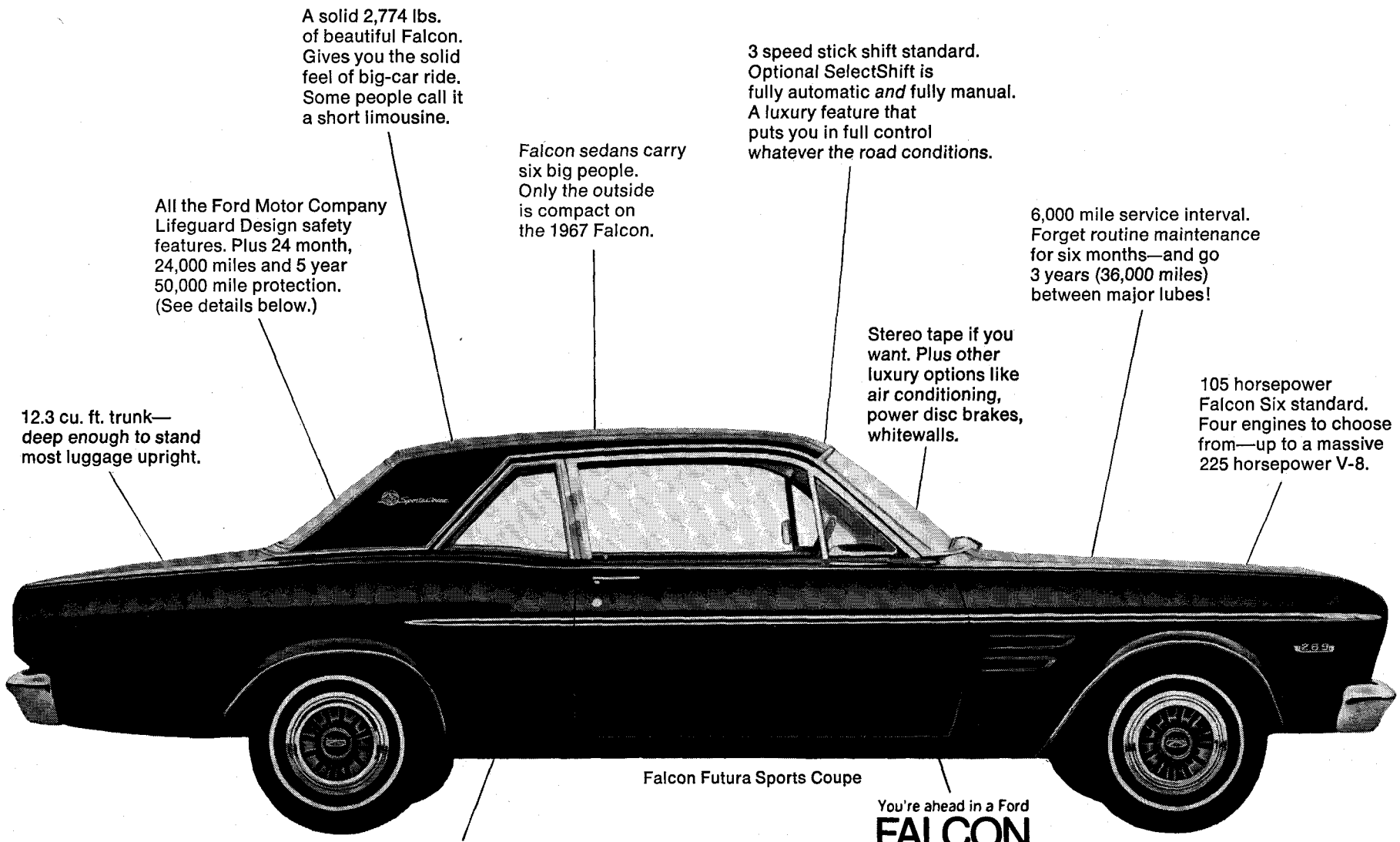
What's the matter with getting more than economy in an economy car?

Look at this.


A solid 2,774 lbs. of beautiful Falcon. Gives you the solid feel of big-car ride. Some people call it a short limousine.
All the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design safety features. Plus 24 month, 24,000 miles and 5 year 50,000 mile protection. (See details below.)
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3 speed stick shift standard. Optional SelectShift is fully automatic *and* fully manual. A luxury feature that puts you in full control whatever the road conditions.
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105 horsepower Falcon Six standard. Four engines to choose from—up to a massive 225 horsepower V-8.
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Falcon Futura Sports Coupe

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You're ahead in a Ford

FALCON

FORD

Ford Motor Company's 3-point warranty plan: 1. 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty on car power train, steering, and suspension. 2. 2-year or 24,000-mile warranty on the entire car. 3. Only one dealer certification per year regardless of how many miles you drive.

Ford Motor Company New Vehicle Warranty Basic Facts: Ford Motor Company warrants to owners that their selling Ford dealer (or if owner is traveling or has moved, any Ford dealer), using genuine new Ford or Ford authorized reconditioned parts, will repair or replace, free of charge including related labor, the following parts in Ford-built vehicles which are found, in normal use and within the following time and mileage limits (whichever comes first), to be defective in either workmanship or materials: (A) Any part of any vehicle with 24 months or 24,000 miles, and (B) Power train parts in any car or light truck, and suspension or steering parts in any car (except Broncos), within 5 years or 50,000 miles.

Power train parts include: Engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission cases and internal parts, torque converter, driveshafts, universal joints, differentials, and driving axles and their wheel bearings. Suspension and steering parts include all parts of the front and rear suspension systems, steering gear and linkage, power steering pump, road wheels and front wheel bearings and seals. Related items such as ignition, electrical, cooling, fuel and brake systems, engine or transmission controls or linkages, steering column and wheel, clutch assembly, shock absorbers or load leveling system are excluded. The owner is required to obtain certain maintenance services* and, every 12 months, a written certification from Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer that he has presented evidence that such services have been performed.

The warranty does not apply to tires or tubes (adjustments are provided by tire companies), or to normal maintenance services or normal replacement of service parts such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades or brake or clutch linings, or to normal deterioration of soft trim, appearance items, hoses, belts or molded rubber or rubber-like items.

The warranty applies to vehicles normally operated in the U.S.A. and Canada.

*Every 6 months or 6,000 miles: Change oil and oil filter; clean air cleaner, air filter and oil filter cap; check axle lube and transmission oil levels. Every 12 months or 12,000 miles: Replace air filter on closed crankcase ventilation systems; clean emission system and carburetor spacer; replace emission control valve and thermactor air filter. Every 24 months or 24,000 miles: Change engine coolant and check radiator hoses. Every 36 months or 36,000 miles: Replace air filter on open crankcase ventilation systems; adjust automatic transmission bands; lubricate steering linkage and ball joints; clean and repack front wheel bearings.

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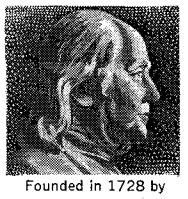
The Saturday Evening
POST



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IN THIS ISSUE

April 8, 1967 • 240th year, issue no. 7

Articles

Congress is hypocritical *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Larry L. King* 10
Goldwater will have his say *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16
I must go down to the beach again, must I? *(The Human Comedy)* . *John Skow* 18
Mutiny in the Birch Society . . . . . *James Phelan* 21
Otto the terrible . . . . . *Thomas Meehan* 26
Boyhood of a President . . . . . *Dwight D. Eisenhower* 32
My son comes home from Vietnam . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 76
'It was that damned book' . . . . . *Bill Davidson* 81

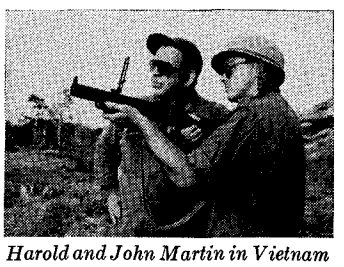
Fiction

The wishing tree . . . . . *William Faulkner* 48
The diamond watch . . . . . *Berkely Mather* 64
Dark ones . . . . . *James Dickey* 72

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 60 Post scripts . . . 74
Hazel . . . . . 78 Editorials 90

About this issue



Harold and John Martin in Vietnam

Last year at this time *Post* editor-at-large HAROLD MARTIN made a surprise visit to his son, who was fighting in the central highlands of South Vietnam, and his moving article, *My Son in Vietnam*, appeared in our July 16, 1966, issue. In this *Post*, Martin provides a sequel—the homecoming of Spec. 4/c John Martin to Atlanta. . . . In his two months of nationwide research into the John Birch Society, contributing writer JAMES PHELAN began to suspect a conspiracy of his own—when the weatherman sabotaged Phelan's interviews in Chicago and New York with the worst snowstorms to hit those cities in several years. . . . Poet JAMES DICKEY, making his first appearance in the *Post*, is consultant in poetry to the Library of Congress in Washington and the winner of the 1966 National Book Award. A volume of Dickey's collected poems will be published by Wesleyan University Press this April. . . . THOMAS MEEHAN, who in this issue writes about film director Otto Preminger, is the author of a book of humorous pieces scheduled for publication later this year by Simon and Schuster. / Cover illustration by Austin Briggs.

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Letters

Nazi murderers

Dear Sir:

After reading Part I of Simon Wiesenthal's story [THE MURDERERS AMONG US, February 25], I am sick with rage that these Nazi war criminals could go scot-free, or get off with only a few short years in prison. I never really realized before that there is so little justice in this world.

MRS. SHIRLEY WILKINS
Grand Prairie, Tex.

In Part II of the condensation of his forthcoming book THE MURDERERS AMONG US, *which appeared in the March* 11 Post, *Simon Wiesenthal told of his search for Franz Stangl, commandant of the Treblinka concentration camp in Poland, in which 700,000 people died. "Stangl is still working in São Paulo," Wiesenthal wrote. "We even have his present address."*

On February 28—the day the Post *went on sale—Stangl was arrested by the Brazilian police at the request of the Austrian embassy and held for extradition. In this letter to the* Post, *Simon Wiesenthal tells of his part in that arrest.*

For three years I had carried Franz Stangl's photo in my wallet. Although I knew his address, I also knew that extradition of Nazi criminals from Brazil has always been hampered by leaks that enable the criminals to escape. I looked for a contact in Brazil who could help me without arousing too much interest. In December, 1966, I met a highly placed Brazilian in Zurich, Switzerland, and he promised to help and to keep the developing situation quiet.

On January 12 I went to see the Austrian minister of justice, who promised to ask for extradition if Stangl were arrested in South America. Now my dossier, over 1,000 pages, had to be translated, and new warrants had to be made out with Stangl's latest address.

On January 20 I sent a courier with this material to Rio de Janeiro. The dossier contained photographs of Stangl and his wife and children, because he had to be identified before I could start the proceedings between Brazil and Austria. In Brazil, a police official identified Stangl from the photos, and secretly watched him. It was Carnival time in Rio, and nothing could be done about Stangl, I was told, until Carnival ended on February 7.

On February 23 the official information on Stangl was sent from Vienna to Rio, and there the material was handed over to the Brazilian foreign ministry. The following day, Stangl was arrested as he left the automobile plant where he had worked several years as a mechanic. The unfinished chapter in my book that deals with Franz Stangl is now completed.

SIMON WIESENTHAL
Vienna, Austria

The real people

Gentlemen:

I really got a chuckle from THE HUMAN COMEDY [REAL GIRLS ASK FOR MINT FRAPPÉS by Will Stanton, February 25]. It's fun to pick apart a movie or TV program.

MRS. PAUL SIMANDL
Green Bay, Wis.

Gentlemen:

Doesn't a person have enough little things going wrong during the day without turning on the television set and watching some lady scratching a mosquito bite or a man picking his teeth?

CHÉRE CLAIBORNE
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Gentlemen:

Do we really want to see ourselves projected on the television screen as we are—or as we wish to be?

LINDA KEEHNER
Lake Grove, N.Y.

Pray for grace

Dear Editor:

Julia O'Faolain's conception of a nun—in your PRAY FOR GRACE, POOR LITTLE SINNER fiction story in the February 25 issue—is shockingly erroneous. Not even the worst nun could be as evil as the figure she portrayed as "Sister Serafina."

ELAINE M. CURZIO
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Gambling in the Bahamas

Dear Editor:

The *Post* and Bill Davidson and his team are to be commended for the article on the infiltration of the Mafia into the Bahamas [SHADOW OF EVIL ON AN ISLAND IN THE SUN, by Bill Davidson, February 25]. Such exposés must continue, until these gambling "takes" no longer line the pockets of the Mafia.

HERMAN JOHNSON
Venice, Fla.

Dear Sir:

Congratulations to Bill Davidson on a superb article. As a recent visitor to the Bahamas, I also missed the flowers and the "great charm and hospitality" of the Bahamians.

STEPHEN G. PORTER
Valdosta, Ga.

War and poverty

Dear Sir:

I would like to compliment you on your editorial VIETNAM AND THE POOR in the February 25 issue.

Your sensible statements in regard to the problems of poverty and war are both palatable and practical.

JAMES A. HAMLEN
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sir:

In spite of your optimistic editorial about returning servicemen from Vietnam being a "bridge between black and white communities," I don't believe the returning GI's are going to be anything but returning GI's. And if they lived in a ghetto, they will return to a ghetto—the only thing they care about is getting out of uniform and being civilians again.

JOHN C. ROGERS
Alexandria, Va.

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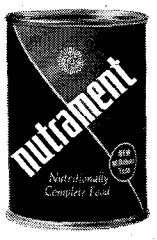

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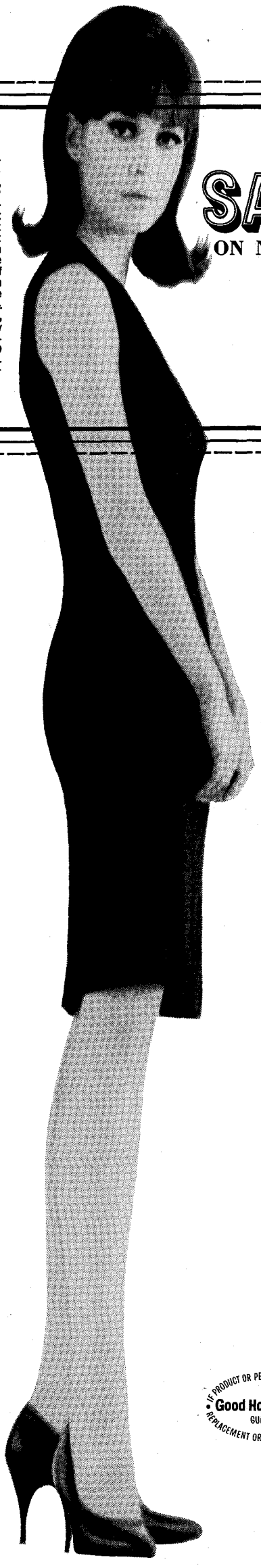

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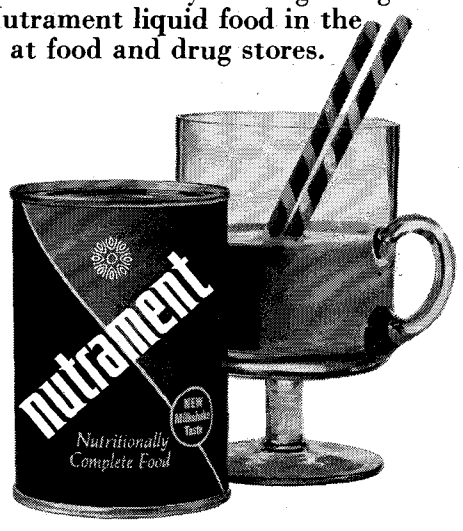

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Letters

How old is old?

Gentlemen:

A big hand to Jonathan Daniels for his very excellent SPEAKING OUT in the February 25 *Post* [I'M OLD AND I'M GLAD OF IT]. I'm older than Mr. Daniels is by a score of years, and have not slowed down yet.

FRED DANIEL
Sandoval, Ill.

Dear Sir:

How wonderful that a man of Jonathan Daniels's stature speaks out for the multitude of Americans who resent the namby-pamby epithet "senior citizen" as applied to an adult.

MRS. E. L. NICHOLSON
Newton, Kans.

Editor:

Mr. Daniels thinks he is old at the age of 64—that's laughably preposterous to nonagenarians like myself who are lively and eagerly looking forward to 100. The malady that kills so many men prematurely—boredom—to me is meaningless.

LABAN LACY RICE
Hudgins, Va.

Dear Editor:

I must admit that I would like to be young again, but if I had to go back minus the knowledge and compassion that I have acquired through the years, I would not go. I value my present wisdom and set of values more than youth.

MRS. KENNETH WARES
Liberal, Kans.

Editor:

In 1967 no one who is 64 can appraise old age. In another 10 or 15 years, Mr. Daniels could have spoken from experience.

EVA JUNE SPAULDING
Portland, Oreg.

Editor:

When one is in the middle 40's—neither young nor old—it's difficult to evaluate the aging process. I sometimes yearn for the 20's and often dread the 60's. Mr. Daniels's honesty had great impact on me, and I thank him for giving me something to look forward to.

M. K. STAMMEN
El Cajon, Calif.

Asthma & children

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for doing such an outstanding job in your article about the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital [KIDS WHO CONQUER ASTHMA by Steven M. Spencer, February 25]. Being an alumnus of it, I really appreciate the perception and understanding shown by Mr. Spencer.

If it were not for the C.A.R.I.H., I would surely not be in graduate school today—or perhaps even alive.

RICHARD S. ZUSMAN
Albany, N.Y.

Nixon

Dear Sir:

Your article on Richard Nixon [NIXON FOR PRESIDENT IN '68? by Jules Witcover, February 25] was frank, factual and well-warranted. The author, without censoring past events, has truly grasped the character of the whole man.

EDWARD O. SULLIVAN JR.
Yonkers, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Jules Witcover's article is a fascinating portrait of a very human person. We have seldom seen this side of Mr. Nixon, and need more of such fine reports.

HENRY HYDE
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

It is only right that a man of Mr. Nixon's background and ability should return to the national spotlight. Despite his young age, he is already one of our country's elder statesmen—both domestically and internationally.

KENNETH R. COLE JR.
Fanwood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Let's be charitable and ignore Nixon, and maybe after a while he'll go away.

ROBERT A. DREW
Herrin, Ill.

Gentlemen:

If Nixon isn't elected in 1968, time will be running out for him. But much more important, it will be running out for the American people.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Stewart Alsop's bland assertion that former Vice President Richard M. Nixon spent World War II in a "noncombat Navy job" [THE COMPLEAT POLITICIAN, February 25] is a wholly unfair and inaccurate assessment of Mr. Nixon's military record, which includes 14 months' service in the Solomon Islands at the height of the war. A number of men who held "noncombat jobs" similar to Mr. Nixon's in the Solomons during those years never came home to tell what a soft touch it was.

DONALD E. JOHNSON
Past National Commander
The American Legion
West Branch, Iowa

Stewart Alsop replies: During a long interview with Mr. Nixon for an article in the Post *in 1958, I asked him about his war experience. He told me that he had been a shore-based Navy supply officer, in which capacity he made a very useful sum playing poker. He did not serve in a combat capacity on a ship of the line. Shore-based supply duty may be Mr. Johnson's definition of "combat." It is not mine.*

Except for his remarkable proficiency at poker, I would agree with Mr. Nixon's own description of his war experience, in his famous 1952 speech on the Nixon fund, as "not particularly unusual."

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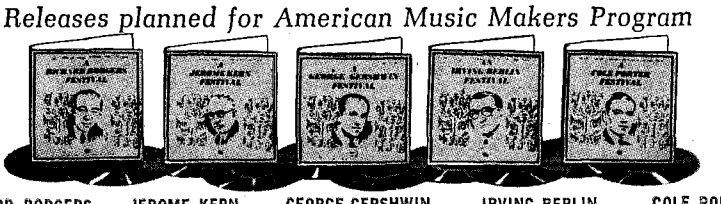

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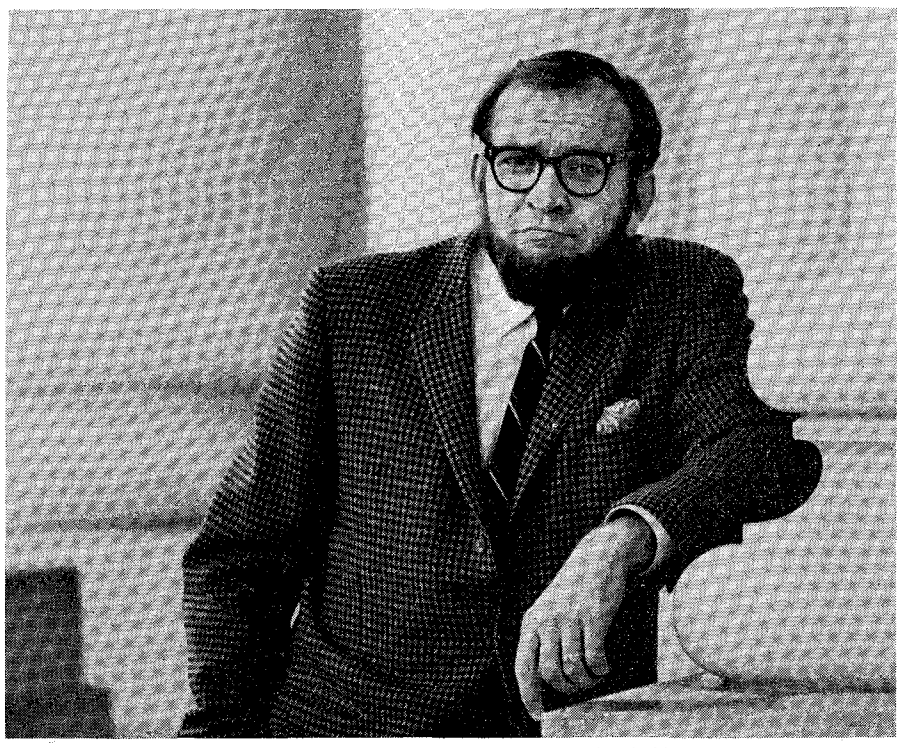
CONGRESS IS HYPOCRITICAL

BY LARRY L. KING



A native Texan, and for ten years a congressional aide, Larry King gave up official duties on Capitol Hill three years ago, but still lives—and writes—in Washington. His *The One-Eyed Man*, published last year, was called (by John Kenneth Galbraith) "the best political novel since *The Last Hurrah*."

Moments after he was first denied his seat in the House of Representatives last January 10, Adam Clayton Powell declared:

"Behind me in this Congress is the biggest bunch of elected hypocrites the world has ever known."

Call Powell a scoundrel, and I will not argue any more vigorously than his colleagues in the House. Call him anything you like, but his accusation is accurate. Congress *is* hypocritical, by tradition and practice. Let me make it clear that I believe Congressmen work as hard, know as much and harbor as many noble reflexes as the rest of us. Yet, having spent a decade on Capitol Hill (1954–64) as Administrative Assistant to two Texas Congressmen, I must report that Congress operates on a double standard.

Richard Harwood, writing in the Washington *Post*, put the controversy into some perspective: "Like former Rep. James Roosevelt of California, he [Powell] has acquired three wives and a reputation for his romantic goings on. Like Rep. Wayne Hays of Ohio, he has journeyed first class to Europe at public expense accompanied by female assistants. Like Rep. John Bell Williams of Mississippi, he has bolted the Democratic Party when it suited his purpose. Like Rep. Joe Pool of Texas, he has ostentatiously defied the orders of an American court. Like Rep. Richard Bolling of Missouri, and others, he has placed a wife on the congressional payroll. Like former Rep. Morgan Moulder of Missouri (and countless others), he has been exposed to the night club circuit through the courtesy of the Federal Treasury. Like the late Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas, he dispenses whiskey in his Capitol office."

The atmosphere inside Congress breeds a cynicism ill-becoming the nation's law-making body. For instance, when I filed a completely honest campaign-spending report, I was told by an official of the House of Representatives that I was courting jail—and then he showed how to create bogus "campaign committees" and shuffle sums from one line to another. And then he fervently advised me to "forget" several thousand dollars. (The law limits congressional campaign spending to $2,500 per candidate; the actual cost begins, conservatively, at $20,000, and may go to well over a million dollars.) I complied with the suggestions, for I did not consider jail an appropriate reward for veracity.

Even the accusation that Congressman Powell charged trips home to his committee was a cynical one. Ohio's Rep. Wayne Hays—Powell's chief investigator—charged 47 air trips between Washington and his home to a NATO conference to which he was a delegate. Congressman Hays has just been named chairman of the House Ethics Subcommittee. The former chairman of a similar ethics unit, Rep. Charles Bennett of Florida, has never taken a trip at public expense, and has refused to accept approximately $50,000 awarded him for World War II injuries. Bennett did not quit the ethics job voluntarily. He was put out of business by the convenient creation of the Hays subcommittee.

"I guess," Bennett says, "that my colleagues think I'm too much of a prude to head the Ethics Committee."

Like Congressman Powell, Sen. Thomas Dodd, who is from Connecticut, is also being lambasted publicly. He is under fire on charges he raised nearly $500,000 through such methods as testimonial dinners, while spending some $350,000 for such personal purposes as retiring bank loans, hiring a writer to ghost a book and paying restaurant and liquor bills. The fact is that even if Senator Dodd did such things—and I don't know if he did or not—he would only have represented a view that is prevalent on Capitol Hill. Many Congressmen even take money from federal employees: Officially, the government workers may not make "campaign contributions," and yet the legislators can and do take their money under the designation of "gifts."

Increasingly, Congressmen and Senators stage "appreciation dinners" or testimonial cocktail parties for themselves. Some nights in Washington you may choose among various legislators you wish to "appreciate" by buying tickets costing from $25 to $1,000—or more. These gatherings would be lonely, indeed, were it not for groups with special interests to promote. Sometimes the approach made in order to sell you tickets is as subtle as an onion sandwich. "Your quota," an airlines executive told me he was instructed by a senatorial aide last year, "will be $5,000."

Most people who receive the money—our lawmakers—are extremely reluctant to change the situation.

Minnesota Sen. Eugene McCarthy, a member of the Senate Ethics Committee investigating the Dodd case, was reluctant to condemn a fellow senator because the standards of conduct "have never been defined." Washington Sen. Warren Magnuson sounds unconcerned: "When people are making contributions, they aren't trying to buy anything. They are simply trying to keep in office people who think like they do." My experiences more nearly fit the views of Delaware's Sen. John Williams, who said, "When people give you money, they expect something."

Begging campaign funds is degrading. It is also dangerous, in that it obligates the public man to give special consideration to those who have bankrolled his cause. Several times, men from whom I had extracted campaign funds bluntly advised me that they expected the Congressmen to whom they had contributed to "go along" with them on legislative matters. Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona, who offered the Democratic caucus resolution depriving Powell of his Education and Labor Committee chairmanship, realized $30,000 from an "appreciation dinner" less than a year ago. Udall is a decent man. He says, "We ought to change the system completely—but as long as you have it, you have to play it the way it has been played in the past."

It is an open secret that many legislators maintain private slush funds similar to the one that almost cost Richard Nixon his place on the G.O.P. national ticket in 1952, when it was disclosed that a group of California businessmen had been supplying him with money. "I'd feel a little more guilty about it," one Congressman told me, "if *everybody* didn't do it. Why, even the President has that President's Club thing where people who pay $1,000 annual dues are assured, in the words of an official of the Democratic National Committee, of 'a personal relationship' with him and other big shots. So why pick on Congress?"

The truth is, nobody "picks on" Congress. Congressmen get subsidized meals, subsidized dental and medical care, free flowers from federal gardens, use of private swimming pools, and all manner of custodial help to give rubdowns and tote ice. Moreover, they are not required—as most of us are—to tell what they are getting on the side. Cabinet members and other government policy-makers are required to divest themselves of holdings which might constitute conflicts-of-interest. Congressmen are not. Farmers in Congress vote for agricultural subsidies. Congressional oilmen support the depletion

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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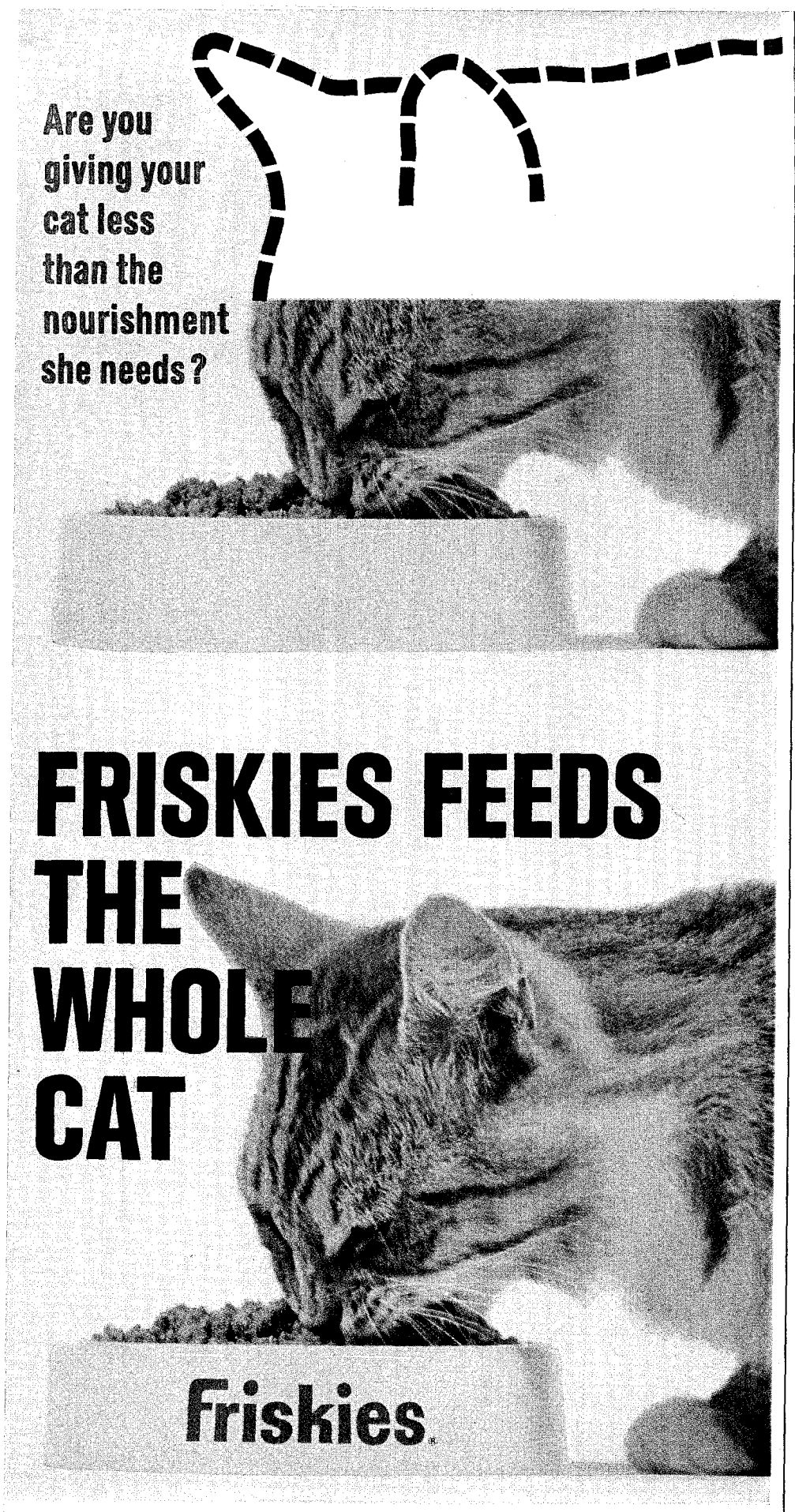

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allowance under which 27½ percent of their operating expenses are written off before their tax base is figured. Those holding stock in financial institutions or television stations make laws governing themselves. Though barred from pleading cases to Federal agencies for a fee, many lawyers in Congress retain partnerships in firms back home and regularly accept a percentage of the profits. Oregon's Sen. Wayne Morse was within his rights in refusing to list the source of $10,364 in honoraria for lectures, even though the lecture fee is one way lobbyists court legislators, and the law governing lobbyists' reports of their spending is a "farce"—to quote Wisconsin Sen. William Proxmire. Moreover, Senator Morse is ahead of most of his colleagues. Very few even pretend to make financial disclosures—though they routinely require it of Executive and Judicial appointees. I personally know that it is quite common for lobbyists to make such gifts as liquor, Broadway show tickets or even unreported contributions of cash to the men we have elected to promote the common welfare. And Congress has its own "Swiss Bank" in the Capitol Building. Nobody—neither IRS agents, Congressional investigators, the FBI nor the courts—may examine a Congressman's bank account without an authorizing resolution approved by a majority of the full membership. No such resolution has been voted in history.

Both Congressman Powell, who has made celebrated foreign junkets and is also a frequent visitor to Bimini, and Senator Dodd, who made a visit to Germany that has been highly publicized, have been cited for the travel expenses they have incurred and charged to the taxpayer. Some of their critics are not nearly so serious about this charge as they pretend to be. A reporter who knows Congress is reluctant to single out individual members, since so many have offended, and yet it seems obligatory to remark that one of Powell's chief critics, Rep. Otto Passman, spent $4,588 on a recent junket of his own. In 1961, former Rep. Richard Lankford of Maryland spent $6,808.95 on a 38-day junket, during which he bought $1,379 worth of "miscellaneous." Rep. Omar Burleson of Texas drew $12 per diem for 84 of 88 days during a congressional recess while he was "investigating election matters" and his vouchers showed that his workdays included Thanksgiving and Christmas. Burleson is chairman of the unit charged with policing House spending.

Revelations of unsavory practices in Congress invariably draw blood and wounded cries. When I ask my congressional friends why they wanted to punish Adam Clayton Powell and even voted to exclude him from the House, they offer diverse explanations. The most popular goes like this: "We figure that if a Congressman gets out of line, his own people will punish him at the polls. Powell's people, though, just don't give a damn. And Powell was just too open about what he did." Here is the real truth: Powell revealed too much. Another committee chairman is so notorious a boozer that his binges are known all over Washington. He keeps the job. Another got a cut-rate Cadillac from an insurance man for whom he intervened in getting a federal contract. Still another continued to head a key committee even after he was deaf, almost blind and so senile he had to be assisted by employees in order to reach the House cafeteria.

Some defenders of Congress tell me, defensively: "Only a handful of legislators have been convicted of felonies—about 50 of the 11,000 men and women who have served in Congress." Or they point out, for example, that "if one out of six Congressmen puts his relatives on the payroll, that means that *five* of six are free of guilt." This argument is as tainted as the congressional atmosphere. While it's true that only about 50 Congressmen have been *convicted*, improper acts by the hundreds have been revealed despite the airtight secrecy system Congressmen have set up to protect themselves. It may seem offensive that Congressman Powell had his wife on the payroll. It was my personal observation that some Congressmen use their tax-paid staffers for such chores as baby-sitting, lawn-mowing and taking the wife shopping. One influential Congressman bought an apartment house near Capitol Hill, encouraged his employees to rent from him and used several of them as handymen and rent collectors. Later, buying an old house in the Capitol Hill area, he put his subcommittee's legal counsel in charge of the house's renovation. For six months the lawyer, still on the public payroll, spent most of his time repairing the Congressman's house. For much less improper activity, an Executive branch official would be cashiered. Remember Sherman Adams, or Harry Vaughan?

There probably is no more hanky-panky or debauchery in congressional ranks than one would find in any other group of similar opportunity, income and ego. There is, however, a mixture of public piety and private cynicism that leads to widespread hypocrisy. This extends even to small things: Virtually no legislator (or his staff members) paid parking or traffic tickets in the District of Columbia until only a few years ago, when Senator Morse began insisting that all "adjusted" tickets be reported to him along with the circumstances in each case. Morse then made public the ticket-fixers' names.

Only Congress is empowered to improve its own atmosphere. Some of the needed reforms are obvious: honest campaign reporting; conflict-of-interest laws; and most of all, a uniform code of conduct to be applied stringently across the board. Unless Congress effects such reforms, it invites future Adam Powells—and more Bobby Bakers.

And all this leads to Baker, who has called President Johnson his best friend. Baker would not deny that he was a wheeler and dealer, operating from a position of public trust. Baker served the members of the Senate, and they were his mentors. From them he learned about payroll padding, petty cheating, the compromise of Congressmen by industry and how campaign money is accepted under the table. And he also knew that reforms have been proposed repeatedly—and heard the horn-blowing about how "we must put our house in order"—and came to understand that a proposal for reform is one of the least likely to be passed by the Congress of the United States.

Larry L. King

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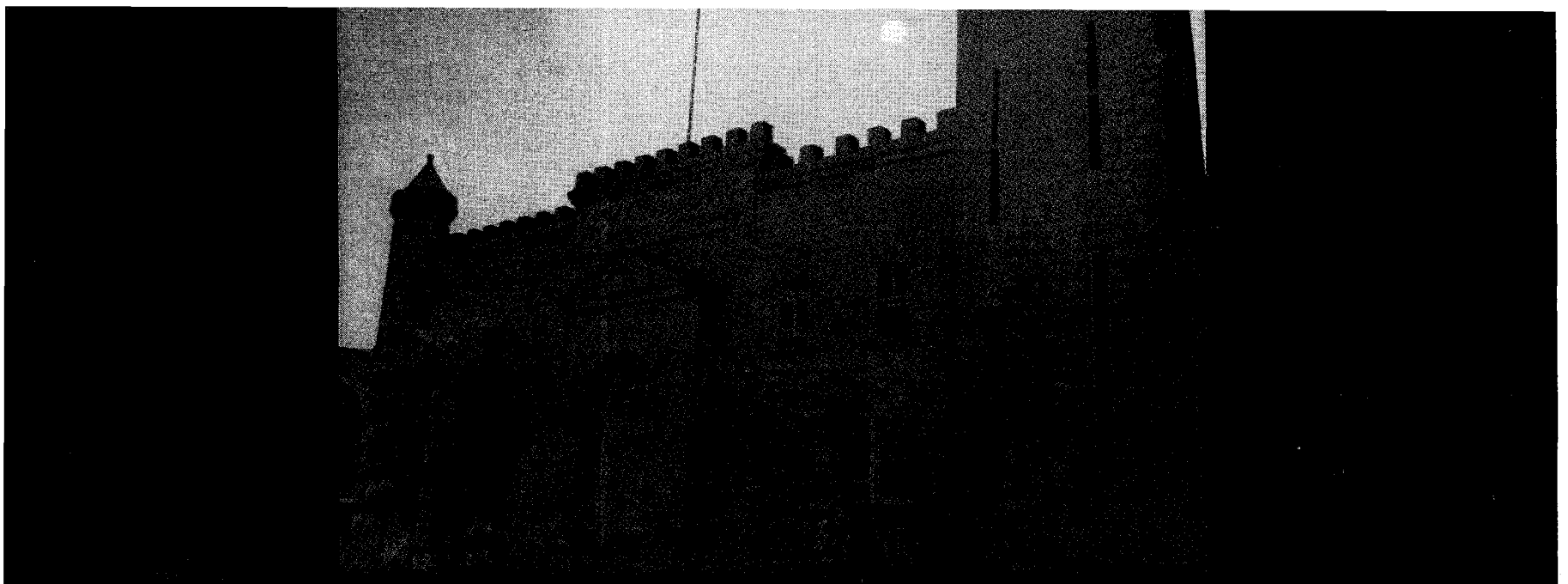

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Goldwater will have his say

WASHINGTON:

Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois is the only potential presidential candidate who is thoroughly acceptable to both wings of the Republican Party. He is therefore a very interesting side bet for political bookmakers on the Republican nomination for 1968.

This was one conclusion I drew from a recent lengthy interview with Barry M. Goldwater in his Washington apartment. I drew other conclusions as well. For example, Goldwater, as advertised, is for Richard M. Nixon, but in a dutiful rather than a passionate way. His passion is aroused by one man only—Nelson Rockefeller; and if Rockefeller again becomes a serious candidate, Goldwater will fight, bleed and die to prevent his nomination.

Goldwater will not fight, bleed and die to prevent the nomination of George Romney, although he will certainly do what he can to prevent it. If Romney is nevertheless nominated, Goldwater will swallow the Romney candidacy with what grace he can muster, and get on with the business of running for his own Senate seat in Arizona.

What Goldwater will or will not do about the Republican presidential nomination next year is a matter of vital political importance, and for a simple reason. He himself estimates that some 60 percent of the delegates to the convention will be "the same guys" who nominated him on the first ballot in 1964; and most of the new faces will be Goldwater-minded conservatives. These estimates may be exaggerated, but Goldwater will certainly have real bargaining power before and during the convention, and he clearly intends to use that power.

As to whether the conclusions listed above are justified, let Goldwater speak for himself. Here then, in substance, is what Goldwater had to say, with his usual disarming candor, about the prospects for 1968:

On the chances of defeating Lyndon Johnson: "We couldn't beat him, as of now. I don't care what the polls say. He'd have to go down to somewhere near the Truman level, under 35 percent anyway. . . . With all the powers a President can use—and he'll use all of them—it's tough to beat an incumbent President."

On what could defeat Johnson: "The war, for one thing. . . . Of course, if the war is ended with honor in 1968, we couldn't beat Johnson with a shotgun. Every time I advocate heavier bombing, I think to myself, maybe he'll take my advice again, and then he'll be reelected, but even that would be worth it to end the war. Another thing that could beat him is a real recession, eight to nine million unemployed—a war and a depression together, then he could be defeated."

On the 1968 Republican convention: "It'll be wide open. Dick Nixon will have the most delegates, but probably not enough for a majority, not more than 500. His problem is the big states—New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Texas, California. He'll have the South, with about twenty-five percent of the delegates, and a lot of strength in the Middle West and West, and if he really wants it, and goes after it hard, he can probably get it." (Asked if he doubted that Nixon "really wants it," Goldwater grinned his lopsided grin.)

On Nixon's prospects: "I think Jim Rhodes of Ohio might be a sleeper . . . but yes, I'm for Nixon. The trouble is everybody says Nixon is the best-trained man for President, and then everybody turns right around and says he can't be elected. I don't believe that's true, but I don't see how to tear that image down. Dick knows it won't be easy."

On Reagan: "I know Ronnie well, and I'm sure he doesn't want it for this time, and I doubt if he ever wants it. The only way he might get it is if after five or six ballots, he seemed the only one left, and he might say, well, OK, I'll go."

On Romney: "The only trouble with George is he has this idea he's the only one who can be right. I can't remember any issue where we really differed, except right-to-work, but he just convinced himself he was right about everything and I was wrong about everything. He's handsome, and a nice guy, but he just hasn't caught on."

On Rockefeller: "Rockefeller's *dead*." (This in a hard, flat tone, tinged for the first time with emotion.) "West of the Hudson he couldn't be elected precinct committeeman. . . . The real question is whether Rockefeller can hold the East against Nixon and for Romney—I think he won't have an absolute hold even on his own delegates."

On Percy: "I've got a hunch that Chuck wants to be President" (another grin), "but not this time. But I'll tell you one thing: He's one of the smartest men who ever came to the Senate. Except for Dick Russell and maybe Pastore, there's no one in the Senate who'll go on the floor better equipped to debate. And he's a fine, decent, attractive guy too."

On Percy's chances of beating Johnson: "He might be the most dangerous against Johnson, provided he could show he was really knowledgeable about foreign policy. Maybe more dangerous than a guy who had been around the woodpile too long." ("Meaning Nixon?" I asked, and Goldwater grinned a third time.)

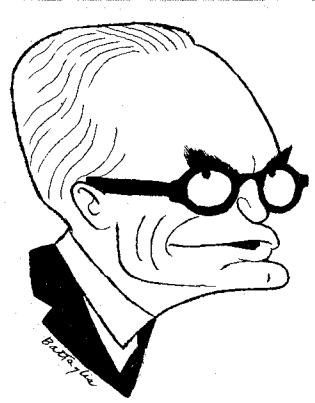
On whether he had really wanted to be President in 1964: "Well, it certainly wasn't one of those things that was burning a hole in me. I was looking forward to a campaign against Jack Kennedy, not that I thought I could beat him, but Kennedy had promised to debate the issues on television. . . . Then Kennedy was killed, and that night I told my wife Peggy, 'The hell with this President thing.' When I made that lousy showing in New Hampshire, I said, 'Well, that's that.' But I'd underestimated the Draft Goldwater movement. . . ."

On the outcome of the 1964 campaign: "I figure we lost six or eight million votes, mostly because of the nuclear thing. Otherwise, we might have lost by about fifty-five to forty-five, which was what I was hoping for. . . . But I was beaten before the convention by Rockefeller and the others. . . . When I made my acceptance speech, I had a poll in my pocket, showing Johnson eighty, Goldwater twenty. I sometimes think, if I'd had a pint of brains I'd have stood up and refused the nomination right then. . . . Rockefeller is the reason Dick Nixon isn't President today, and he did me more damage than any other one man. Millions of people who voted for me might vote for Romney, but they will *not* vote for Rockefeller."

Goldwater, with his bronzed, very masculine face, is still a very good-looking man, but he looks older than in 1964. As he walked to the elevator, it was clear that his old back trouble was bothering him, and he almost hobbled. I asked him if he still flew planes. Yes, he said—as a major general in the Air Force reserve, he still piloted jets. "But I've had it, April twenty-seventh—they're going to retire me."

Suddenly he looked rather crestfallen, like a small boy who has been having fun and has been told to go to bed. Going down in the elevator, the thought occurred to me, what a fine professional soldier this brave, likable and essentially very simple man would have been. And how curious that he should have become, instead, a candidate for President of the United States; and by reason of his oversimplifications about "the nuclear thing" and other matters, suffered a crushing defeat which altered the whole American political pattern. And one thing seemed clear: Although Goldwater may soon be a retired general, he has not retired as a politician. He will have his say when the time comes in 1968, and again the political pattern may be altered.

Stewart Alsop



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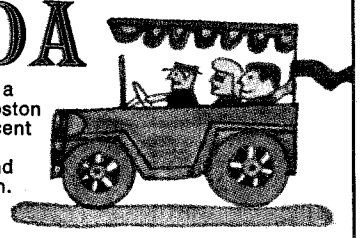

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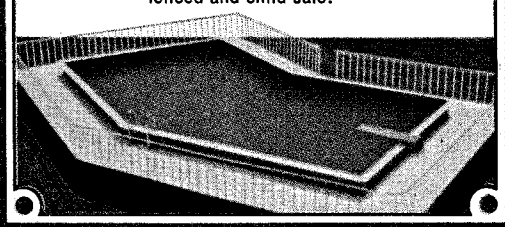

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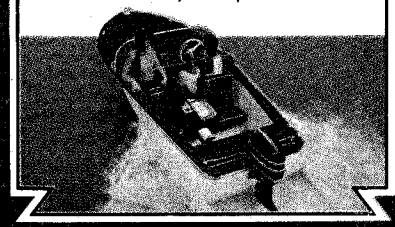

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I MUST GO DOWN TO THE BEACH AGAIN, MUST I?

By John Skow

A beach is not a fit place to be. This is well understood by the entire animal kingdom, excepting only the sandpiper, who is nitwitted; the crocodile, who is squamous; the sea lion, who thinks the sandpiper knows something; and man. In this respect, as in others, man has not ripened into wisdom. Ages ago, when man's ancestor first poked his head from the tidal wash and noticed evolution's eon sign, he did not waste his slime on the beach. He slithered across it at top speed (thinking the sign belonged to a bar and grill), noticing only that the sand scraped his belly and that the moss that came afterward helped a lot.

In the last few decades of the present eon, however, man has grown perversely bored with the green-growing golf course, the black-flowering asphalt and the clear-bubbling cocktail lounge, and he has strayed wistfully back toward the sea. There, where the solid leaves off and the liquid begins, he has found and cherished an intermediate state of matter. It is a damp mulch of mustardy hot-dog wrappers, fat ladies, displeased infants, former fish, ex-seaweed, volleyball players, lost socks, midget radios, walruses, beer cans, pieces of sodden wood that look even uglier when they are turned into lamps, big pink men with little white legs, uncomfortable small stones, other people's elderly lunch in moist brown bags, insolent seagulls, and bugs. Not to mention shrieks shouts squeaks roars and baseball scores, five-year-old girls in two-piece suits, small boys glistening with cherry soda, young mothers oiling themselves and planning to take a course in something, dismayed fathers, impatient businessmen, brain-fried lifeguards, scornful teen-agers, addled dogs, and me—talked into it all again, despite a vivid memory that this was the way it was last time.

(The author writhes in distress. He thinks he is at the beach, with the deadly August sun beating down. Actually he has fallen asleep on the living-room sofa, as he always does if he drinks a beer with lunch, and it is merely a ceiling light fixture that is causing his eyes to squinch. It is not August but March. However—does not science tell us that every dream is a Baggie, hidden away in the cluttered reaches of our mental refrigerators, stuffed with moldering Truth?—there is reason for the author's daymare. There is a Surf-'n'-Sun Sale at the local female chandlery, and his wife has gone there with car and charge-plate to buy a bikini. Beyond March lurks August, leering.)

"Before the phrase 'On the Beach' became, quite properly, the title of a best-selling novel about atomic disaster . . ." (the distracted author, now dressed in a diver's wet-suit and goggles, imagines himself to be addressing an audience of beach balls. They wear sunglasses, and applaud uproariously, political-convention style, after every few words) " . . . it signified economic disaster for sailors . . ." (applause) "To be on the beach was to be without a job, with no top-gallants to raise, no keel to haul, no salt pork to eat, and no one to talk to but missionaries and native girls." (applause) "To be beached is bad if you are a whale . . ." (the beach balls boo and blow raspberries) " . . . but it is worse if you are a sailor, pestered morning and night by native girls . . ." (cheers, whistles) ". . . who frequently do not know the first thing about proper dress." (catcalls, stomping of feet, showers of confetti. The beach balls cluster around the author and roll him into the sea.)

The delirium enters a new phase. The author's wife and children are propelling him toward the family station wagon. He struggles. "Since you asked," he says to his three-year-old, "my objection is that you can't *do* anything on a beach. You can't play pinochle comfortably; the sand makes the cards gritty. The same with hand-holding and other gestures of emotion. You can't read; the sun is too bright and children drip on your book. You can't swim because you saw a baby shark on the sand. You can't sleep for a dozen reasons. Sand castles are silly. Volleyball is for morons, and anyway, if you're overweight you jiggle. To sum up, you drive 90 miles, park, walk, undress, dress, walk, put down the towel, smear on the lotion, and there you are: 90 miles from sanity, covered with linseed oil, lying on a highly efficient abrasive, and what is there to do?"

"Take the kids to the rest room," says his wife sternly. The expedition has reached the beach. The author stumbles off with the children, jiggling, while great, bronzed volleyball players look on in derision. Bravely he walks up to the oiled giants. "Play fair," he says. "Admit it. You argue that if it were not for beaches, Florida would be nothing but a very large alligator farm." The giants look at each other and nod judiciously. "All right," says the author very loudly, his voice rising in triumph, "IS IT NOT TRUE THAT AS THINGS ARE, FLORIDA IS NOTHING BUT A VERY LARGE ALLIGATOR FARM *with beaches*?" The volleyballists grow red with rage. They hold a war council, nudging and punching each other, and then advance menacingly toward the author.

The dream bursts. The author's wife, wearing snowy boots, fake-fur winter coat and ski hat, is standing by the living-room sofa, saying something that ends with ". . . thought you were going to watch the kids the baby got the chain saw."

"Sorry."

"Well, anyway, let me show you." His wife leaves the room with her packages and comes back a few minutes later dressed sparsely in green nylon. The author is numbed with horror. It is a rather nice bikini, and it is a rather nice wife. But the combination means that August, gritty and peeling, and glistening with oil and cherry soda, is going to come again. The author weaves to the icebox for another beer, and then goes outside to stand in a snowbank. □

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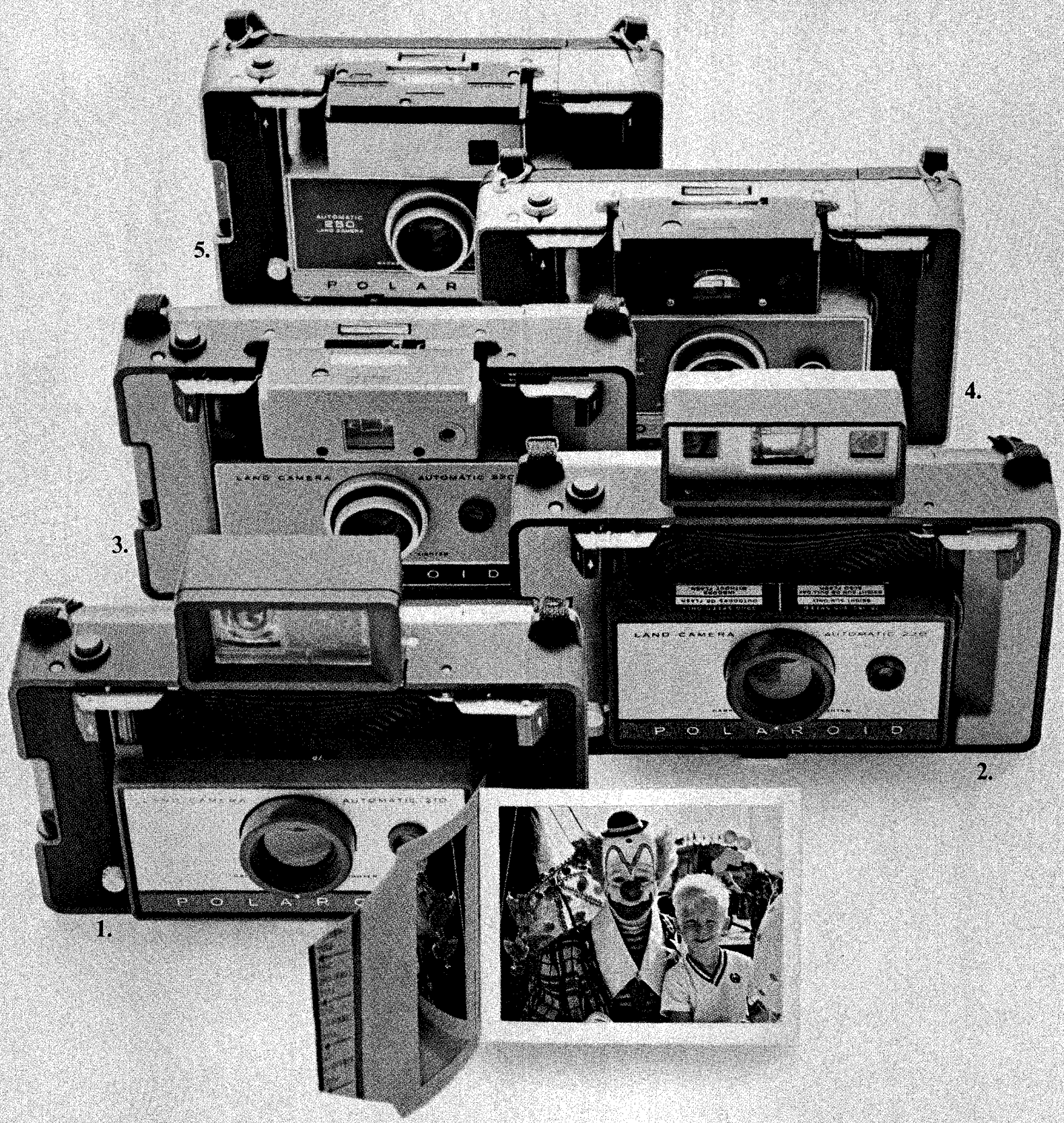

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The Saturday Evening POST

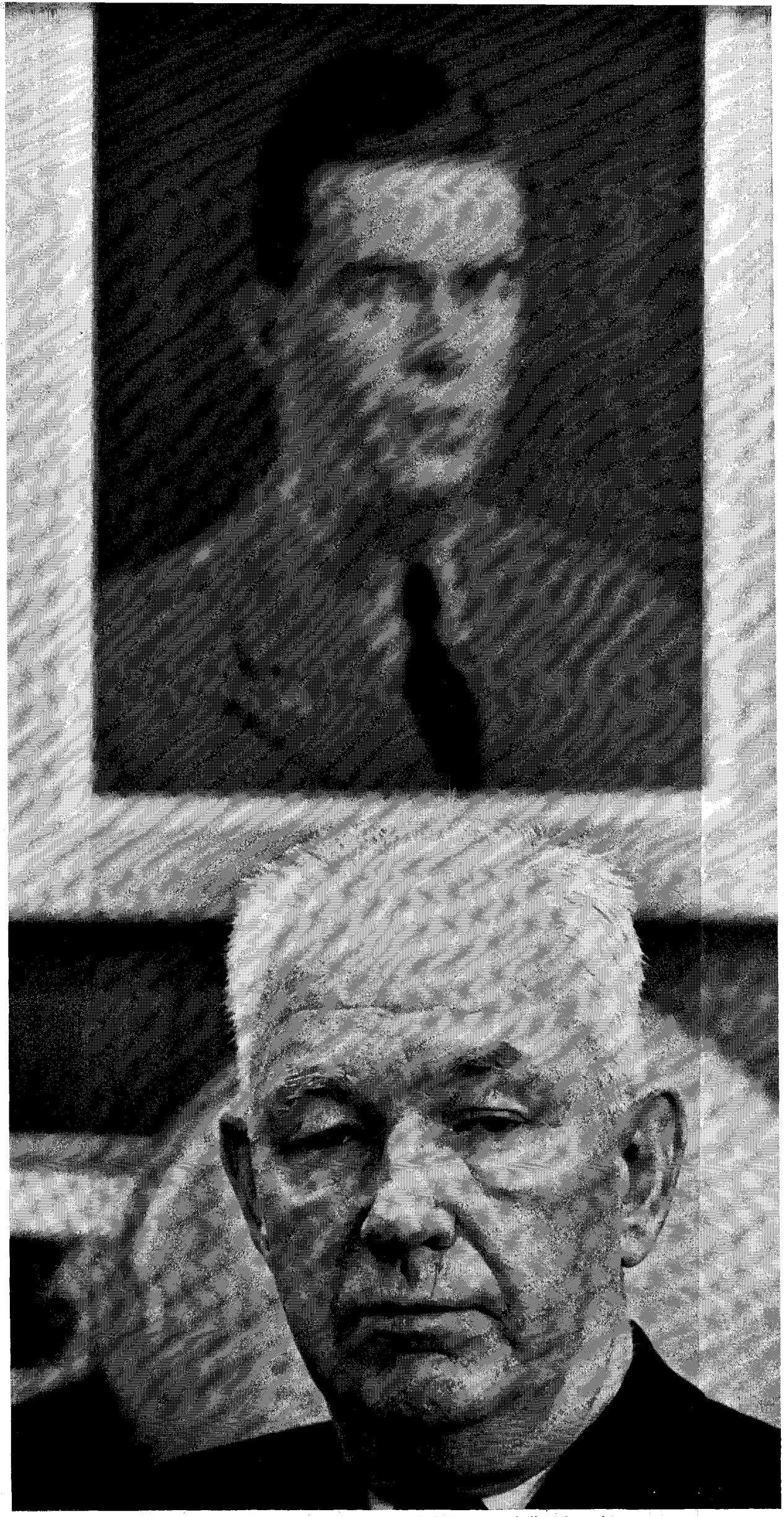
MUTINY IN THE BIRCH SOCIETY

Robert Welch still rallies his troops in his crusade to save America, but some of his lieutenants are wondering where they're going.

By JAMES PHELAN

For four years former Congressman John Rousselot has been laboring away at one of the rockiest jobs in the country—trying to win broader public acceptance for Robert (Eisenhower-is-a-Communist) Welch's John Birch Society. Now, however, Rousselot is winding up his affairs and getting ready to quit as the organization's national public relations director. Long the No. 2 Bircher and believed by many to be Welch's heir-apparent, Rousselot will step down this month from his "official" position and return to the status of an ordinary member in the ranks. At the trim colonial-style building in San Marino, Calif., that functions as "Birch West," Rousselot recently disclosed his impending departure with the air of a man putting down a 100-pound sack of potatoes. "I think I could write an interesting article," he said wryly, "entitled 'The Challenges of My Last Job.' "

A friendly, 39-year-old Christian Scientist, Rousselot is a "moderate" Bircher who does not share his employer's much-quoted view of Eisenhower.



Above Welch's desk hangs portrait of John Birch, "patron saint" of the society.

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The Communists, says Welch, are 'in full operational control' of the U.S. Government.

BIRCH SOCIETY

He is on easy terms with many newspaper, radio and television people, and he has a quick sense of humor. Joe Pyne, an acidulous TV-radio talk-show master, once roared at him, "Just what do you Birchers do, anyway, besides beat yourselves on the breast and praise your own patriotism?" "For one thing," Rousselot replied, "we provide guests for shows like yours."

In addition to serving as Birch spokesman, Rousselot was an effective fund-raiser and fetched in over $900,000 by his own efforts. He says he is quitting partly because of financial concern about his "long-term obligations" for his three children's education, although his Birch salary tops $30,000 a year. Weighing his words cautiously, he adds that "Results are important for the Birch Society . . . and somehow I did not feel I was adding enough weight."

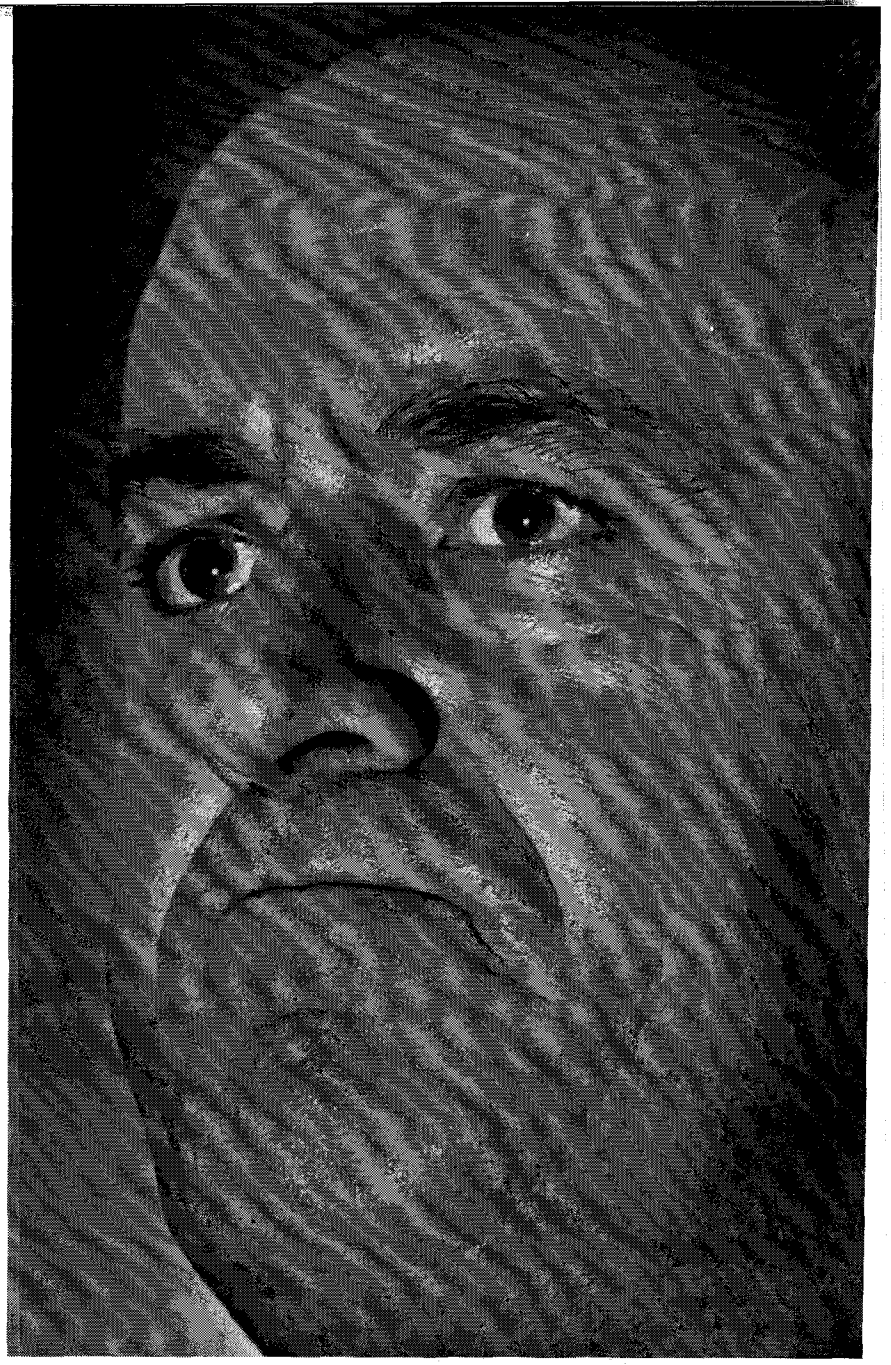
The "results" that the society achieves have long been a subject of controversy. Critics have portrayed it as a neo-fascist threat to our basic freedoms, and its members are said to have infiltrated Republican organizations, disrupted school boards, harassed city councils and librarians and subverted PTA's near and far. Clamor over Birch influence reached a crescendo at the 1964 G.O.P. convention with the nomination of Goldwater, and rose again to high-decibel level last fall during former governor Pat Brown's campaign against Ronald Reagan. Welch added credence to Brown's charges by claiming Reagan's victory "was due in large part to the untiring educational work of thousands of members of the Birch Society." What all this ignores is that Goldwater attacked Welch frontally and urged members to quit the society unless Welch stepped down as its leader. Reagan steadfastly refused to make a play for Birch support. He has brought no known Birchers into his administration, and his aides jeer at the notion that the Birchers played a major role in Reagan's victory.

Far from serving as a leader of resurgent conservatives, Welch heads an organization that is divided and declining. Membership has dropped after a steady seven-year climb; the society peaked with 95,000 in mid-1965, but is now below 80,000. In addition to Rousselot, Welch has lost his publicity chiefs for the Midwest and Eastern U.S. divisions. In 1966 three men walked away from his top-level council, including one of its most prestigious members, T. Coleman Andrews, commissioner of Internal Revenue Service under Eisenhower. The society has also been plagued with an internal crisis over anti-Semitism, and it has been shelled from other sectors on the political right as an embarrassment to the conservative cause. Asked if the Birch Society weren't better than nothing as an anti-Communist rallying point, *National Review* editor William Buckley said, "No, it is worse than nothing."

While some political observers cry in alarm at the society's activities, at least one former member resigned because he feels Welch's forces aren't doing enough. "You know about the man who built the marvelous machine?" he asks. "When he turned it on, gears would grind, pistons pump and lights flash. People would admire it and then ask what it did. 'Nothing,' the inventor said, 'absolutely nothing.' That's the John Birch Society today, spinning around and doing nothing."

This appraisal was made a few weeks ago by Dr. S. M. Draskovich, a man often hailed by Welch as "one of the five best-informed anti-Communists in the world." For seven years Draskovich had been a member of the Birch Council, the elite 26-man group that is supposed to advise Welch and help set policy; last August he quit both the council and the society.

"Welch is a man of strong talk and weak action," says Draskovich, a forceful Yugoslav with an erect military carriage and a bone-crushing handshake. He complains that Welch is like the man who built the 50-foot cabin cruiser in his basement and then couldn't get it out. "An organizational genius, yes," says Draskovich. "I have no quarrel with the original goals of the Birch Society; the trouble is that he doesn't know how to achieve them." In foreign affairs, he complains, Welch is color-blind. "He does not know that in Europe are many socialists who are strongly anti-Communist. He is a man who equates Haile Selassie with Khrushchev, and Nasser with Mao.



Dr. S. M. Draskovich: "I saw no future whatever for the Birch Society, and so I quit."

"Welch has turned what claimed to be a militant anti-Communist movement into a bookselling operation," Draskovich snorts. "His notion that the Birch Society is going to save America by getting people to read books is absurd. So they read all the books, what then? There is no program. With crises erupting around the world, Welch talks on and on about the difference between a republic and a democracy. I saw no future whatever for the Birch Society, and so I quit."

As a bookselling operation, though, the society is impressive. Since 1958, when Welch founded the organization during a two-day speech to 11 friends summoned to Indianapolis, it has had a phenomenal growth. By Welch's count, the society to date has raised $20 million from dues, contributions, benefit dinners, sale of books, pamphlets, films, records. In each of the past two years, the society's take has reached $5 million, making it far and away the best-financed organization on the far right. Last spring it got an unexpected windfall in the will of D. B. Lewis, a West Coast dog-food tycoon, who left the Birch Society a cool million. His will, however, contained a curious provision—that the million be expended under the direction of Rousselot, not Welch. Some Birch-watchers attribute this to spreading disenchantment with Welch, and wonder what will happen when Rousselot steps down and Welch wants to get his hands on Lewis's million.

In terms of what he originally set out to do, it's hard to see just what Welch has accomplished with the millions he has already spent. His ultimate goal, proclaimed in the slogan he chose for the society, is "Less government, more responsibility, and a better world." To achieve this, Welch preaches, the American people must become aware of the grip of Communist agents and sympathizers on the Federal Government, churches, schools, courts, the press and such other institutions as the American Medical Association.

Once a year Welch and a panel of experts assess Communist gains in The Scoreboard, published in Welch's magazine, *American Opinion*. The year he founded the society and committed it to battle, The Scoreboard put Communist control of the U.S. at 20–40 percent. As the Birch membership rose, however, so did the Red tide. It now stands at 60–80, and for several years Welch has been gloomily declaring that the Communists are "in full operational control" of the U.S. Government.

Perhaps to offset this dismal news on his members, Welch periodically announces another and more cheerful set of figures. In 1958, he has declared, the odds were 100–to–1 against the Birch Society in its attempt to save the U.S. from a Red takeover. The odds, by Welch's calculation, have improved steadily, to 10–to–1, then 4–to–1, and now stand at either 5–to–2 or 2–to–1, he is not quite sure which. He does not reconcile these

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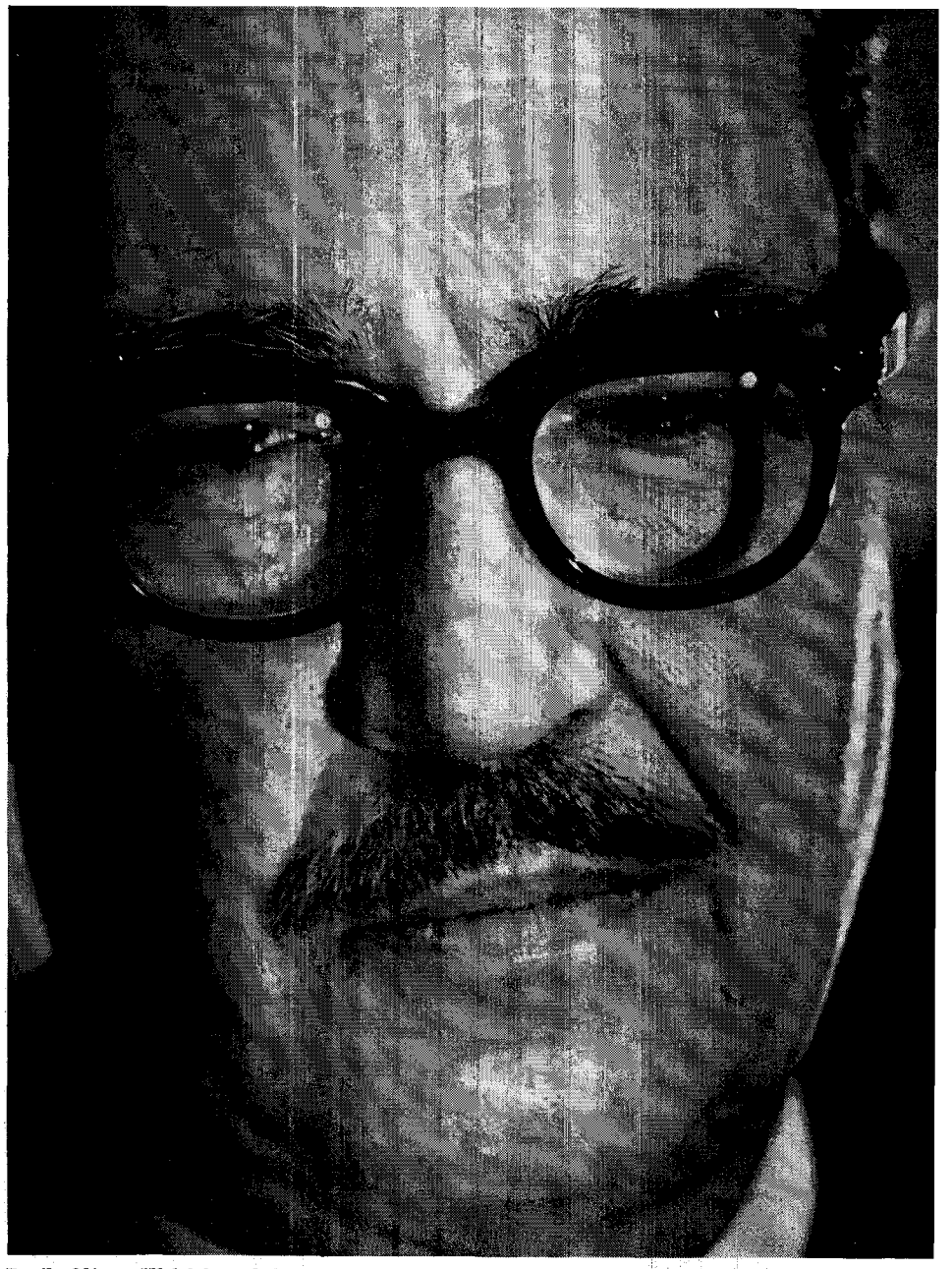
John Rousselot: "I think that, deep inside, Welch believes he was right about Eisenhower."



Revilo Oliver: Welch brands him an "anti-Semite," but offered him $5,000 not to quit.

bright odds with his own gloomy Scoreboard.

The best-known Birch undertaking, and one its members do not need a Scoreboard to evaluate, is the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren. In going after Warren, Welch fell into a habit pattern that his friends describe as overcommitment. "If we can't impeach Warren," Welch said, "there is no hope of saving this country." And so Birchers have had to plug along doggedly year after year, long after everyone except Welch had abandoned any serious belief that Warren could be impeached. Welch exhorts members to circulate petitions and send for the Warren Impeachment Packets, seven documents "with a total retail value of $2.45" that Welch offers "for only a dollar." Periodically he exclaims, "We mean business about this!" or "We're in dead earnest!" and prints a picture of another billboard some dutiful member has erected in a pasture.

The reason the Warren impeachment has lagged, Welch explained to this writer a few weeks ago, is that he never put his field staff on the project. D-Day for Warren will be announced "some time in 1968," Welch says. "That is," he added, "if Warren is still around."

Robert Welch is a neatly dressed, balding man of 67 with blue eyes that dart restlessly about as if he were anxious not to miss something. He greets visitors to his headquarters in Belmont, Mass., with a courtly politeness that would amaze anyone who had envisioned him as a strident demagogue. Welch retired from the candy business years ago with a comfortable fortune, and draws no salary as chief Bircher. He took on the task of saving western civilization, as he explained in the *Birch Blue Book*, because "there wasn't anybody else on the horizon . . . with the determination and dedication I would put into it." He has a wide acquaintance among American business executives (he is a former director of the National Association of Manufacturers) and an awesome amount of energy. "Bob Welch was one hell of a marketing man in the candy business," says a colleague, and Welch focuses on his Birch Society the same intense attention to detail that kept the candy bars moving. He has been known to take time out from his larger responsibilities to rearrange the furniture in a branch office. "I'm a perfectionist," he boasts.

Welch tries to be patient with interviewers, although he says, "The papers won't print anything unless they can smear you." He stoutly insists that his Birchers have scored "many significant victories." They stopped a "world-wide Communist plot against the police" in the U.S. with their Support-Your-Local-Police campaign. "More significant but not so easy to pinpoint," he adds, "is our exposure of the Communist hand behind the civil-rights riots, which were aimed at eventual civil war. We can claim considerable credit for the way *that* has been bogged down. Those are two achievements and I could name many more," he says, glancing at his watch.

As to membership, he concedes he made a mistake in setting out to get a million dedicated Birchers, but believes it all turned out for the best. He had underestimated "the power of concentrated action" of Birchers, and a million would have been far too many. "It's like two bad boys. Together they can create much more mischief than separately. And of course," he adds hastily, "that goes for good people, too; they accomplish more working together." If the Birch Society had reached a million, "we would have had a power structure that would be dangerous, a threat to our sort of government." He now believes 400,000 would be about right.

On the surface, the Birch Society hums with activity. Welch puts in a work day that often stretches to 18 hours, and expects a high rate of efficiency from his staff. He once discovered a secretary cat-napping at her desk, had her picture taken, and ran it in the monthly *Birch Bulletin*. He has some 270 paid employees, a publishing house called Western Islands, a large speakers' bureau, two monthly publications, the *Birch Bulletin* and *American Opinion*, a weekly *Review of the News*, a Birch radio program, some 400 Bircher-owned bookstores, and a recently formed affiliate called the AC Study Clubs Association, a group of seedling Birch clubs headed by Birch members but open to non-Birchers. With his penchant for minutiae, Welch pointed out to his members that AC Study Clubs Association abbreviated to ACSCA, and that this reads the same forward and backward.

The Birch Society itself has a well-defined chain of command. At the pinnacle sits Welch, neither elected nor subject to removal. Below him is his 26-man council, any or all of which he can remove at will. From the council is drawn a five-man Executive Committee that consults with Welch

Photographs by Bill Bridges

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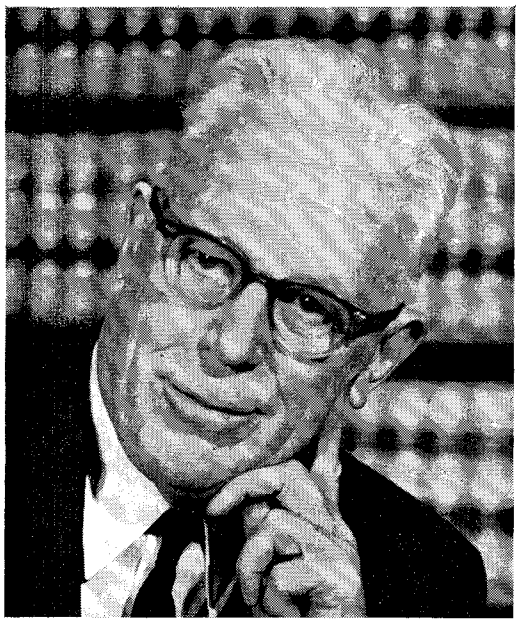

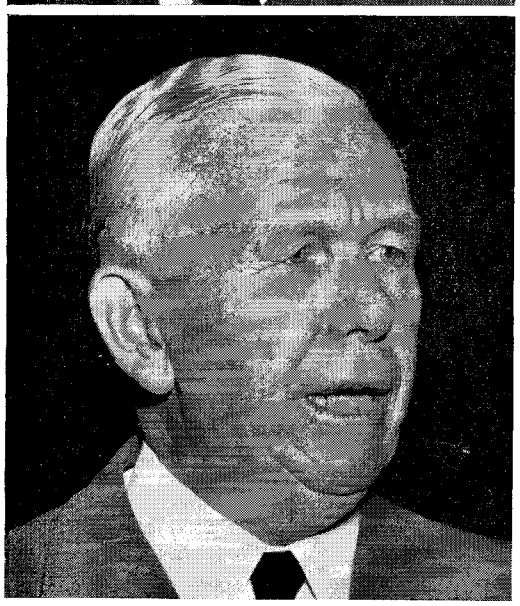

Welch-named "Communists": Eisenhower, Chief Justice Warren, John Foster Dulles, Gen. Marshall.

The society still suffers from the book in which Welch called Ike a Communist agent.

BIRCH SOCIETY

monthly but cannot impose decisions on him or overrule him. Under this is a Director of Field Activities, the 10 major coordinators, just plain coordinators, section leaders, chapter leaders, and finally the members, ranging from 10 to 20 per chapter. Scattered about the country are Home Chapter members, isolated Birchers without any local chapter to join.

From Welch each month, zipping over the heads of all the intervening functionaries directly to the member, goes the monthly *Birch Bulletin*. With a literary rate of production that would have exhausted Alexandre Dumas, Welch writes every word that goes in them. The *Bulletins* usually run around 30 pages of close-printed type, but there have been whoppers as thick as 146 pages. Since launching the society, Welch has cranked out more than a million words in *Bulletins* alone, along with articles for *American Opinion*, special pamphlets, speeches, and letters setting newspapers straight about something or other.

The *Bulletins* unfailingly begin with a short quotation, often from some old poem (*"Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?"*—Keats). Each *Bulletin* contains a Welch commentary on the state of the nation or the world, usually unfavorable, and the agenda for the month—the list of officially approved Birch projects. The top assignment each month is to sign up more Birchers. In descending order come: impeaching Warren, getting the U.S. out of the U.N., fighting the civil-rights movement and knocking out the income tax.

Other projects come and go; in eight years there has been a bewildering variety. Welch has urged members to object to stores stocking Polish hams, to protest against a hearing aid called The Delegate because of a publicity tie-in with the United Nations, and to refuse to buy any Eleanor Roosevelt postage stamps.

Members communicate back to Welch via what Welch calls MMM's. These are the Members' Monthly Messages, which members write on a sheet of paper that accompanies the *Bulletin*. It has a large space for ordering Birch books and magazines, and a small space for writing the note to Welch. It is customary, but not mandatory, to include a contribution to the Birch Society with the MMM, and everyone who sends in his MMM gets a new paperback book. MMM's ordinarily do not get read by Welch himself; he has a staff of women who read and answer all but the most important ones. An MMM that enclosed a $1,000 check would be an important one. The MMM often just says something like "Bless you, Mr. Welch, and keep up the good work." Some members make suggestions for Birch projects, or ask questions about current events. The questions are routed to the Research Division, presided over by Dr. F. X. Gannon, a tense, taciturn, bespectacled man who scurries busily around a great bank of filing cabinets.

Critics have widely quoted Welch's founding proclamation that the society is "a monolithic body . . . under completely authoritative control." He elaborated on this with an allegory that rarely gets quoted but gives a vivid picture of his view of the world and his role in it. He saw the U.S. as a "shoreline of beautiful houses" threatened by a rising flood, with some "lonesome boys with brooms" trying to sweep it back. What they obviously needed, Welch said, was a "dynamic boss" to get them organized by barking:

> "Hey, you guys, all of you, drop those pretty brooms. You fellows down there on the end, start running for empty bags . . . You fellows in those next two groups, start filling those bags with sand. You men here, all of you, start lugging those bags of sand to put on this wall the communists have busted up so badly . . . You fellows over there, all of you, get the heaviest clubs you can find, spread yourselves out along the whole length of this wall and don't hesitate to break the heads of any saboteurs you find monkeying with it. Don't even hesitate to break the heads of those you find creeping toward the wall, if you are sure of their evil intentions . . ."

It was Welch's attack on Eisenhower in *The Politician*, however, that created the Birch Society's most persistent problem. For years now, his public-relations men have had to explain, over and over, that Welch's labeling of Eisenhower as a Communist agent does not represent the view of the society. "I don't think Mr. Welch fully realizes the amount of time members devote to explaining about the Eisenhower matter that could be devoted to the purposes of the society," Rousselot says. "I think that deep inside he believes he was right about Eisenhower and hopes people will eventually come to agree with him."

Recently Joe Pyne asked Welch, "Don't you ever, when you go to bed at night, say, Dammit, I wish I hadn't said that about Eisenhower?"

"No, I don't," said Welch.

Welch indignantly denies that he indiscriminately calls people Communists. It is his "carefully observed custom" not to pin a Red label on people, particularly American political figures. "I have always leaned so far the other way that there are only five or six" Americans he has called Communists, he declares. Five of them were Dwight Eisenhower, Milton Eisenhower, John Foster Dulles, Allen Dulles, and Gen. George Marshall. Welch is less restrained with foreigners; among the many world figures he has designated as Communists are DeGaulle, Nehru, Nasser and Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

Welch has also handed down an assortment of comments on current events. He declares, for example, that the Russian space feats are largely phony; if they've been in space at all, he says, it was "with the stuff they stole from our atomic-energy plants." He does not believe Red China "ever made an atomic weapon or has the slightest possibility of making one today." Russia is "just pretending to be against Red China," and the U.N.—"conceived and controlled by the Communists"—keeps Red China out as "part of the act." The Vietnam war is just a cunning charade, with the Communists calling the signals for both sides.

This latter conclusion led Welch into an unusual contretemps a year or so ago. He long had advocated "GET US OUT" as the Birch slogan aimed at the U.N., and dutiful chapter leaders passed out thousands of bumper stickers with that cry. But in 1965, members began pointing out that some people were interpreting the slogan as referring to the U.S. and Vietnam. Welch replied that this was fine, and he had even foreseen that possibility. "GET US OUT" was an appropriate slogan for Vietnam "and no ifs or buts."

This deeply dismayed many patriotic Birchers, who felt that this aligned them with the "Comsymps" and Vietniks who also were trying to get us out of Vietnam. Welch testily came up with WHEN ARE WE GOING TO WIN IN VIETNAM—AND WHY NOT? This was awfully long for a bumper strip slogan, and he has since settled on VICTORY, THEN PEACE! which fits all right but hardly says what he has in mind.

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Last summer came more trouble, which members got a glimpse of in Welch's August *Bulletin.* "For the past week, by sweating in lines at the standby counters of the overcrowded airlines, I have been fighting my way from one city to another where acrimonious disputes were raging among our members," he wrote. "And about all I usually accomplished, of course, in trying to pour oil on these troubled waters, was to get myself completely splattered with oil." Then their leader clammed up without telling the troops who was disputing with whom or why. One of Welch's favorite precepts is "Lay It Out Straight," but there are exceptions to every rule, as the July *Bulletin* quotation had made clear. (*"I say much less than the truth because the whole truth you could not bear to hear."*—Rev. Richard Wurmbrand.)

What had happened was that on July 2, at the New England Rally for God, Family, and Country in Boston, Revilo Oliver of the Birch Council had got up and talked about "the Jewish conspiracy."

"Rev" Oliver is professor of classics at the University of Illinois, and had long been cherished by Welch as the academic jewel in the council crown. Oliver is a member of 15 learned societies, a former Fulbright scholar and a long-time contributor to Welch's *American Opinion.* In 1964 Oliver set off a national uproar with an *American Opinion* article, "Marxmanship in Dallas," in which he suggested that President Kennedy might have been killed because he intended to defect from the Communists and turn American.

At Boston, in a highly convoluted analysis, Oliver referred to "diverse theories" that "we are the victim of some vast and evil conspiracy." The conspiracy "that is destroying us," he said, "is, we are told, a conspiracy of Communists or the Illuminati or of Jews." While rejecting the idea of a single conspiracy, Oliver declared, "If we pick the Jews as the conspiratorial nucleus, we can do better chronologically," and he cited "the great Jewish conspiracy of 117 to 118 A.D." which "almost shook the [Roman] Empire to its foundations."

He sat down to thunderous applause, and shortly the wire services were humming, and Rev Oliver was back in the news. Says Scott Stanley, managing editor of *American Opinion:* "I've always liked Oliver, but I went over after that speech and told him, 'You've just committed hara-kiri.'"

The smooth "hum of mighty workings" was interrupted by bitter complaints. The Birch Society officially opposes anti-Semitism, but has been chronically plagued with it since its earliest days. "We have had to shut down chapters that became infected," says Rousselot. "When people get bit with it, they are very stubborn."

Worst of all, a group of Jewish Birchers (there are an estimated 900 in the society) had just formed the Jewish Society of Americanists, a conservative sub-group that Welch had happily welcomed. Aroused by Oliver's speech, a J.S.A. delegation met with Welch on July 25 and asked what he was going to do about Oliver. On July 30, before Welch had made up his mind, Oliver suddenly sent Welch a letter of resignation.

Although he now says, "Revilo Oliver is an anti-Semite" and "we don't need his kind of hoopla," Welch set off on a pilgrimage to Urbana, Ill., on August 11 to try to keep Oliver in the fold. He proposed that Oliver quit the council but remain in the society and continue to write for *American Opinion.* In his package plan, he suggested that Oliver update his 1960 Scoreboard article for the 1967 issue, and offered him $5,000 to do so.

Welch brought something else to Urbana, Oliver reported in a recent interview. Relaxing at his fireside under a Confederate flag, with his tape recorder spinning to insure that he was quoted accurately, he told an odd story. Although he already had sent Welch a letter of resignation, Oliver says Welch produced a substitute.

"It said that I adored Robert Welch," says Oliver, "and it declared that I was so distressed to think that anything said by a member of the Birch Society could be commented on unfavorably that I wanted to spare him the embarrassment. That, of course, was pure hogwash." Oliver says that Welch also had a draft of his upcoming *Bulletin* in which he proposed to print what Oliver terms "the puppy-dog letter."

"And just before the text of the letter," says Oliver, "he described his great astonishment at receiving what he had ghostwritten for me."

After four hours of talking to Oliver and his tape recorder, Welch gave up and returned to Belmont. On September 10 the Birch Council took up a resolution approving the resignations of both Oliver and Draskovich. Welch was in a black mood. The tide was still relentlessly rising, and all he was trying to do was get those lonesome boys organized, and here a couple of them were whacking at him with their brooms.

So he read the council a lengthy document, fresh from his smoking typewriter. Titled "Once and For All," it reminded everybody that the Birch Society had only one boss, and, by George, he meant what he said. Then the council voted 17 to 0 to accept the two resignations.

After a spell, Welch calmed down. There were great issues unsolved, and Warren still to be impeached, and the U.N. to be got out of, and that shoreline of beautiful houses to be saved. In a little while he was back at his desk, hard at work on his next issue of the *Bulletin.* □

Temporarily dejected by the society's internal troubles, Welch soon rallied and started in on the next BULLETIN.

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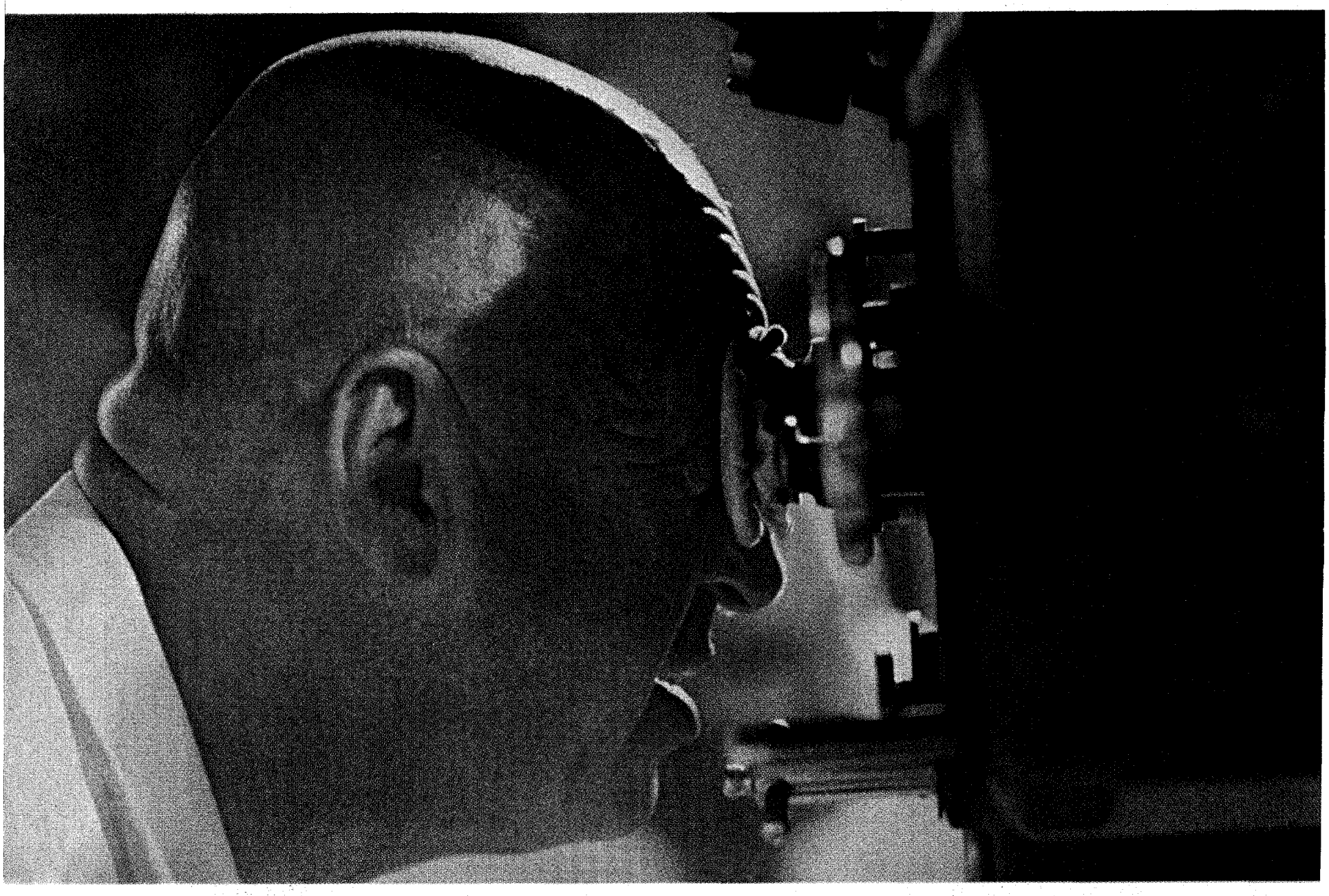
OTTO THE TERRIBLE



Director Otto Preminger likes to terrorize actors, defy censors and ignore film critics, but every year he makes a big picture and it makes big money.

By THOMAS MEEHAN

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Otto Ludwig Preminger, the 60-year-old motion-picture director and producer, is a man who gets his own way, no matter whom he has to infuriate, dupe, sue or charm. Last summer, for instance, upon arriving in Baton Rouge, La., where he had come to make *Hurry Sundown*, he immediately collided with "southern tradition." Preminger had set up headquarters for his cast and crew of 125 in the sprawling, neo-California Bellemont Motor Hotel, which has three swimming pools. The management refused to let several Negro members of the company—among them Rex Ingram, Robert Hooks and Diahann Carroll—in the pools. Preminger, who has one of the world's most spectacular tempers, promptly went into a volcanic rage—which may or may not have been genuine. Within 24 hours of his tantrum, Diahann Carroll was swimming in one of the Bellemont's pools.

This was an instance where Preminger's personal wishes happened to coincide with what might be termed the greater good, but his friends claim that if he had wanted the pools filled with No-Cal ginger ale, the pool would have been filled with No-Cal ginger ale.

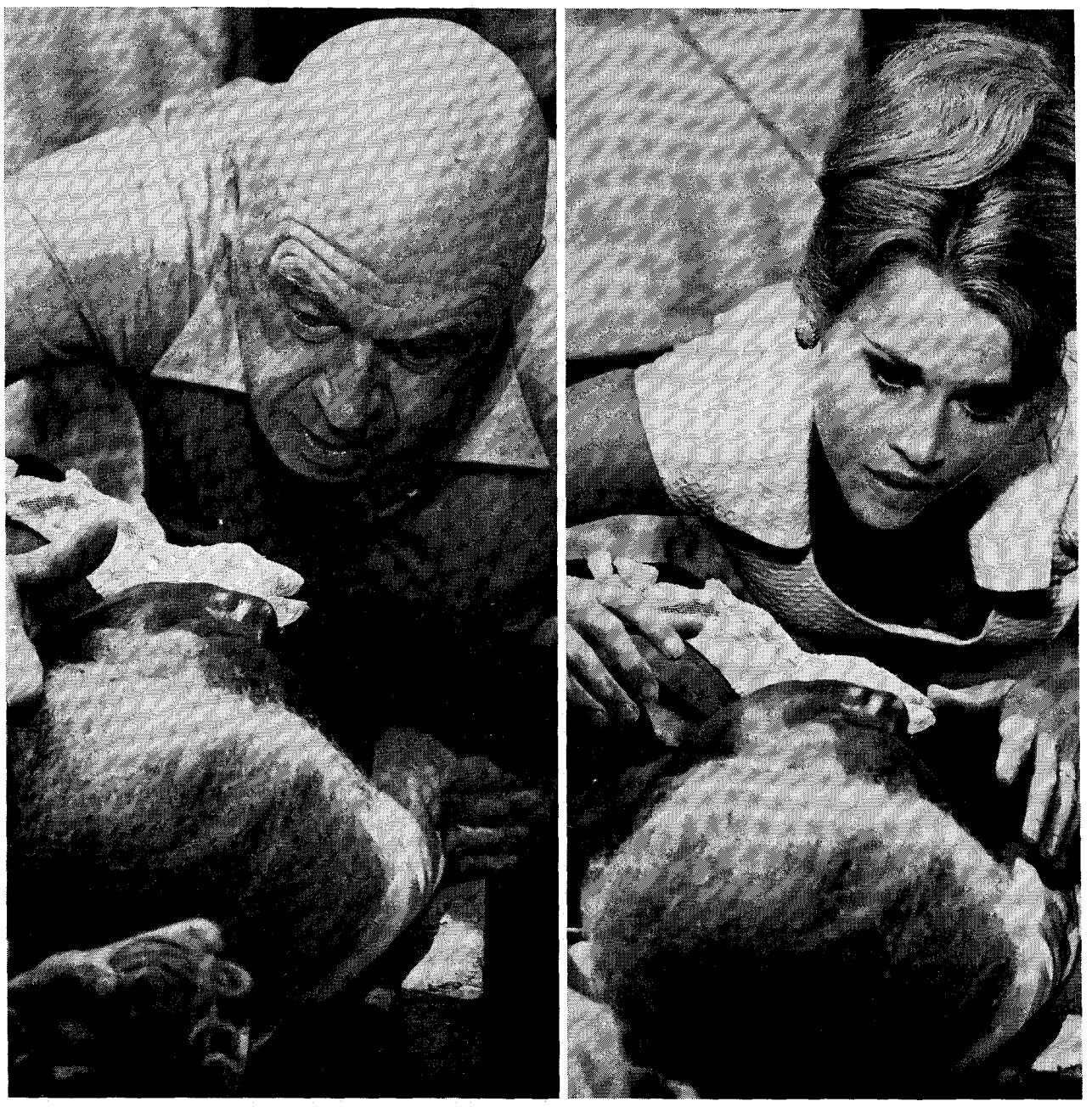
A few years ago, to cite another example, when he was making *Exodus* on location in Israel, Preminger was shooting a scene in which a dozen young Israeli children, all under the age of six, were supposed to cry as Arabs attacked their house. "Cry, you little monsters!" shrieked Preminger, but the bewildered children just stood there, even though their mothers, hovering nervously behind the cameras, were desperately signaling them to cry. At last, struck by a characteristically brilliant idea, Preminger had one of his assistant directors march the mothers away, over a hill, and out of sight. Under the best of circumstances, Preminger is a decidedly sinister-looking character, with a bald, shaven head, icy, pale-blue, heavily lidded eyes, and a pink, pudgy face, and he now came gloweringly up to the cowering children. "Did you see what happened?" asked Preminger menacingly, speaking English in his thick, guttural Viennese accent. "Your mothers have been taken away. And you are never going to see them again. *Never!*" With that, the children burst into tears, and Preminger got exactly the shot he wanted.

Getting his own way with such methods has not precisely endeared Preminger to the world at large, and, in fact, he has been called "the most hated man in the movie industry," a superlative which, considering the competition, is awesomely impressive. And in Baton Rouge the traits of character which have earned him this dubious title were frequently on public display. At the same time, it should be added, a number of more likable traits, among them wit, intelligence, enthusiasm, and almost maniacal energy, were also on display, for it is a perplexing paradox of Preminger's character that he can in one moment be terrifyingly villainous and in the next enchantingly charming. In fact, the same people who in one breath claim to despise him will in the next admit that "Otto is one of the most appealing men in the world."

Hurry Sundown, Preminger's 36th movie, is based on a 1,046-page best seller of not long ago that was written by Burt and Katya Gilden, a husband-and-wife writing team who spent 14 years on the book, their first novel. Essentially, it is a kind of latter-day *Gone With the Wind*, a novel of "pride, passion and plunder" in rural post-World War II Georgia. It deals mainly with the relations between a young aristocratic couple and two young sharecropper couples, one Negro and the other white.

Suspecting that *Hurry Sundown* might indeed be another *Gone With the Wind*—that is, a runaway best seller—Preminger purchased the film rights to the unpublished manuscript for an undisclosed price reportedly in excess of $200,000. Though it edged onto *The New York Times* best-seller list and eventually sold some 300,000 hardcover copies, mainly to Literary Guild members, the novel wasn't quite the blockbuster that Preminger had

Photographs by Hans Namuth



In HURRY SUNDOWN as in all his films, Preminger rarely allowed his actors much interpretative latitude. Above left, he demonstrates to Jane Fonda how he wants her to act a scene in which she has just caused an old woman to suffer a stroke. After three hours of rehearsal, Preminger approved Miss Fonda's performance for final filming.

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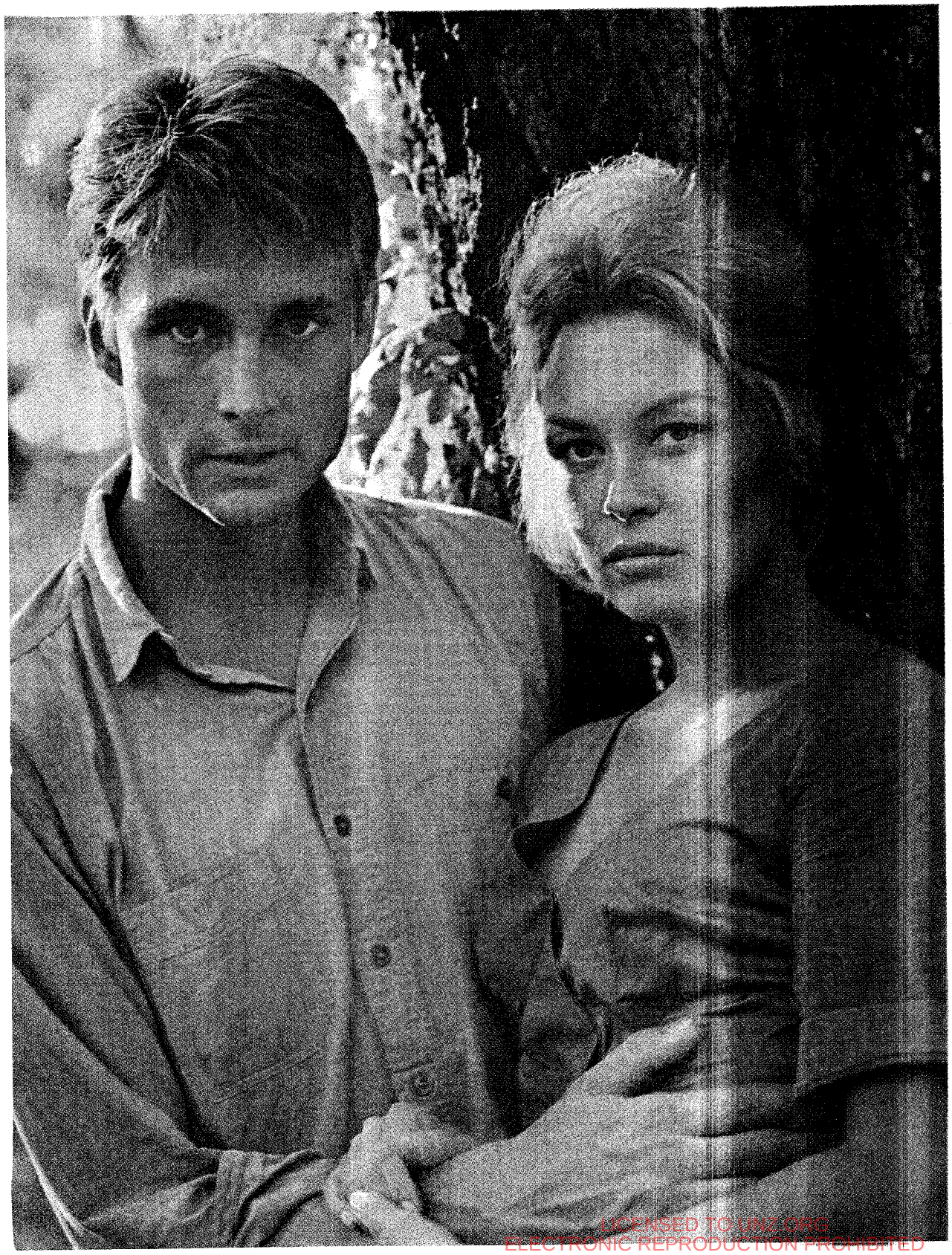

Preminger gives unknowns big roles. Above, Robert Hooks (with star Fonda). Below, John Law and Faye Dunaway.

'Some people need to be brou

OTTO PREMINGER

hoped it would be. Nonetheless, he determined to turn *Hurry Sundown* into a major film—a multi-million-dollar effort in Panavision and Technicolor with a running time of about two and a half hours. True to its genre, the film contains such obligatory scenes as a threatened lynching, and the death of an aged Negro mammy, and concludes with a spectacular, DeMillesque flood, created by blowing up a specially constructed reservoir and letting loose 17,500,000 gallons of water on what was, in actual fact, part of the Louisiana State Penitentiary for Women.

To star in *Hurry Sundown*, Preminger cast Jane Fonda, Henry Fonda's pouty-faced daughter; Michael Caine, the British actor who is best known in this country for his appearances in *Alfie* and *The Ipcress File;* and Diahann Carroll, the nightclub and Broadway singer who had worked previously for him in *Carmen Jones* and *Porgy and Bess.*

Meanwhile, in supporting roles, Preminger cast such veteran performers as Burgess Meredith, Madelaine Sherwood and Rex Ingram, as well as a number of relative newcomers, among them Faye Dunaway, a blonde New York actress who was appearing in her first film; Robert Hooks, a Negro actor whose previous experience had mainly been in off-Broadway plays; and a tall, almost too-handsome young man named John Phillip Law, who attracted a good deal of teen-age attention in *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming,* as the love-struck Soviet sailor.

Since, as one of his aides explained, "Louisiana looks better in color than Georgia," Preminger decided—though the setting of the film is still ostensibly rural Georgia—to make *Hurry Sundown* in and around Baton Rouge, Louisiana's up-country capital on the Mississippi about 70 miles northwest of New Orleans. Thus, early last June, Preminger checked into the Bellemont, where, from a suite of rooms he shared with his wife and his six-year-old twins, he at once began running matters with a characteristically iron hand, beginning with his integration of the pools.

Learning that Preminger is a champion of civil rights may surprise some, for he has frequently been called a Nazi, especially by actors who have worked under him. Nothing causes Preminger to blow his top faster, for he is Jewish and left his native Austria in 1935 partly because of the rising power of the neighboring Nazis. At the same time Preminger has paradoxically helped to foster the image of himself as a Nazi, and not only by his general manner. In all four of the Hollywood movies in which he worked as an actor, most notably *Stalag 17*, he played sadistic Nazis.

In any event, many of his long-time associates are fiercely loyal to him. "It's just Otto's way," explains Nat Rudich, Preminger's long-time executive assistant, edgily. "Sure, he loses his temper fairly often, but there's nothing personal in it—it's his system for getting things done faster."

Other defenders of Preminger claim that his victims are asking for what they get. "There are two types of people—one type needs to be browbeaten, and Preminger can smell them a mile off," Patrick O'Neal, a New York stage actor who has worked for Preminger, once told an interviewer. "So, he yells and screams at them. But there's another type, and I'm one of them, who fights back. And Otto respects us for it."

Seeming to confirm O'Neal's theory, Preminger tended to treat the *Hurry Sundown* actors in two entirely different ways. Polite, gracious, he scarcely raised his voice at Burgess Meredith, Jane Fonda, or Michael Caine, while he was unmercifully tyrannical with John Phillip Law and a blonde starlet named Donna Danton. Caine, by

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beaten,' says one actor. 'And Preminger can smell them a mile off. So he screams at them.'

the way, who had never before worked for Preminger, had typically ambivalent feelings about him. "He loves to embarrass actors in front of other people to tear down their egos," Caine said. "Still, if you can keep him from beating you down, you can learn a lot from the guy."

An entire school of Preminger partisans hold that his temper tantrums are faked—calculated performances by a master ham designed: 1) to keep his aides on their toes, 2) to make actors follow his direction more precisely, and 3) to perpetuate his reputation as Otto the Terrible, a reputation that has helped to keep his name in the papers over the years and that, in consequence, has helped to sell his movies to the public. "Basically, Otto is an old-fashioned Barnumesque showman, a cultural con man who long ago discovered that by playing the role of the Monster Man From Vienna he could draw extra attention to himself and his pictures," one veteran Hollywood film executive observed recently. "Most people can't tell you who directed what movie. Even though they saw the pictures, American moviegoers don't know, for instance, who directed *Mary Poppins* or *My Fair Lady*, but because Preminger is controversial and supposedly hated, they're likely to know who directed *Exodus* or *Hurry Sundown*. And Preminger is no other-directed American, no Willy Loman who wants not only to be liked but well-liked. Preminger doesn't give a damn whether people like him or not, so long as they go to his movies. Believe me, his public displays of temper are ninety-nine percent an act. In private, in fact, though he'll kill me for saying this, he's one of the nicest men I've ever known." And Preminger's wife adds, "He's pure mush."

While he was clearly making himself a host of new enemies during the filming of *Hurry Sundown*, it should be added that the famed Preminger charm was also noticeably in evidence in Baton Rouge. For the most part this charm might best be described as continental or Old World, made up of about equal parts of flattery, *schmaltz*, and a rather heavy-footed *mittel*-Europe sense of humor. Whenever he was being especially pleasant to me, I kept nervously being reminded of a war-movie bad guy, specifically the German interrogator who softens up his American prisoner with cigarettes and cultural chitchat before switching darkly to "Ve haff vays to make you talk."

During his stay in Baton Rouge, Preminger early put on an impressive display of the powers of his charm. Soon after the Bellemont pools had been integrated, the *Hurry Sundown* company began to be harassed by local Ku Klux Klansmen, who, hearing that Preminger's film was about "niggers gittin' the best of whites," made threatening phone calls to Negro members of the cast, slashed the tires of several of the company's station wagons, and cruised their cars ominously about in the vicinity of the *Hurry Sundown* locations. In Louisiana almost all of the state's power rests in the hands of the governor, and, realizing this, Preminger at once got in touch with the governor's office. By chance, one of the governor's closest aides turned out to be a would-be playwright, the author of a number of unproduced plays, and soon considerable talk began to circulate around Baton Rouge about Preminger's producing and directing one of the Louisianan's plays on Broadway. Soon, too, coincidentally, Preminger was asked to dinner at the governor's mansion by Gov. John J. McKeithen himself; he was made an honorary colonel on the governor's staff, and, interestingly, he was even invited to address a joint session of the Louisiana state legislature, which, at the conclusion of Preminger's brief speech ("God bless the people of Louisiana, God bless America!"), gave him a standing, cheering ovation. Meanwhile, on instructions from the governor's office, Louisiana state troopers were assigned to guard the Bellemont Motor Hotel and to stand by at all *Hurry Sundown* locations—and Preminger's problems with the KKK were ended.

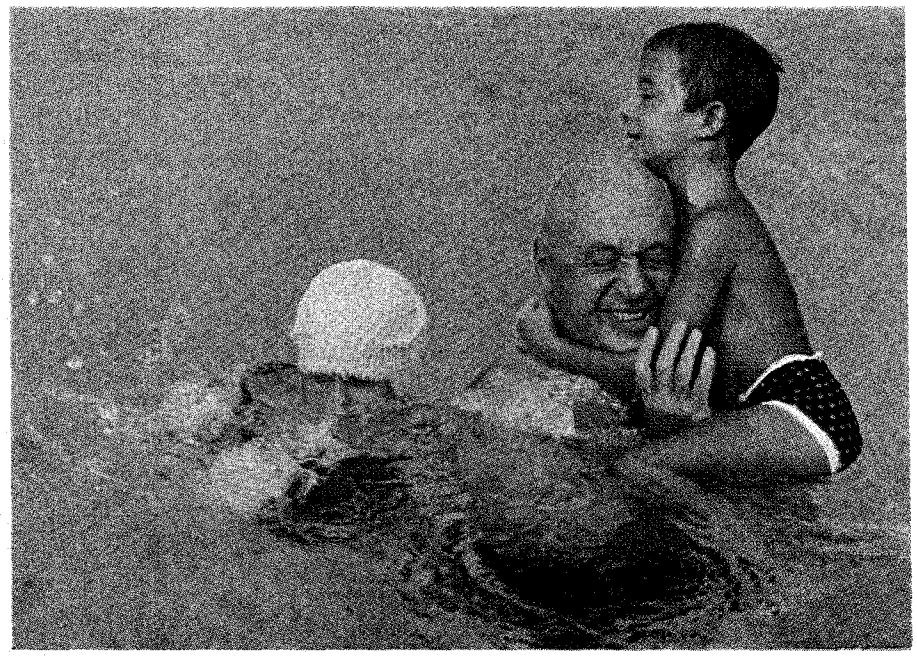
His trouble with the Klan is just one of the multitude of problems that Preminger has successfully dealt with in recent years, for he has lately found himself confronted with one harassment after another, especially since 1953, when he began making his own films, precariously setting himself up as an independent producer and director at a time when most American movies were still being made by the major Hollywood studios. In fact, he ran smack into major trouble with his very first independent production, *The Moon Is Blue*, when the Motion Picture Production Code refused to give the picture its seal of approval, and the picture was then condemned by a variety of other censors. Preminger brought suit against the local censors, fighting the case all the way up to the United States Supreme Court, which ultimately decided in his favor, ruling that the censors could not halt the showing of *The Moon Is Blue*.

Later, he had similar problems with *The Man With the Golden Arm*. Again Preminger brought suit and won. And four years later, when he made *Anatomy of a Murder*, he was again in a hassle with censors. He won that battle too.

Observers with a Freudian turn of mind have suggested that Preminger is so aggressively litigious because he is subconsciously fighting his late father. The elder Preminger was a lawyer and at one time the attorney general of the Austrian Empire. A stern, Germanic autocrat, he had worked his way up from lowly beginnings to great eminence by the time that young Otto Ludwig was born, in Vienna, on December 5, 1906. Not surprisingly, the elder Preminger wanted his son also to become a lawyer, but at an early age Preminger became hopelessly stagestruck, and, when only 17, made his professional acting debut as Lysander in Max Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Soon Preminger became Reinhardt's protégé, an assistant director as well as an actor. Meanwhile, though, Preminger's hot-tempered father demanded that Otto study law, and for the next four years Preminger pursued a full-time career in the theater *and* studied law. In fact, by the age of 21, Preminger had not only established himself as Vienna's most talented young actor and director but had also earned a doctorate in law. Despite his father's objections, Preminger chose to remain in the theater, and he has never practiced law.

For over a decade Preminger, already famed for his hot temper, was one of Vienna's busiest and most successful directors, but in 1935 the rise of Hitlerism prompted him to leave Europe and come to New York. After directing a hit Broadway melodrama titled *Libel*, he was offered a contract to direct movies for 20th Century-Fox, and in mid-1936 he headed west. He first directed a couple of minor "B" pictures, and was then assigned to *Kidnapped*, a movie version of the Robert Louis Stevenson book, which was planned as one of Fox's major films for 1937. At the time the Fox studios were headed by Darryl Zanuck, a man with a temper almost as volcanic as Preminger's, and during the early weeks of the filming of *Kidnapped* he and Preminger had a number of violent clashes over the interpretation of the script. Finally, about halfway through the shooting, Preminger stormed off the set, quitting the picture. Immediately Zanuck announced that if Preminger didn't finish *Kidnapped* he would never again direct another movie in Hollywood. Preminger nonetheless refused to have anything more to do with Fox, *Kidnapped*, or Zanuck. Finding himself effectively blackballed in Hollywood, he returned to New York where, for the next four years, he directed a number of Broadway plays, the most successful of which was Clare Boothe Luce's comedy *Margin for Error*, in which he also played a Nazi consul.

In 1942 *Margin for Error* was bought for the movies by none other than 20th Century-Fox, which surprisingly asked Preminger to re-create his Broadway role in the film. Preminger refused to do the part, however, unless he was also permitted to direct the movie, and since Darryl Zanuck was by then off in the Army, he got his way. *Margin for Error* was a box-office hit, and Preminger stayed on at Fox for the next 10 years, establishing himself as one of Hollywood's leading directors and producers while making some 20 pictures, everything from *Laura*, which many still consider his best film, to such embarrassments as *That Lady in Ermine* and *Forever Amber*.



Relaxation for Preminger is a dip in the pool with his twins, Victoria and Mark.

In the early 1950's, however, supremely fed up with making films under the thumbs of studio executives with whom he kept having ceaseless arguments, Preminger stalked angrily out of Fox, returning once again to New York. Though he has frequently worked in Hollywood since then, he is now a permanent New Yorker, living in an elegant townhouse on East 64th Street, where he houses most of his valuable art collection.

"New York is the most exciting and marvelous city in the world," says Preminger, sounding like a flack for Mayor Lindsay. "After one has lived in New York, all other cities—London, Paris, Rome, and even Vienna—seem uninteresting. I would not live anywhere else. And Hollywood, God help me, is the last place I would live."

Once settled in New York, Preminger again turned his hand to Broadway, directing *The Moon Is Blue*, the hit comedy from which he then made

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Writing scripts, changing music,

even signing the checks,

he does it all himself.

his first independently produced movie. Though the film version of *The Moon Is Blue* ran into all kinds of censorship trouble, as noted, getting banned in Kansas isn't always bad news at the box office in New York, and eventually, like most of Preminger's pictures, the movie made a great deal of money. As a result, Preminger has since found it relatively easy to get financing for his films, and in the last 13 years he has made 13 movies, 10 of which he himself produced. Of the 13, only one, *St. Joan,* a film adaptation of the Shaw play which starred Jean Seberg, was an unqualified box-office disaster. Several of them, especially *Anatomy of a Murder* and *Exodus,* made a bundle, and Preminger is today a millionaire.

During his 13-year career as an independent producer, Preminger has, with only a few exceptions, like *St. Joan,* followed a fairly rigid and nearly foolproof formula for creating successful commercial movies. First, he buys the screen rights to a popular, best-selling novel, not merely a sensational book, however, like *Peyton Place,* but rather one that has some vein of serious social comment running through it, like *Exodus, Advise and Consent,* or, for that matter, *Hurry Sundown.* Next, with a great deal of ballyhoo, he makes the film in Panavision and Technicolor, working entirely on location with an enormous cast, generally including an established star or two, like Paul Newman or John Wayne or James Stewart, plus a newcomer. Preminger inevitably gives the newcomer the big buildup and then, like a horseplayer betting a cheap long shot, hopes that he or she will make it big. He had a winner with Lee Remick in *Anatomy of a Murder,* and ran out of the money with Tom Tryon in *The Cardinal,* while the results aren't yet in on the three-player parlay—Faye Dunaway, Robert Hooks and John Phillip Law—that he has going for him in *Hurry Sundown.* On occasion, too, as an extra-added Ringling Brothers attraction, he will go in for some unusual bit of casting, like getting Joseph Welch to play the judge in *Anatomy of a Murder* or John Huston to portray a Boston cardinal in *The Cardinal.* At one point, in fact, though it eventually didn't come off, he almost persuaded Dr. Martin Luther King to appear as a Georgia senator in *Advise and Consent.*

Finally, once the picture is made, Preminger spends enormous sums of money for advertising and publicity, and he will try any kind of stunt to help put his pictures over. He got front-page coverage in newspapers all over the world, for instance, by managing to have *The Cardinal* screened in the Vatican for an audience of real cardinals attending the Second Vatican Council. In 1956 he pulled his most famous publicity stunt when he conducted a nationwide talent hunt for a new St. Joan, eventually selecting Jean Seberg, who was then an unknown Iowa schoolgirl.

Though Preminger himself frankly admits that his films are mainly commercial efforts rather than attempts at art, it is a somewhat surprising fact that his films are highly thought of by both the Paris *Cahiers du Cinéma* movie highbrows and the intellectual American film critics associated with magazines like *Movie* and *Film Culture.* Andrew Sarris, for instance, a prominent writer on movies for both *Film Culture* and *The Village Voice,* called Preminger's *Advise and Consent* the best film of 1962. On the other hand, Dwight Macdonald, who is one of America's leading intellectual film critics, is rather less impressed by Preminger. "I've never seen an interesting Preminger film," Macdonald has categorically written. And Pauline Kael, the sharp-edged critic, pretty much agrees with Macdonald (for once), writing, "I do not think that Preminger is a great director—for the very simple reason that his films are consistently superficial and facile."

Such criticism irks Preminger, especially when it comes from reviewers who make a career of praising foreign movies at the expense of American-made films. "I'm tired of all of the attacks that have been made on me and other so-called Hollywood directors," Preminger told me one evening, as he and I were having a pre-dinner gin-and-tonic in his rooms at the Bellemont. "Any picture that is made by the French, the Italians, or the Japanese is automatically OK, while any picture made by an American is automatically no good. It is pure snobbery on the part of the critics. Most of the recent highly praised European films are arty, gimmicky and pretentious. But, because they are foreign, set in Paris instead of Pittsburgh, made by a Frenchman instead of an American, the critics, most of whom have never been outside of the United States, are dazzled by them. In my opinion the best films in the world, with a few exceptions, are made in America. What is the best film that I myself have ever made? Why"—Preminger grinned slyly—"*Hurry Sundown,* of course."

Though they may occasionally knock his films, the critics agree that Preminger is a complete professional at the intricate business of making commercial movies, a professionalism that particularly manifests itself in his enormous energy and ability to put in long hours at work. Indeed, along with his talent for getting his own way, Preminger's major identifying trait is his incredible energy. During the making of *Hurry Sundown,* which took 10 weeks, from early June until the middle of August, Preminger regularly worked an 18-hour day, seven days a week, excepting a rare day off. Each morning he was up at seven or earlier, took a fast swim in the motel pool outside his window, hurriedly breakfasted in his rooms with his wife and children, and by eight o'clock was off to the day's location site, where he'd frequently put in 12 to 14 sweltering hours on the set, working in temperatures well into the 90's under arc lights that added another several degrees to Louisiana's stunning summer heat. Nonetheless, dapperly turned out in an immaculately laundered short-sleeved white shirt, beige trousers and white sneakers, Preminger managed always to look supremely cool while everyone around him often appeared about to keel over.

Alfred Hitchcock has said that films should ideally tell their stories almost entirely in pictures,

When directing a scene, Preminger is likely to sway his hands and arms to the rhythm of the spoken words.

Nervously fingering his viewfinder, Preminger decides whether the actors are ready for the cameraman.

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with as little dialogue as possible, but Preminger, probably because of his early background in the theater, prefers to use a great deal of dialogue, and his players constantly make stage-like entrances and exits through a myriad of doors. As a matter of fact, Preminger made just about all of *Hurry Sundown* in a technique that might be termed the Door Style of movie-making. Typically, for instance, he would begin a scene by training his camera on a closed door. Action! The door opens and, say, Michael Caine enters. As the camera pans, Caine crosses to Jane Fonda, who is perhaps lying on a bed. Having earlier been carefully coached in the scene by Preminger, who has explained in detail precisely how he wants each line spoken, Caine and Miss Fonda then play out a two-minute chunk of dialogue, usually doing it to Preminger's satisfaction in perhaps seven or eight takes. The camera then pans as Caine crosses back to the door and exits. The door closes. Cut! End of scene. Next, the same scene is replayed with close-ups and reaction shots, and that's it. Using the Door Style, Preminger can often shoot more than two minutes of so-called master film in less than four hours, which is one of the reasons why his movies are always shot on schedule.

Since dialogue rather than tricky camera technique is the most important single element of a Preminger film, he not only buys the original property but also works very closely with the writer on the script. And a writer who doesn't agree with Preminger on the script is apt to find himself out of a job. Before the final shooting script for *Hurry Sundown* was completed, several writers came and went, and even the writer who will get screen credit for the script, Thomas Ryan, was sent packing from Baton Rouge about half way through the filming of the picture. Anyone who crosses Preminger too often is apt to find himself quickly fired. A number of people, including not only Ryan but the film's production designer, Gene Callahan, were purged by Preminger during my stay in Baton Rouge. "There is an aura of fear hanging over this motel," whispered one member of the *Hurry Sundown* company, who was huddled one evening in a shadowed corner of a bar at the Bellemont, gulping a recuperative gin-and-tonic after a long and particularly wrathful day of shooting, during which, by actual count, Preminger had lost his temper 17 times. Ordering a second drink, the actor added that though the company was officially known as Sigma Productions, among themselves they called it Asthma Productions, because "nobody can breathe around here without fear of being axed by Otto."

When Preminger makes a movie, he delegates almost no authority. He hires and fires everyone in the company, edits the finished film, and even works on the musical score with whatever composer he has hired. In fact, Preminger each week personally signed the pay checks of every member of the *Hurry Sundown* company, from that of Michael Caine, who was reportedly making $20,000 a week, to that of the lowliest secretary.

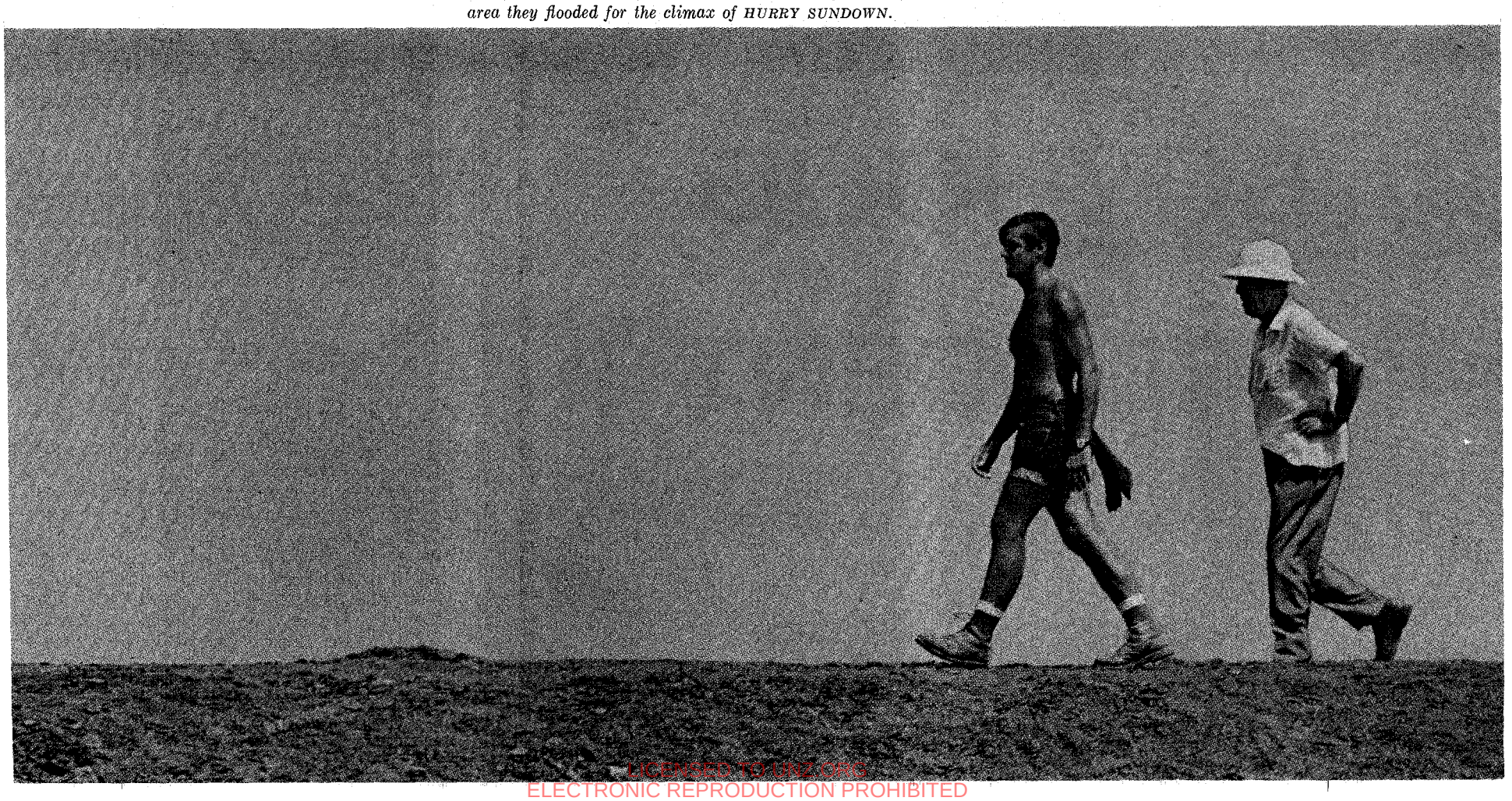
The signing of the checks, however, was just one of the multitude of duties that Preminger indefatigably set for himself after the day's shooting had ended. Back from location, usually arriving at the motel at around 8, Preminger would immediately meet with his production staff to plan future shooting schedules. Next he would go for a twilight swim, often with his children, who dote on him as much as he dotes on them.

After the swim Preminger would help put his children to bed and then have a quiet drink and dinner in his rooms with his wife and an occasional guest or two. Mrs. Preminger is the former Hope Bryce, an angular, attractive one-time fashion model who is some 20 years younger than her husband. In 1958, when Preminger was making *Bonjour Tristesse*, the film adaptation of the Françoise Sagan novel, he had hired Miss Bryce—who had by then given up modeling—to be the film's fashion coordinator, and they were soon thereafter married. Mrs. Preminger has been the fashion coordinator for all of Preminger's pictures since, including *Hurry Sundown*. Preminger was married earlier, in 1931, to a Hungarian-born showgirl named Marion Mills, who divorced him after 18 years of marriage because of his "violent temper," and he was then married again, in 1951, to Mary Gardner, an American painter and sculptress, who divorced him six years later, but Preminger had had no children in either marriage.

Once he finished dinner, Preminger would get back to work on *Hurry Sundown*—meeting perhaps with Paramount executives down from New York to discuss the film's publicity campaign; driving to a nearby local movie theater where, after the last show of the night had let out, he would view the previous day's rushes of *Hurry Sundown;* and then, back once more at the motel, working with film editors until well after midnight on rough cuts of the picture's completed scenes. At last, at around 1 A.M., after sometimes taking a moonlight swim in the sweltering Louisiana night, Preminger would go to bed, falling into a deep sleep during which, one suspects, he dreamed of *Hurry Sundown* breaking box-office records in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, and winning the Academy Award, an honor which, despite a couple of nominations, he has yet to receive.

Even on Sundays, when union rules permitted no shooting, Preminger was up early and off with a clutch of aides to scout future location sites around Baton Rouge. One such Sunday, a leaden, overcast day, I went along on one of these so-called survey trips, riding in the rear car of a three-car safari that, in midafternoon, pulled into a back-country road where Preminger thought he might shoot a lover's-lane sequence. Everyone had piled out of the cars and was inspecting the site when thunder was suddenly heard nearby and a brisk wind began to rise. Across a field one could see rain pouring heavily down and headed our way. At last, when it was obvious that we were all about to be drenched, everyone ran for the cars, except Preminger, who stood stubbornly in the middle of the lane, sighting along the angle at which he would have his cameras shoot. And then the rains came, drenching Preminger, who climbed infuriated into his car, sputtering, muttering and frowning, enraged at a rain that had dared to fall on him when he had not wanted it to. Later, on the drive back to the motel in another of the cars, one of his long-time associates, grinning over the incident, pretty much summed up Otto Preminger. "Oh, does Otto hate to be crossed," he said, shaking his head. "And was he ever mad at that rain. You know, if it had been possible, I think he would have fired God on the spot." □

With unit director Burtt Harris, Preminger inspects an area they flooded for the climax of HURRY SUNDOWN.



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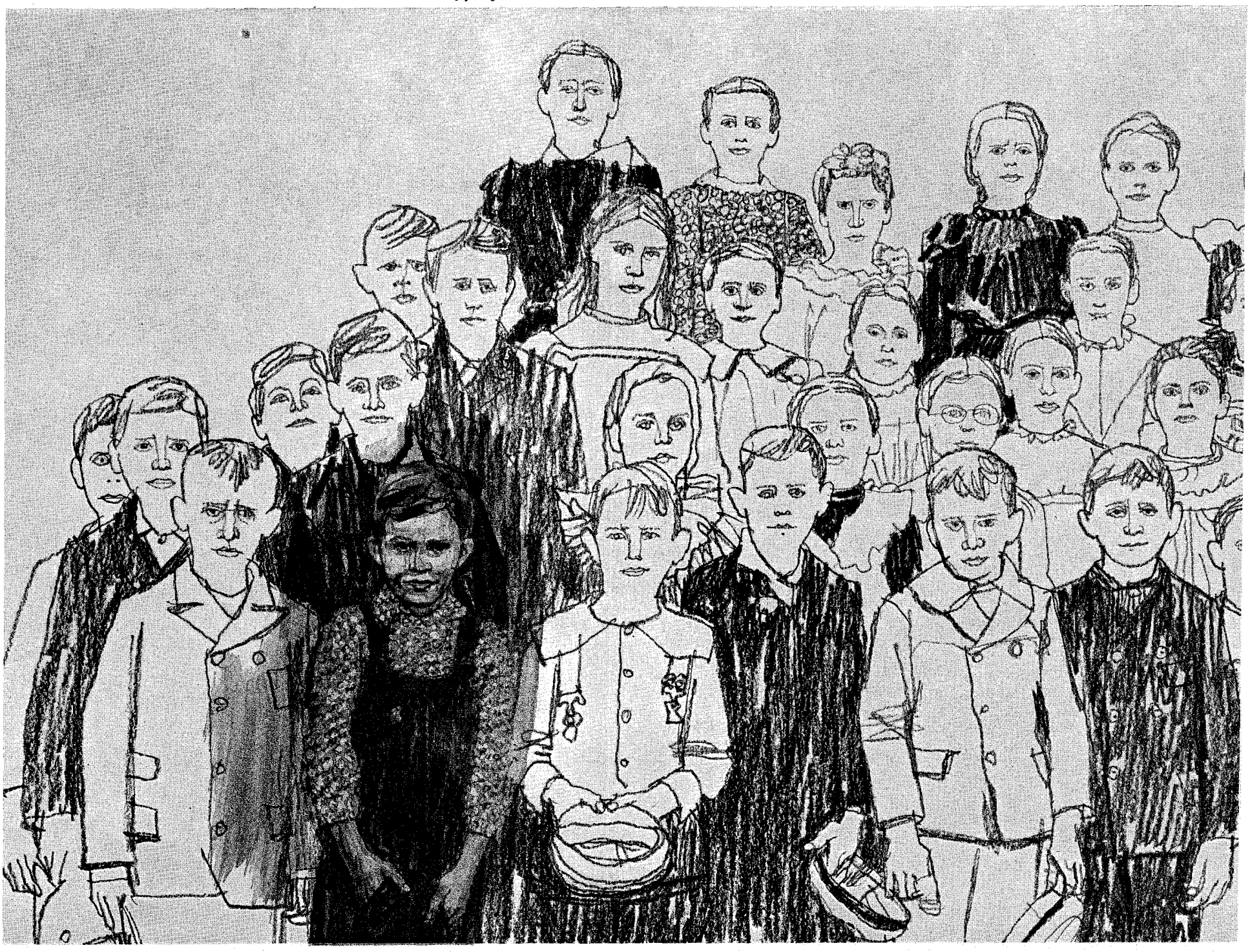
Drawing by artist Austin Briggs was made from a photograph of Eisenhower (color) and his classmates in fifth grade.



BOYHOOD OF A PRESIDENT

With warmth, humor and perception, a former Chief Executive recalls the life he knew as a youth growing up in Kansas at the turn of the century.

By DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

When I was a small boy, there came a time when I began to comprehend that the world was more than just our house and backyard in Abilene. Once in a while, news of the outside world crept in—a world beyond the limits of Kansas, even.

During the Spanish-American War, in 1898, when I was seven, my Uncle Abraham Lincoln Eisenhower was an avid seeker of news. Because he was busy in his veterinary practice, my job, at a penny a day, was to run uptown and get him the local paper, hot off the press. I can never forget his glee when the news came of Dewey's May Day victory over the Spanish Fleet at Manila Bay. I do not know just what day we got the news in Abilene, but the smell of gunpowder and victory was in Uncle Abe's nostrils.

Then came the operations in Cuba. My uncle was much interested in the Spanish Fleet, blockaded in the harbor at Santiago, where Admiral William Sampson and Commodore Winfield Schley were watching for it to come out. He fairly danced with pleasure when the news came that the Spanish Fleet, trying to escape, had been sunk to the last vessel—a somewhat bloodthirsty reac-

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tion for a man who was later to become a minister.

During the war, there must have been talk about the possibility of the enemy bombarding American cities from the air. At a school recess one morning, a rumor spread that a Spanish airship was over Abilene. All the boys rushed uptown to see the sight, never questioning its feasibility, and classes went to pot. We quieted down when the object high in the sky proved to be a huge box kite, used by merchants to advertise a sale of straw hats.

Before I paid much attention to that distant, outside world, there was a lot to see and learn in the small world around me. The community of Abilene gradually showed itself as a complex of streets and neighborhoods, each with a personality and identity of its own. Some neighborhoods I knew well. Others were off limits to boys.

Abilene was a microcosm of rural life at that time. And the way we lived was the way most people lived in those days. Visually, it was just another rural town, undistinguishable from scores of others dotting the plains. It looked peaceful and pastoral, and was, at least in my childhood, happy. After all, the splendiferous C. W. Parker Circus, full of the glittering performers and the dusty glamour of far-off places, made Abilene its home base. Merry-go-rounds were *built* there.

Three decades earlier, when the town was founded (by a man named McCoy), Abilene had been rather different. It was then called the Cow Capital of the World. For a time it maintained its reputation as the toughest, meanest, most murderous town of the territory.

It was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific (later the Union Pacific) Railway. Texas cattlemen, after the Civil War, sought eastern markets. In 1869 they started to drive their herds into Abilene, the nearest railhead. Our national folk heroes were a fairly riotous breed even in the best of times, and cowboys coming in off the long, lonely trails were starved for home-cooked food, and more especially for drink, for excitement and amusement. It has been written that early Abilene's infamous Texas Street was "a glowing thoroughfare which led from the dreariness of the open prairies into the delight of Hell itself." These were the days when marshals like Wild Bill Hickok kept the peace—what there was of it. When the railroad moved on westward, along about 1872, the town's permanent citizens were pleased. They might have missed their chance at developing a metropolitan Sodom, but the people settled down into occupations that made for a slower but steadier growth.

Despite Abilene's early reputation, I was nearly 15 before I saw my first shooting scrape. No one was even slightly wounded. The shooter was standing on a walk, taking potshots at a man who was setting a new sprint record from a point 30 yards away. The pistol looked very dangerous. Now I know that the little nickel-plated, snub-nosed weapon would have been harmful only in the case of a miraculous shot.

As in many American towns of that period, civic pride was the most flourishing local industry. On my desk at the moment lies a booklet, printed in 1887, that, 80 years later, gives us insight into the booster's spirit.

The unknown author writes in bountiful and emphatic language about the wonders of Kansas, of the county, and of the town—pardon me, city—itself. On page 55, that the reader may not think him extravagant about his appraisal of the county seat, he submits in corroboration an extract from the Kansas City *Journal:*

But whence this wealth that makes all this possible? Did the birds of the air carry it to them? Did the winds from the prairies waft it to them? Did the waters of the Smoky Hill, with its source in what used to be called the great American desert, bear it to their feet? No. They have never been enriched by any phenomenal act of nature. Then whence these farms in Dickinson County, worth $10,000,000, and wealth in stock, factories, business blocks, homes, railroads, salt wells, gypsum beds, etc., to the amount of $15,000,000—nearly $1,000 for every man, woman and child in the county? The answer is easy and sufficient. They have industriously tilled this great garden of nature, containing 851 square miles—more than half a million acres—and its enormous product has been most wisely disposed of by a progressive people.

In summary, the author rose to new heights of verbosity, in the sort of civic puffery that would not be seen again in such pure form until the novels of Sinclair Lewis. "We surely need not elaborate," he elaborated: "The foregoing features of attraction are sufficient to commend the country, city and people as in every way the most desirable." But the boiling expansion of the '80's that transformed many small cities between Pittsburgh and Denver slowed to a simmer in the '90's. Through my boyhood, Abilene was reasonably prosperous but it grew little in population.

The town itself was located a mile or two to the north of the Smoky Hill River and lay largely east of a stream which meandered its way through the flat alluvial plain. We called it Mud Creek. Slow-moving streams were always muddy. Boys searching for fishing holes had to be content with a mud cat or an occasional channel cat. The latter was always a prize.

Our major amusements were baseball and football. In the back of a printshop, when I grew older, we had a boxing club. We had no well-organized gymnasiums. Winter sports were skating and hooking a sled behind a horse; the rider, lying flat on his belly, took a fair amount of snow from the horse's hoofs. I remember seeing a tennis court, but I do not remember ever seeing anyone play. I had never heard of golf.

The schools were three in number; churches abounded. From memory alone I can identify seven, and everybody I knew went to church. Social life was centered around the churches. Church picnics, usually held on the riverbank, were an opportunity to gorge on fried chicken, potato salad and apple pie. The men pitched horseshoes, the women knitted and talked, and the youngsters fished.

High-school students formed little clubs, most of them with rather pretentious names. My older brother Ed and I never joined. By the time I was old enough to be a member, I was gangly and awkward, with few of the social graces. Probably I was more than happy that I was never invited to membership. My brother and I referred with immense disdain to boys and girls who did belong.

It was definitely a small town. Paving was unknown to me for a long time. Crosswalks of scattered stone were provided at each corner, but after a heavy summer rain, the streets became almost impassable because of mud. Rubber boots were standard equipment. In winter, snow could practically immobilize the community. I cannot recall when hard pavement was started in town, but it was not earlier than 1904 or '05, I think. Even after the streets were paved, sidewalks were still made of lumber, for the most part.

The police force consisted of one man, Henny Engle. He could not patrol the streets adequately, of course, so he spent the night watching trains go by or come in, looking for dubious characters among the arriving passengers. He did walk around to make sure that all the stores were locked up. There was also a town marshal, but I never saw him do anything except chase truant boys.

Shopping was not the recreation that it has since become for me. We had to content ourselves with small shops—grocery stores, meat markets, "notion" stores, drugstores, and barbershops. Modern salesmanship would have been entirely out of order. Shopkeepers assumed that customers came to buy only what was needed. Nothing was done to encourage the casual browser, the one who, just looking around these days, leaves freighted with products he had no intention of buying when he entered the store. That is just the sort of shopper I am, made for 20th-century merchandising techniques.

Prices were low by today's standards, but not low enough to suit us. The Abilene paper published the day I was born, October 14, 1890, offers a sample of the price structure. Eggs were five cents a dozen. Bread was three cents a loaf. Boys' requirements were of an entirely different order, however. They were bats and balls and mitts, powder and shot for our obsolete, muzzle-loading guns, footballs and helmets; and there was no money earmarked for these. My father never knew a day of unemployment after his return to Abilene from Texas, but feeding and clothing his small army of boys required almost every penny that he earned.

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Father understood our desire—in fact our desperate need—for playtime's implements and accessories. He allotted each boy a bit of ground out of the land surrounding our house. Each was privileged to raise any kind of vegetables he chose and, if possible, to sell them to the neighbors for a profit. (The main garden was devoted to raising vegetables and fruits for immediate family consumption and canning for the winter.) For my plot, I chose to grow sweet corn and cucumbers. I had made inquiries and decided that these were the most popular vegetables. I liked the thought that I was earning something on my own—and could keep it or spend it on myself.

Ed hated the whole thing. My older brother thought his prospective purchasers always acted superior when he offered his wares for sale. They would search through his whole pack of vegetables to find the best, meanwhile disparaging the quality of the lot—to beat down his price, Ed thought.

I never suffered this way. For one thing, I set the price fairly low to start with. It was 25 cents a dozen for the earliest corn. As the season advanced, the price per ear went down. I always made it a point to be first if I could, when buyers were eager. Having fixed my price, I would show the corn. If customers said the price was too high, I would pick up my pack and go on my way.

During the time our parents lived in Texas, Mother had learned to make Mexican hot tamales. They were delicious, and this gave me an idea. I badgered her until she demonstrated the whole process, step-by-step. After I learned, I started making and selling them—five cents each for three tamales. This little enterprise did not make me rich, but Eisenhower tamales were fun to make and a good off-season sales idea. If there were leftovers, my brothers and I could consume them without strain.

These money-making ventures began only after we had moved from our tiny house on Second Street to the home of my Uncle Abraham, on Fourth Street, with the large barn and open acres that Uncle Abe required in his veterinary practice.

In his boyhood on the family farm in Pennsylvania, Uncle Abe had loved horses more than the land. After his marriage, he had opened up a veterinary office in Father's general store and hung out a shingle that read, A. L. EISENHOWER, D.V.S. So far as anyone knows, he had no serious training in veterinary medicine, but he made up for it in boundless energy and showmanship.

Whenever he was not occupied either with doctoring animals or tending the store, he would hitch up his horse to a two-wheeled gig and drive hurriedly around the countryside, trailing a cloud of dust, giving the farmers who saw him the strong impression that he was rushing off to answer another emergency call. His practice increased gratifyingly, and he came to be known as the "genial veterinarian." Later, Abraham joined the store formally, making it the EISENHOWER BROTHERS until the place was sold and Father went to work at the creamery.

Deciding that his luck with animals might run out, Uncle Abe then did a short tour at a veterinary college in Chicago. But at this point, having become legitimate, he started to lose interest in his practice and decided instead to follow the example of his father and grandfather and become a preacher of the Gospel. In 1898 he made up his mind to go West. Father, undoubtedly prompted by Mother, bought his house.

The new house seemed a mansion with its two stories. There were two fairly large bedrooms upstairs, with a miniature bedroom at the end of the hall. The first of the large ones was occupied by Father and Mother, with the baby, Earl, in a cradle. Three boys slept in the adjoining room, Roy and I in one bed, Edgar in the other. Arthur, the eldest, was awarded the little room at the end of the hall. Its dimensions were 6½ feet by 6½ feet, but the rest of us envied Arthur his splendid isolation. He was the only person in the house with a room of his own. He soon lost that distinction, however. Mother brought in a girl, Florence Sexton, to help with the housework. As I remember, she also attended high school and received as wages two dollars per week. As the only girl on the premises, she was given the small room, and Arthur had to come in with the rest of us. Two boys then slept in each of the double beds, which together covered almost the entire floor.

I don't know yet how my mother jammed us all in. A quick calculation on a scratch pad reveals that her domain—for living, sleeping, working—totaled 818 square feet for a household of eight. Yet she not only managed to fit us all in, she used the space beautifully.

Now that we had a large barn and acreage there were new items on the agenda each morning before school—milking the cows, feeding the chickens and horses, putting the stalls and chicken house shipshape. The legend which spread in later years was that I was always the last from bed. This may be true but I doubt it. Extra winks would not reduce

First known picture of future President, taken in 1893.

the amount of work to be done. Mother and, above all, my brothers would not tolerate such escape from full employment.

Some mornings were worse than others. On washdays, all white clothes were boiled to kill germs. While one of us turned the washing machine, the others brought in water for heating in the reservoir, a five-gallon tank built as an integral part of a cookstove. No burden weighs more on a boy's arm than a bucket of water. If he attempts to cut down the number of buckets by filling each to the brim, splashing and slopping mean mopping up floors. Nor does a bucket brigade, in the manner of colonial fire departments, help much when it is made up of boys in a hurry. We tried it.

All in all, we were a cheerful and a vital family. Our pleasures were simple, but we had plenty of fresh air, exercise and companionship. We would have been insulted had anyone offered us charity; instead, my mother was always ready to take some of her home remedies or food to anyone who was sick or suffering. The daily prayers of my parents did not fail to include a plea for the hungry, the weary and the unfortunates of the world.

It is clear now that if I were to search out the main faces and forces that shaped me in the early years, these must include my father, my brothers, my town and, surely not least, my mother. I may exhibit a son's prejudice when writing about my mother, but my feeling reflects the affection and respect of all who knew her. Her serenity, her open smile, her gentleness with all and tolerance of their ways, despite an inflexible loyalty to her religious convictions and her own strict pattern of personal conduct, made even a brief visit with Ida Eisenhower memorable for a stranger. And for her sons, privileged to spend a boyhood in her company, the memories are indelible.

All her life she was a woman of peace. War's tragedy was no tale she had read or heard. Growing up, she could see its ravages in a devastated land. Mother was born May 1, 1862, at Mount Sidney, Va., 10 miles or so from Staunton in the Shenandoah Valley, where, in the late summer of 1864, Phil Sheridan waged with fire and sword a campaign so devastating that "a crow flying over it would have to carry its own rations."

In an age when, far more than now, most girls looked forward to careers as housewives, Mother was determined to get a good education before all else. This she did, and very much on her own, using a small inheritance from her parents and grandfather William to see her through high school. To earn money for college she taught the 1882 school year at Limestone, near Mount Sidney. In 1883 she left Virginia for Lecompton, Kans., where she enrolled at Lane University

Lane had several advantages. It was fairly new. It was lively. The curriculum was a curious mixture of classical and vocational. For example, my father, who was enrolled there at the same time, studied mechanics and Greek. Later he often read from the Greek Bible; other translations made him nervous.

Lane, of course, was most important in my parents' lives because it was where they first met. Their courtship ended on September 23, 1885, when they were married in the campus chapel by Rev. E. D. Slade, the college pastor. Their wedding photograph hangs beside my desk here in Gettysburg. As I look at them on the wall more than 80 years later, they seem to me both very sober and very happy—something that others find paradoxical.

It is fatuous to remark that a man's hometown has changed since he was a boy. But in later visits to Abilene, I have not been able to help but notice that the nights, once so quiet that the whistle and rumble of a train could be heard rising and falling away across miles of country, are now disturbed by town noises. Something else is missing. What is it? Well, of course, it is my family. We are gone, scattered, and we can never put the pieces together again.

The horse, which once provided transport and power and whose presence was signed on every street, is gone too; and with the horse the hitching rails and posts, the watering troughs and the livery stables with the towering manure heap in the rear and the fringe of loiterers in the front.

There are other, more subtle disappearances. Attitudes have gone also—or at least changed. There is a fundamental change, I think, in the attitude toward the temporal role of man—once expressed in a single word: Work—and toward the church and education. In my boyhood, most houses of worship were plain frame buildings, without adornment of steeple and tower. The schools, too, were functional, square, two-story buildings without ornament, each with its bell housed in a cupola on the roof.

Except for the surviving Indians, Kansans were mostly literate. On the other hand, few, other than lawyers or physicians, had even a four-year high-school background. The dropout problem, which bothers us so much these days, was an accepted

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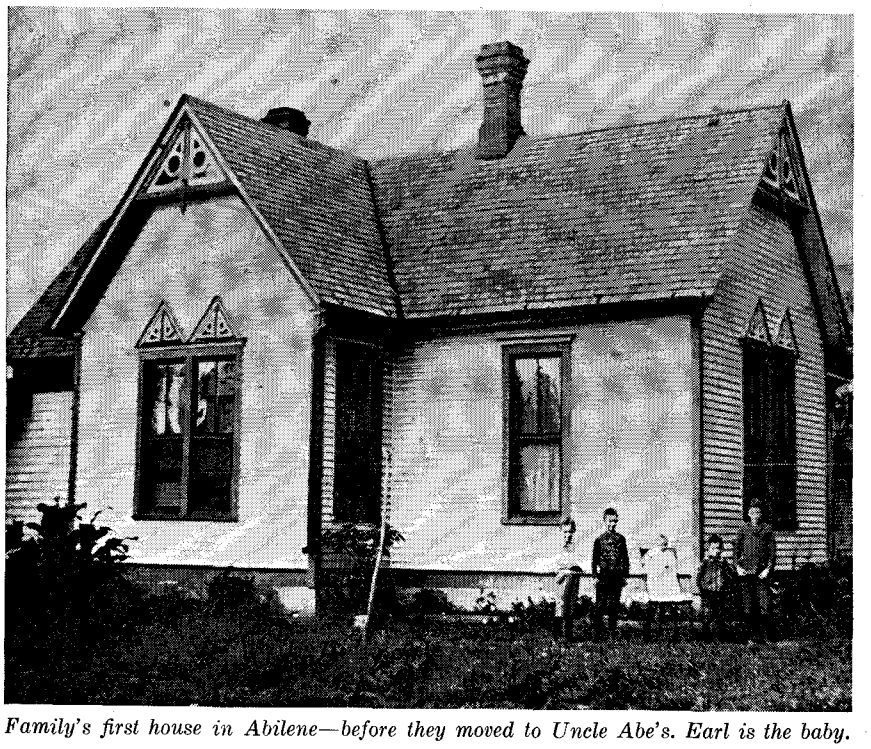
David and Ida Eisenhower posed for this family portrait in 1902. Between them is Milton, in curls; Dwight, Earl and Roy are in the second row, Edgar and Arthur in the third.

A baseball addict, the author (top row, third from left) played on his high-school team.



Family's first house in Abilene—before they moved to Uncle Abe's. Earl is the baby.

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phenomenon then. The boy who left the fifth or sixth grade was not considered a derelict or a burden on society. My brother Ed, who dropped out after completing eighth grade, was exceptional, because after working for two years, he returned to school among younger people.

Education, in the small-town view, was intended to produce citizens who could inform themselves on civic problems. Beyond that, schools served to prepare the student for little more than the ordinary round of jobs.

Physical work was done by almost every male, the town's capitalists as well as its poorest citizens. As a result, there was little social stratification based on a man's job. Bank clerks and professional men may have enjoyed a certain distinction. If so, there were not many of them in a town like mine in the early part of the century. One of our barbers was the social lion of the town. Another man, a telegrapher, enjoyed unique esteem, because he was in touch with distant places. He was the radio and television of our day.

Rumor had it that Cecil Brooks, the telegrapher in the stock-exchange office, received the legendary salary of $125 a month. But he was even more notable because during each year's World Series, he kept his wire open to the East until the games had ended. Nearby in the "Smoke House," a poolroom, the scoreboard was set up, and he relayed the results to the board at the end of each half-inning. Those of us who crowded around him in his office could get even quicker results. In the 1906 series of "hitless wonders," I remember that truancy rose to unusual peaks. Few of us felt the classroom as important a center of learning as was Cecil Brooks's telegraph key.

Baseball players occupied a niche apart from all other human beings. For half the year their names were featured in the daily paper. They made immense sums of money—three, four, *five* thousand dollars, and all for doing what was fun.

To prepare for a career as glamorous and as well paid as a telegraph operator, or to become a proficient stenographer, or, like my father, to become a certified engineer, higher education was not then considered necessary. These heights were scaled only through the young man's own efforts at his own expense My father, after what would be called on-the-job training, mastered engineering through a course from a correspondence school in Scranton. One of the creamery's founders had decided to expand it into the manufacture of ice and ice cream and the provision of cold-storage facilities. Father, knowing that the new machines would be far more complicated than the old, enrolled in a course in refrigeration engineering.

Because he had little free time on the job, his studies had to be done at home of an evening under the light of the kerosene lamp on the dining-room table. He was then nearly 40 years old.

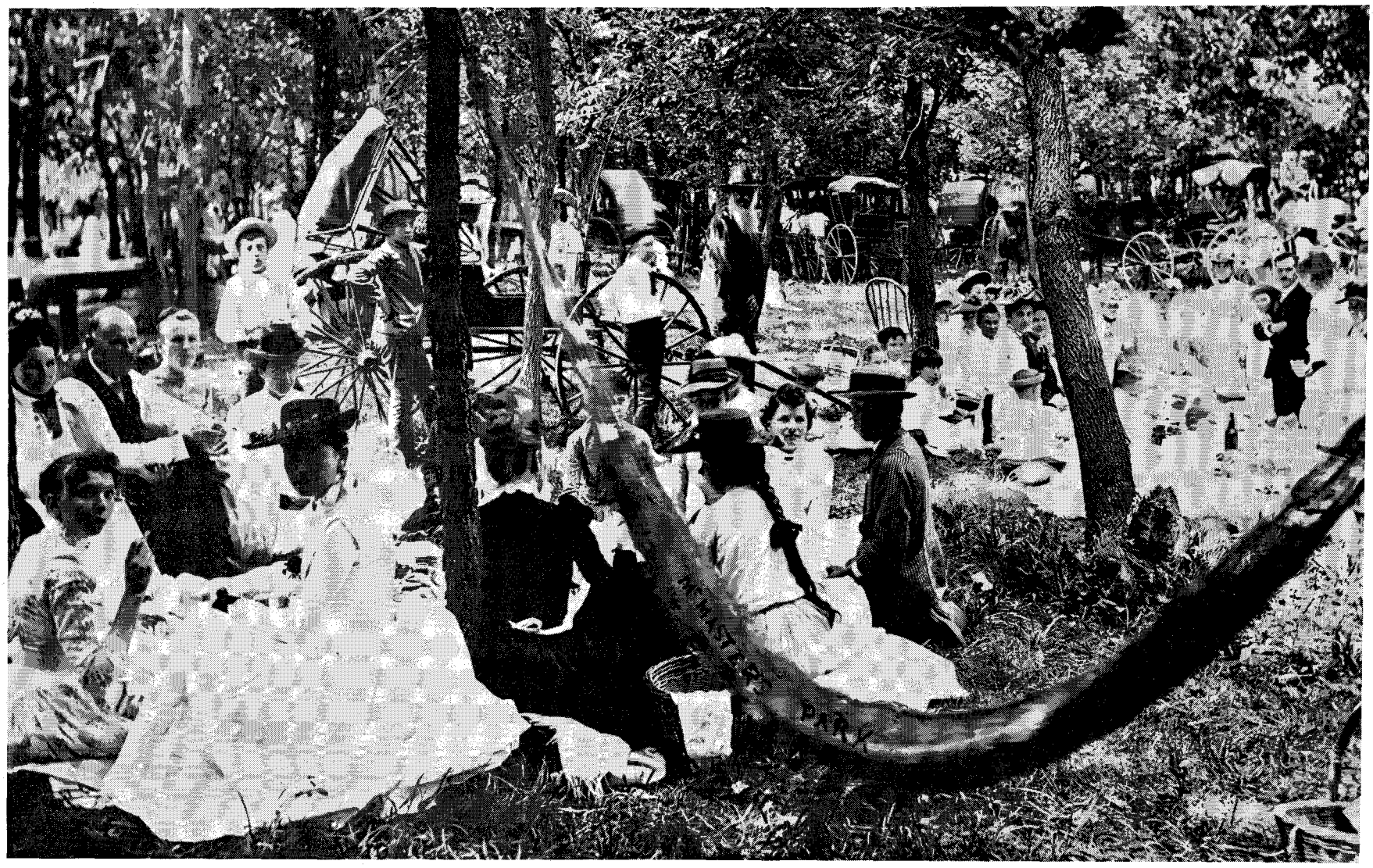
Abilene folk believed in education and its value. But for many, I'm afraid, it became beyond a certain point fancies and frills. Remember that most of them were born around the time of the Civil War, when few thought it extraordinary that the President of the United States had less than a year's formal schooling. George Washington, after all, had not enjoyed any more; neither had Andrew Jackson. West of the Alleghenies, at least, the well-educated man was more likely to be a well-read man than a much-schooled man. The ability to write a good, clear hand, to spell fairly well, to read fine print and long words and to "cipher" accurately was still enough to go with native intelligence and a willingness to work hard.

In the fall of 1896 I entered the Lincoln School, little aware that I was starting on a road in formal education which was not to end until 1929 when I finished courses at the Army's War College in Washington, D.C. Into this third of a century were compressed a series of revolutions—political and economic, social and scientific—which were to transform the human environment of the entire globe. Had I been warned, I doubt that it would have meant much to me. After all, nothing could be more revolutionary, and in a way more revolting to me, than this new experience.

Here I was, transported from the family circle of a small frame house where every figure was familiar into an immense brick building populated by strangers of varying ages. This upheaval in *my* way of life, had I been able to make the comparison, was far more cataclysmic than any of the changes to follow.

When I was 9 or 10 and Earl was about 3 years old, he and I were playing in a workshop attached to the big barn behind our home. He crawled up on a box near a window, unnoticed by me. On the windowsill was a knife which I had carefully placed out of his reach when we first arrived. I was busy playing when he, with the knife in his hand, jumped off the box. I heard a scream. Looking around, I saw that his hand had flown up to his face. The blade had punctured his left eyeball.

The eye was thought to be the most delicate part of the body, and surgery, in small towns at least, was seldom attempted. An injury to the eye was usually irreparable unless nature effected a cure. The doctor believed that Earl's accident would not blind him; but we were exceedingly



Church picnics, usually on the riverbank, were a mainstay of social life for all ages in turn-of-the-century Abilene

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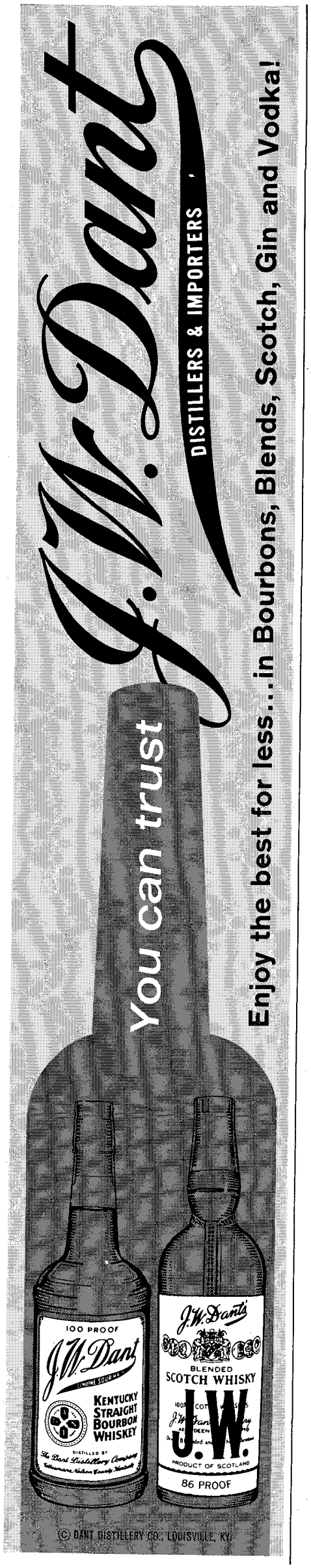

worried, and our whole family lived in anxiety as the wound began to heal. Then a second accident occurred.

Milton and Earl were playing a game called Crokinole. This involved a board of considerable size and weight. As they went at it—Earl amusing Milton, who was not much older than a baby—the board was accidentally tipped over and the corner of it struck Earl's injured eye. This time the doctor said nothing could be done to save it.

Earl went on to be graduated as an engineer, went into newspaper work, and, even though retired from industry, he has recently been engaged in Illinois politics. Apparently his blind eye has not bothered him much; but it has always bothered me. I was with him when the first accident occurred, and if I had been more alert, it would not have happened. My feeling of regret is heightened by a sense of guilt, even though my parents never charged me with any blame. To this day I think that nothing troubles me more than to see my grandchildren playing with anything which might cause eye injury.

Bruises and emergencies were normal in a household of six boys who were convinced that they could outwit such small considerations as the law of gravity. In the barn we practiced acrobatics and balancing acts. Mother had to keep herself supplied with liniments, poultices, bandages and disinfectants. Calmness was even more necessary; she could not know where her first-aid skills would be required next. The simplest chore might produce crisis.

Cleaning the stable was Arthur's and Ed's task. They became expert at it, and, as premature experts will, they also became careless. Ed raked out the stall one day without troubling to take the horse outside and tie him up. In raking, Ed accidentally struck him on the hock. This was too much for the horse. He let fly with both heels, and Edgar landed in a heap at the far end of the stable. Arthur rushed to get Mother. She came quickly, and the two of them carried Ed to the house.

While Arthur went for the doctor, Mother began washing Ed's face, which was a sorry-looking mess. One eye was blackened; his nose was largely flattened and both lips hung down until he resembled a human being only in dim particulars. The doctor could not be located right away, so Mother fed Edgar a peeled apple to keep him happy. After a while I eased myself into the living room, where the body was installed and soon was arguing with him about a share of the apple.

Ed could have claimed injury in the line of duty. Three years later he and I risked our lives without any excuse for shattering Mother's peace of mind. In May, 1903, heavy rains throughout the plains and a slow runoff through the winding Mud Creek and Smoky Hill River caused the lower part of town to be covered with water. When the flood was at its height, Ed and I set out to explore. Buckeye, the main north-and-south street, had turned into a torrent. We found a piece of floating sidewalk to use as a raft. Accumulating several friends, we started off on a ride down Buckeye toward the river. It was great fun and as we went racing along, it turned out to be a wild ride. There seemed to be no reason for not staying with it as long as possible.

We got to singing songs—*Marching Through Georgia*, for one—and as we

Crises were normal in a home with six boys.

floated fast toward that state, neither timidity nor common sense warned us that we were approaching a point of no return. Not for a minute did it occur to us that we might end up in the truly raging currents of the main river. None of us had ever seen so much and such fast water, stretching on either side almost as far as we could see.

Along the edge of the water a man on horseback was trying to make his way into Abilene. He came out to us. The water was belly-deep on the horse, but the rider made us get down off the boardwalk-raft. We were reluctant, but he was stern; and because he was big and we were small, we obeyed. We had to find our footing in water that was more than waist-deep for most of us. The horseman herded us back toward town. We were about a half mile south of Abilene when we first met him, and it wasn't until we were near our home that the water was shallow enough to wade.

Ed and I made our way home to find ourselves out of deep water and into deep trouble. Occupied with the gang and having so much fun, we had spent the entire morning on the water. Mother, exceedingly worried, had sent out one or two neighbors who had saddle horses as searching parties. After a brief moment of welcome and relief was evident, the real storm broke. Mother had also sent for Father.

The next morning Ed and I were put to work pumping the water out of the cellar. Father had installed a large pump at a cellar window, and we took turns working the pump wheel. Water poured out of the hose at a great rate, but every time we checked the level in the cellar, we could see no sign of its lowering. The job took us several days.

Our next task was loading the mud into buckets and carrying it out. Everything in the cellar had to be taken out, washed and cleaned, including dozens of jars containing preserved fruits from the preceding summer.

When the flood had subsided, the town was a wreck. Yet crops that year were of record size. I remember Father talking about the ancient Egyptians and how they profited by the overflow of the Nile. He remarked that if farmers could have one flood early each year, it would be a fine thing, even though they would lose some of their first plantings. For my part, floods were a bad idea all around.

Even as a preacher of the Gospel, my Uncle Abraham had a streak of the carnival barker in him. When he reached Herington, Kans., one summer, the small town was crowded with July 4 celebrants. A man in the street, with a large megaphone, was directing the crowds toward an assembly at the edge of town where bands would play and speeches would be made. Uncle Abraham, confronted with this worldly competition, whipped his team and wagon into the line of march. At the next intersection he turned down a side street, brandishing his whip as he stood upright, and shouting at the top of his voice, "This way to Heaven!"

The lustiness of his tone and the vigor of his gestures had the desired effect. The crowd followed Uncle Abraham to the other edge of town where, assembling them around his wagon, he delivered what was described as a soul-rousing sermon.

In an even smaller town, hard-pressed to gather a group together, he planted himself on the sidewalk, lying on his back. He elevated his feet against a wall, and resting his head in one hand, began to read his Bible. In no time at all, naturally, a crowd gathered, and when he considered the group of reasonable size, he sprang to his feet. He had his congregation and the congregation got his sermon.

Although two of my uncles were

As a schoolboy, young Dwight often camped out with friends, to go fishing along Mud Creek.

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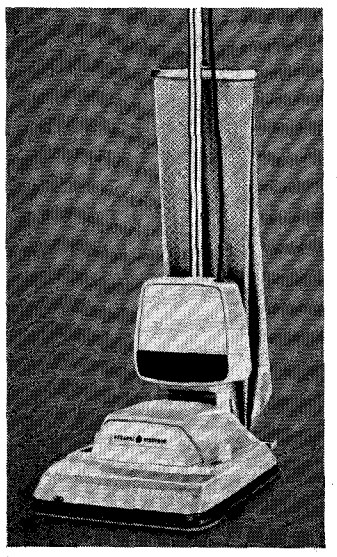
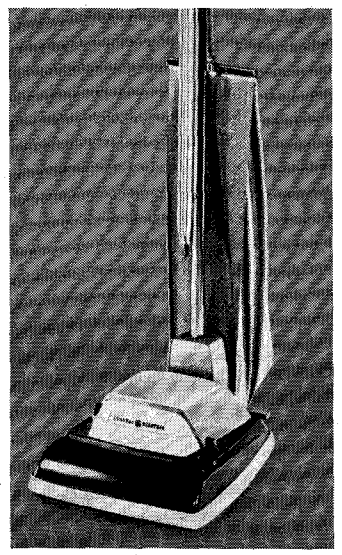


G-E's Automatic Cord-Reel Upright has 2-speed motor, deep-cleaning suction. Power-driven brush, disposable bags, headlight. Model U-7.



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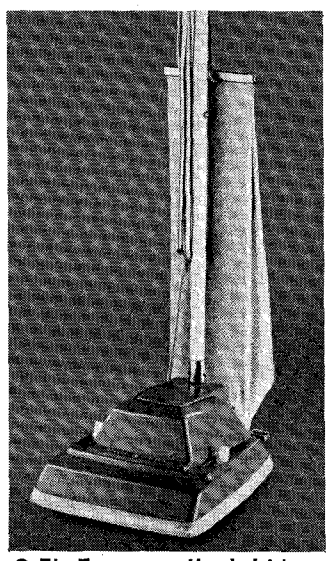
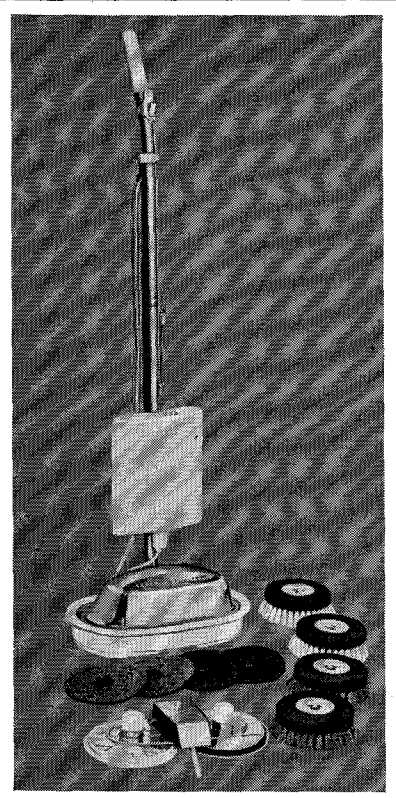
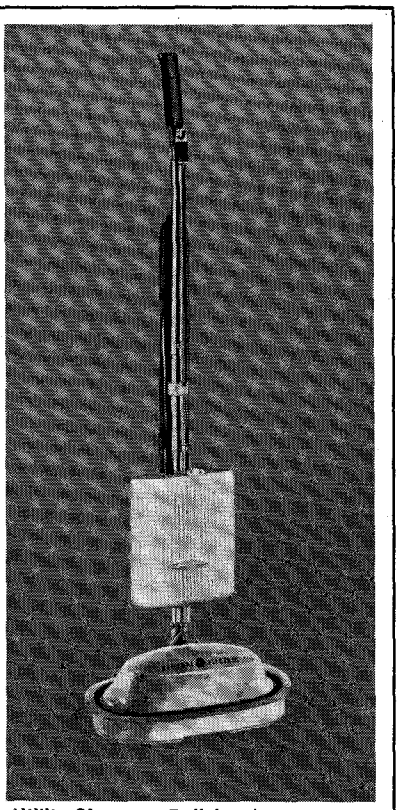


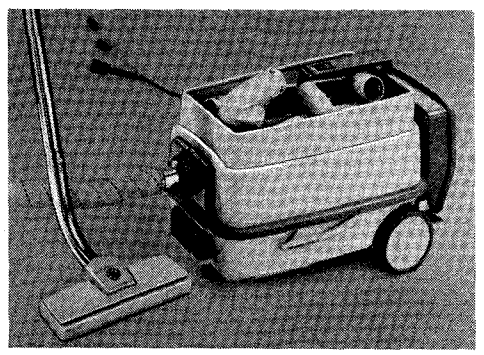
G-E's Economy Upright has 2-speed motor, power-driven brush, disposable bags, suction regulator. Unexpectedly low price! Model U-5.



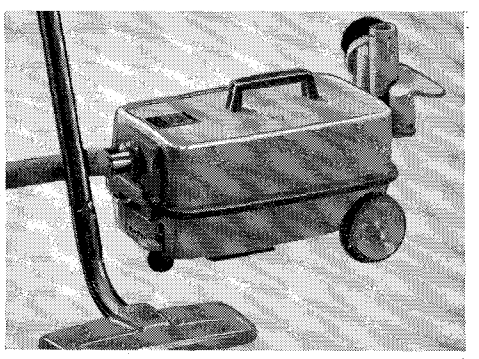
G-E's 4-in-1 Shampoo-Polisher. Scrubs, polishes, buffs . . . shampoos with "dry foam." 22-oz. bottle Bissell shampoo included. All attachments. Model FP-14.



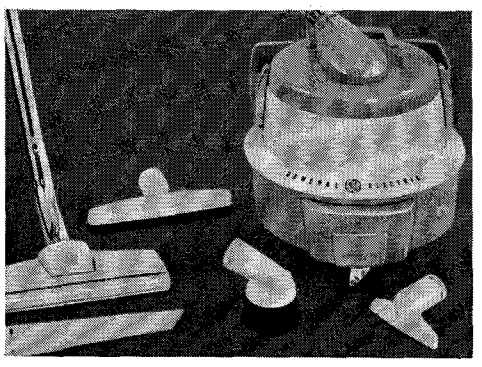
Utility Shampoo-Polisher has snap-on scrubbing and polishing brushes, buffing pads, rug cleaning discs. Special rug shampoo attachment with Bissell shampoo is optional. Model FP-13.



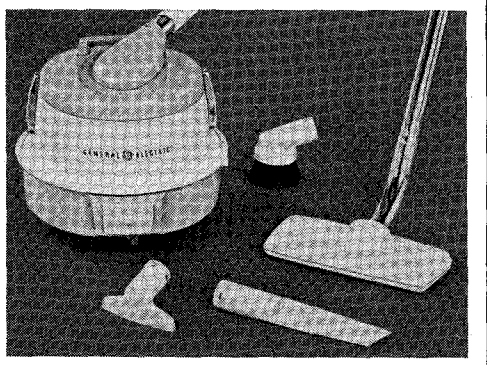
G-E's Power Canister with automatic cord reel! Tip-proof design, Twin-Clean rug tool, adjustable suction. Attachments ride on top. Model VT-2.



G-E Canister has wrap-around cord, double-action rug and floor tool, suction regulator. Tool caddy at back. Disposable bags. Model VT-1.



G-E's Swivel-Top Canister with automatic cord reel. Twin-Clean rug tool, suction regulator. Handy caddy holds attachments. Model C-13.



The Swivel-Top with wrap-around cord and double-action cleaning tool. Toe-touch On-Off switch. All attachments. Model C-12.

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Neither boy had the courage to say, 'I won't fight.'

preachers, other men I knew were hardly candidates for the pulpit. Lawabiding though they were, they had their roots in that fascinating period of Abilene history when Wild Bill Hickok, the town marshal, made it famous—or less infamous.

Across the street from our house lived a man named Dudley, who claimed he had served for a time as a young deputy under Wild Bill. His tales of Hickok's prowess with a revolver were entrancing. Other men well acquainted with revolvers and their use were the town marshal, Henny Engle, and the Wells Fargo agent, a man named Gish.

Sometimes they went out to Mud Creek for a shooting contest. They would let me accompany them, and occasionally I was permitted to shoot several rounds. Each man carried his revolver differently. Gish wore his in a shoulder holster under his left arm. Henny Engle used a conventional holster on his right side. Mr. Dudley slipped his revolver inside his belt, the barrel pointing toward his left foot and the grip handy to his right hand. I would watch intently as they would draw and shoot. While none of them had the skill I've seen in shooting exhibitions, they were all above average in marksmanship, and at least two had had personal experience in gunfights.

My hero was a man named Bob Davis. He had long been a traveler, a fisherman, hunter and guide. He was also a bachelor, a philosopher, and, to me, a great teacher. In his 50's when I knew him, Bob was about six feet tall, a little stooped, quiet and gentle. He never seemed to be annoyed when I went along on expeditions to the Smoky Hill River. The river, as I have said, had no really good fish, but using nets, illegally, Bob caught channel cat and sold them to the markets for something like 10 cents a pound, dressed. In fall and winter he trapped muskrat, which abounded, and mink, which were scarce. For partially cured muskrat hides he got 11 cents. For mink, $1.50.

Bob had an old double-barreled shotgun. At the time it seemed to me perfectly natural for him to bring down two ducks, from high overhead, with two shots. Years later, when I began to try the same sport myself, I realized what a marksman Bob Davis was.

We spent weekends together on the river, with my mother's blessing. One thing he taught me, without sanction, was the rudiments of poker. Bob was an illiterate who had difficulty writing his own name, but he knew poker percentages cold. He would deal me five cards and ask me whether I had a pair.

"Yes, nines."

"All right," he would say, "how many nines are there out of the forty-seven cards that you have not yet seen?" Of course the answer was two.

"Well, then, the chance of your drawing a nine as you take each card is two out of forty-seven—since you are drawing three cards you have six chances out of forty-seven cards of catching a third nine."

He dinned percentages into my head night after night around a campfire, using for the lessons a greasy pack of nicked cards that must have been a dozen years old. We played for matches and whenever my box of matches was exhausted, I'd have to roll into my blankets and go to sleep.

So thoroughly did Bob drill me on percentages that I continued to play poker until I was 38 or 40, and I was never able to play the game carelessly or wide open. I adhered strictly to percentages. Since most tyros and many vets know nothing about probabilities, it was not remarkable that I should be a regular winner. When I found officers around me losing more than they could afford, I stopped playing.

Most boys like to fight, and I was no exception. I remember one fight in particular. The lad was exactly my age, but somewhat smaller; and although I cannot recall the cause of the quarrel, we were squaring off and hitting at each other as hard as we could. There was no science to it. Our only hope was for one to outlast the other.

Gradually I gained an advantage and was pounding my antagonist with satisfying rhythm. Suddenly an avalanche struck me in the back. My opponent's older brother had come racing through the ring of yelling spectators and, hitting me right at the shoulders, bore me to the ground. There, he began slamming me all over the place.

Although he was somewhat stronger and larger, I did manage to get up, realizing that I now had two rather than one to try holding my own against. The outlook was not cheerful, but I was stubborn enough to keep up the contest.

It happened that Edgar, just coming back from Northside School, where he was in the eighth grade, saw what was happening. He pushed his way into the crowd of boys and, walking into the center, interposed himself between the bigger brother and me. I shall never forget his immortal words. "Now," he said, "you and I will settle this while Dwight finishes the job on this brother of yours."

The bigger boy looked at Ed, turned around, and pushed off. The younger boy left, too.

Ed and I walked home for our lunch. I cannot recall any time, even in World War II, when unexpected reinforcements were more gladly received.

The fight I just described is remembered only by the participants. The one in which I was unfortunately engaged a year or so later has been described in such exaggerated terms by biographers that, although scarcely earthshaking, possibly the record should be set straight.

Through the first six grades, I attended Lincoln School, directly across from our Fourth Street home. Then it came time for me to enter Garfield, on the north side of town, for seventh and eighth grades. Traditionally, there was hostility between boys from the north and south sides. Any south-side boy who got through sixth grade and went to Garfield was a stranger entering a rather closely knit group, and he had

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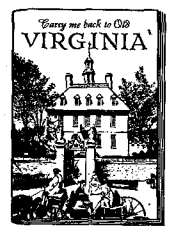

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best be prepared to take care of himself.

If no natural, personal rivalry sprang up between individuals, the crowd picked out two who would provide sport. By student consensus, pressure grew for a fight between a boy named Wesley Merrifield and myself. Why fight? There was no good reason. Actually I rather liked Wes and, as far as I knew, he had nothing against me.

He was short and stocky. I was long and thin. Other fellows, some of them older and all of them warriors who loved to watch a battle from sideline safety, kept trying to get us involved in an after-school engagement. This went on for days. Finally one evening, by the time we had walked down the street about three or four blocks, the two of us were practically forced together. Neither of us had the courage to say, "I won't fight."

We began to slug away at each other awkwardly, doing little discernible damage. The only thing that made the fight notable was its length. We weren't skillful, but we were stubborn, so we kept pounding away, with occasional pauses for breath, for well over an hour. By that time, complete exhaustion overtook us, and by mutual consent we stopped for a moment. Wes said, "I can't lick you." I said the same thing. And that was that.

Some biographers have tried to paint Wes as a bully, bigger than myself, who had forced the fight. Instead it was just the case of two boys not being able to withstand mob pressure. The fight had no unpleasant aftermath, and in later years, when I saw Wes Merrifield, we were both amused at recalling the brawl.

Friction continued between the north and the south in Abilene's civil war, but encounters between the two groups rarely reached the stage of real damage. Oh, occasionally there would be brick-throwing or threatening. But this was rather lackadaisical. By the time I entered high school in 1905, the rivalry had flown out of favor, and I cannot recall any further difficulty of any kind. One reason may have been that the south side boasted more than its share of pretty girls—Gladys Harding, Ruby Norman, the four Curry sisters and Winnie Williams.

The move from Lincoln to Garfield produced no transformation in my attitude toward academic subjects. In grammar school, spelling was probably my favorite subject, either because the contest aroused my competitive instincts or because I had learned that a single letter could make a vast difference in the meaning of a word. Arithmetic came next because of the finality with which an answer was either right or wrong.

Penmanship, the one ability which was thought to be the chief index to the educational progress of a child, was largely self-taught. The pupil, using a copy book in which each page was headed by a motto in handsome Spencerian script, filled its pages with laborious imitations. Neither then nor since has my handwriting resembled Spencerian—or even, I have been told, the English language. Although I began, in my late 50's, to paint in oils, fascinated with colors, my handwriting remains angular and slurred at best. My hand was made less for the use of the pen than of the ax—or possibly of the pistol.

Until the town's new school was built—while I was a freshman at Garfield—few people could see any "practical" reason for continuing education. It was a male-run society, and schools were preponderantly feminine. At Abilene High, girls outnumbered boys more than 2 to 1—in my graduating class by 25 to 9. This was, I suppose, inevitable when a job of some sort awaited every boy of 12 or so who wanted work.

But the new building invited pride—and it attracted better teachers. In our final high-school years, none of us could complain about their competence or enthusiasm.

We did manage to find fault with the subjects, though. I despised algebra. I could see no profit in substituting complex expressions for routine terms, and the job of simplifying long, difficult equations bored me. While I made passing grades, I by no means distinguished myself.

Plane geometry, however, was an intellectual adventure, one that entranced me. After a few months, my teachers conducted an unusual experiment. The principal and my mathematics teacher called me to the office and told me that they were going to take away my textbook. Thereafter, I was to work out the geometric problems without the benefit of the book. In other words, the propositions, as well as the auxiliary problems, would be, for me, originals. This was a fascinating challenge, and particularly delightful because it meant that no advance study was required.

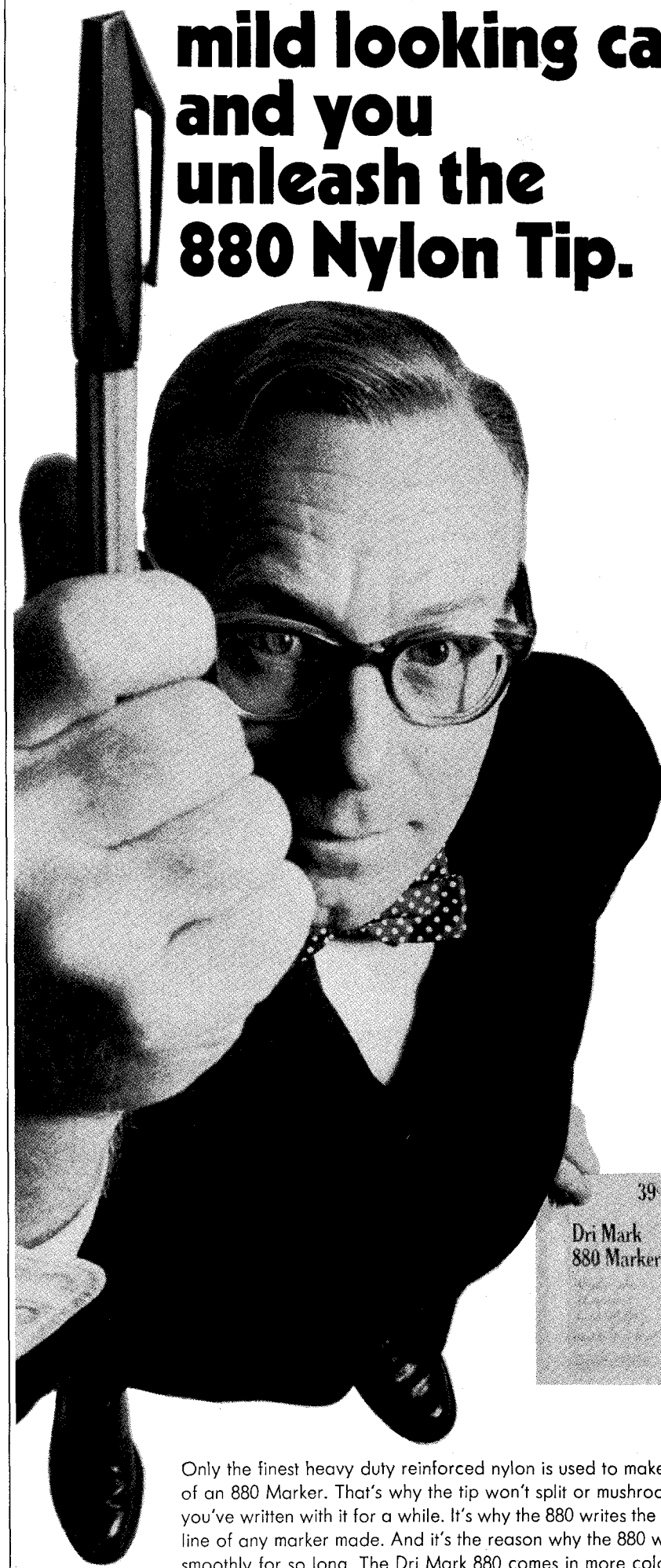
The end of high school plunged us into a world of commencement activities that were novel to me, especially the social activities. Commencement week itself was the high point of our lives. Because we antedated by a good many years the time when a high school is really an appendage to the auditorium and the field house, our commencement was in the Seelye Theatre, the largest gathering place in Abilene.

The senior class play was a local version of *The Merchant of Venice*. This was not quite a cultural landmark. Shakespeare might have laughed at its slapstick. Shylock, for example, was a wealthy gambler deeply interested in high-school athletics, and particularly football games, from which he derived much of his income. Although other names in the cast were recognizably Shakespearean, a few characters never conceived by the dramatist were also included for good measure: a professor who was an X-ray photographer—X-ray was then the latest thing in science—a policewoman, and Miss Abbie S. Threedice.

Edgar played the Duke of Venice, and I was Launcelot Gobbo, servant to Shylock. The newspaper reviews of the play were glowing. Edgar, according to the town's paper, "invested his character with dignity and art." For once in our school careers, however, I got more of the spotlight than Ed. That night, my hair was long and all over my face, powdered red, while black gum had taken out two of my front teeth. It was a part written for a blunderer and seemed made to order. The review should have brought talent scouts.

Dwight Eisenhower as Gobbo won plenty of applause and deserved it. He was the best amateur humorous character seen on the Abilene stage in this genera-

Remove this mild looking cap and you unleash the 880 Nylon Tip.



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tion and gave an impression that many professionals fail to reach.

I have in later years been reviewed along similar lines, but never because I intended to be so.

The commencement speaker, Henry J. Allen, editor of the Wichita *Daily Beacon*, who later became governor and United States Senator, said: "I would sooner begin life over again with one arm cut off than attempt to struggle without a college education."

For Edgar, whose plans to enter the University of Michigan in September were far advanced, this statement was an endorsement. For me, determined to go to college but with only a sketchy notion of how this might be done, such an emphatic pronouncement was iron in the spine of purpose.

The following summer was busy. Edgar's plans for enrollment at Michigan meant that both of us had to work to gather as much money as possible to get him started. I changed from one job to another, depending upon the prospects for an extra dime an hour or an extra dollar a day. Because I did jump about, certain biographers have suggested that I was going through a period of indecision and had no idea what I wanted to do.

The exact opposite was the truth. Ed and I had it all doped out. He was going to drop out later, if necessary, to get me started. His choice of Michigan looked good to me, and I was ready to join him two years later.

Ed started working at once for the Belle Springs Creamery Company. My best chance seemed to be on a farm owned by a Mr. Bryan. We worked from dawn to dusk, the owner and his son and I.

During the summer I got a job at a small company which made steel grain bins; later, I moved to the creamery, where I started off as an iceman.

The ice was frozen in cakes of 300 pounds each. Three or four of these had to be hauled up to the icehouse each hour on a windlass run by hand. The rest of the hour I spent helping load the wagons for delivery of the ice around town or the boxcars which would carry it off. Though far from intriguing, the job did develop muscles. From iceman I was promoted to fireman. This exalted position was a tougher but better-paying job.

During my last year in Abilene, I was the second engineer in the creamery's ice plant. The workweek was 84 hours, seven days from 6 P.M. until 6 A.M., and my agreement called for 52 weeks a year. But the salary was impressive—$90 per month.

Through my early teens I had formed a friendship with Everett Hazlett, son of one of the town's physicians. He was a big fellow, too, but he had been raised in a quiet atmosphere, and occasionally a few people, smaller than he, would try to bulldoze him. I felt a sort of obligation to him, and I took it upon myself to tell a few of the so-and-so's to lay off.

While I was in high school, "Swede" Hazlett attended a private military school—in Wisconsin, I believe. There he acquired an interest in the service academies, particularly the Naval Academy at Annapolis. After his Wisconsin schooling, Swede applied for an appointment to that institution and took

Late for taps, they scaled a wall and sneaked in.

the entrance examination. He failed the mathematical section of the test, and, coming back to Abilene, told me that he had a reappointment and would take the examination again. He wanted me to make the same effort.

It was not difficult to persuade me that this was a good move—first, because I had long taken special interest in military history, and secondly, because I realized that my own college education would otherwise face a considerable delay while I tried to accumulate money. Swede Hazlett and I wasted no time. We immediately began to study together. He wrote to the Navy Department for copies of past examinations—which were, incidentally, almost identical to those for entrance to West Point.

I was working in the creamery as night engineer, and my afternoons were, for three or four hours, my own. Swede was in charge of a small gas-lighting store that his father had acquired. While he had to keep the place open, there were few customers, and we did our studying undisturbed in his place of business. Day after day, during that summer, we asked each other questions and then graded the answers by comparing them with those given in the naval documents. With the close of summer my friend went to what he called a "cram" school to make sure that he would be successful in his next try for Annapolis. I went back to take a review course in selected subjects at my old high school, where my teachers were anxious to help. I had to make certain that I made no bad grades at all—and I had been out of school for two years.

My congressman had no additional vacancy in either military academy. I wrote to Senator Joseph Bristow requesting appointment as a cadet or a midshipman and asked various influential men in town to write letters to him in support of my application.

One thing was stressed in each of the letters. Because of my father's reputation and his insistence on paying cash for all he bought, each writer had something to say about the unimpeachable honesty of David Eisenhower. I never ceased feeling grateful to my father and to the people who recognized the virtue of simple honesty in all his dealings.

There were two steps. The first was a request to take an examination to determine which candidates would be eligible to receive an appointment and to take the entrance examinations. The second was the examination for Annapolis itself. Senator Bristow authorized me to participate in a competitive examination for appointment. His instructions contained a provision that the examination would apply to both academies if the applicant so chose. Even before the results of the examinations were published, I learned that I would be barred from going to Annapolis because I would be almost 21 by the time the next class enlisted.

This was a blow. Swede and I had hoped to enter in the same class of the same academy. Because he had been given a naval appointment, my preference was for Annapolis. Another reason was that in the examinations, I had come out as number one for the Annapolis appointment but as number two for West Point. I could expect a West Point appointment as an alternate only. But the man who ranked above me in the West Point examinations failed to meet the physical requirements. I got the appointment from Senator Bristow in the spring of 1911.

This was a great day in my life. The only person truly disappointed was Mother. It was difficult for her to consider approving the decision of one of her boys to embark upon military life. She believed in the philosophy of turn the other cheek. She was the most honest and sincere pacifist I ever knew, yet at the same time she was courageous, sturdy, self-reliant and happy.

When the letter of appointment came, I told her not to worry, because I hadn't yet passed the final examination. Most boys went for a full year to schools for special training to prepare for service academy exams, and so the chances were that I would fail. This did not appease her in the slightest, for the simple reason that she could hardly hope one of her boys would fail a tough examination. Because she and my father always insisted that each boy should be the master of his own fate, she kept her own counsel.

Later that same spring, I took the examination at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., just outside St. Louis. The farm boy was completely unprepared for the sights of the river metropolis. One night, while quartered there for the examinations, I left the barracks with another applicant and we wandered around the city.

We walked the streets for a time. Thinking we'd see more of the city, we took a streetcar and, riding it to the end of its line, found ourselves at a car barn in East St. Louis, on the eastern side of the Mississippi River. Now we had a problem.

No more streetcars would be leaving the barn that night. We saw no sign of any other kind of transportation, and we were lost. A heavy fog lay over the city, and we could not orient ourselves by the stars. We did think that by following the tracks backward we would soon reach the river, but when we came to a point where the line branched, we had no idea which branch to take.

Fortunately, in a nearby building, we saw a dim light. There we hoped to find a friendly soul who would set us on the right road to the city. We knocked on the door and soon heard someone in the room moving toward us.

The door, which was massive, began to open slowly and the first thing we saw was the muzzle of a revolver.

A voice said, "Who are you?"

We stammered that we just wanted help in getting back across the river. The man apparently decided we were harmless young fellows, and he let us in, lowered the revolver, and gave us explicit instructions.

We were within a block of the bridge. We crossed it at double time, barely catching the final car for the Barracks, which, we had been told, left the St. Louis side of the river at 1 A.M. But we

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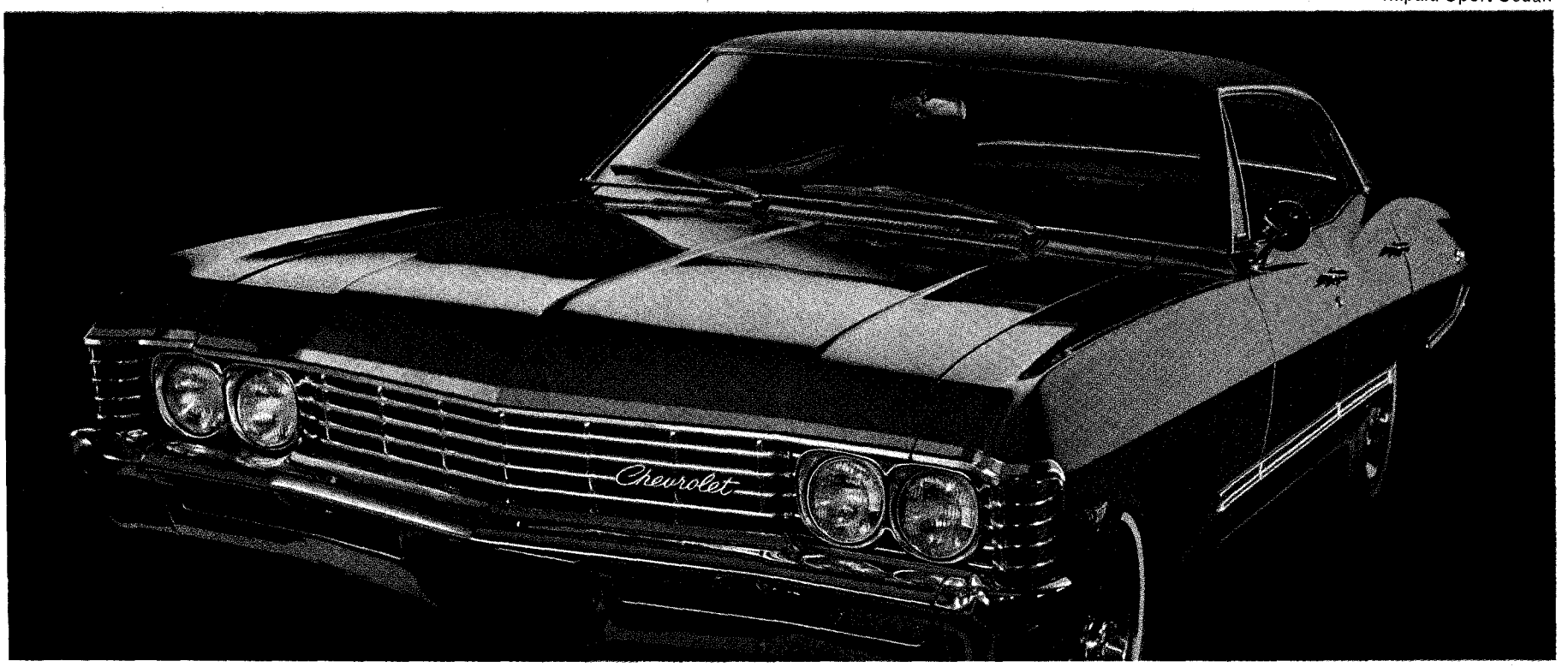
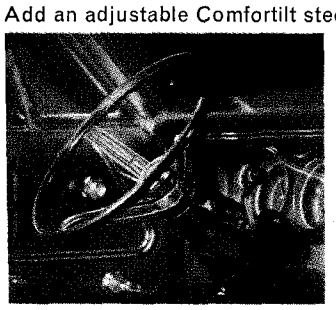
even comes waxed

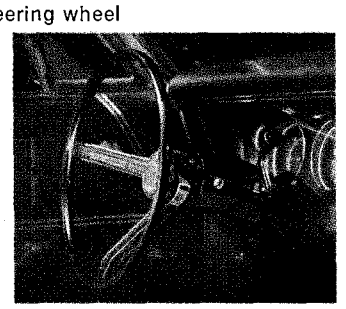
When a new Chevrolet leaves the factory, it leaves with a carefully applied coat of luster wax. The wax protects the car during shipping and makes sure it sparkles, really sparkles, when you go to pick it up. A new Chevrolet also leaves the factory with its carpet carefully fitted, its entire electrical system double-checked, its nuts and bolts meticulously tightened, its fluid levels looked at again, its entire interior gone over for any trace of soil. Our goal is simple: We want you to be totally delighted with your new Chevrolet. Then maybe someday you'll see your dealer for another.

Impala Sport Sedan

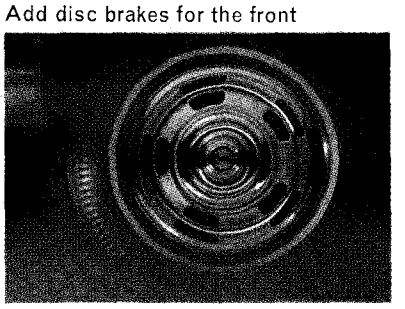


Add an adjustable Comfortilt steering wheel





Add disc brakes for the front



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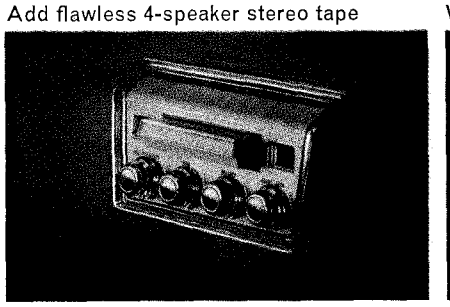

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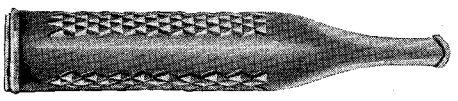
Why didn't Reader's Digest give cigarette smokers this important tip?



AQUAFILTER

The much-publicized Nov. 1966 issue of Reader's Digest presented the facts about the nicotine and tar content of 30 brands of *filter-tip* cigarettes. Here is a partial, representative listing of both Reader's Digest findings and the same brands tested with Aquafilter by a leading independent testing laboratory.

	READER'S DIGEST RESULTS WITHOUT AQUAFILTER		IND. LAB. TESTS WITH AQUAFILTER	
BRAND	TAR	NICOTINE	TAR	NICOTINE
CARLTON	6.02 mg.	0.39 mg.	0.42 mg.	0.17 mg.
TRUE	13.7 mg.	0.66 mg.	2.54 mg.	0.11 mg.
KENT	18.0 mg.	0.90 mg.	1.27 mg.	0.13 mg.
TAREYTON	19.4 mg.	1.08 mg.	3.40 mg.	0.28 mg.
WINSTON	21.4 mg.	1.27 mg.	3.16 mg.	0.30 mg.
SALEM	21.6 mg.	1.53 mg.	3.53 mg.	0.16 mg.
VICEROY	21.6 mg.	1.53 mg.	4.65 mg.	0.33 mg.
MARLBORO	23.4 mg.	1.30 mg.	3.66 mg.	0.32 mg.
LARK	24.3 mg.	1.22 mg.	2.03 mg.	0.17 mg.
LUCKY STRIKE FILTER	24.3 mg.	1.27 mg.	4.21 mg.	0.30 mg.
KOOL	26.5 mg.	1.71 mg.	3.67 mg.	0.22 mg.
CAMEL FILTER	28.4 mg.	1.53 mg.	3.90 mg.	0.41 mg.
CHESTERFIELD FILTER	28.4 mg.	1.64 mg.	2.81 mg.	0.36 mg.
PALL MALL FILTER	31.6 mg.	1.72 mg.	2.62 mg.	0.29 mg.

Reader's Digest did not point out that the nicotine and tar content of all brands tested *are further reduced* by an amazing average of 75% by use of *Aquafilter.*

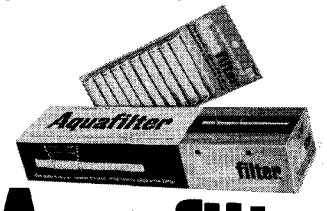
But to prove a point, we'll take one of the brands which tested best. This brand reduced tars to 13.7 milligrams . . . reduced nicotine to 0.66 milligrams. That's pretty good filtration. And it gives us a chance to prove how great Aquafilter is!

ADD AN AQUAFILTER TO THIS SAME BRAND AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS . . .

The remaining tars are reduced to 2.54 milligrams. The remaining nicotine is reduced to 0.11 milligrams. In fact, Aquafilter reduced tars and nicotine in the 14 leading brands more than an average of 75% — think about that — more than 75%. Check your own brand on the chart. The astounding difference when you use an Aquafilter has been proved by tests conducted by Stillwell and Gladding, an independent research laboratory! With its unique (patented) water cooling process, Aquafilter *neutralizes nicotine, traps tars, cools the smoke* — yet it lets the flavor come through fresh, clean and full. Smoking may be harmful to you. But if you smoke, there is no safer way than with a moisturized Aquafilter. Each economical Aquafilter is good for one full pack of cigarettes. It's the disposable filter that's indispensable to smokers.

*Two **Convenient Sizes** — Large Size Economy Carton 100 Filters for only $4.95 (all white only). You use just one filter per pack of cigarettes. Aquafilters are also available in the smaller 10 filter pack for just 59c. (Choice of colors — white, red, black.)*

If you can't find AQUAFILTERS locally, write Dept. SEP, AQUAFILTER CORP., for full information.



Aquafilter
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P. O. Box 2486, Miami Beach
Florida 33140

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had not yet solved the problem of avoiding discovery upon reaching the Barracks; and because we had violated instructions to be in bed by taps, we were afraid that we would be barred from completing the examination.

At the main gate a guard would have taken our names, of course. We decided to avoid it. Instead we went down along the wall through the darkness, under the trees, got over the wall undiscovered and sneaked into the building. So far as I know, no one ever learned of our silly escapade.

As we lay in bed, breathing heavily, my friend whispered, "You know, when I looked down the barrel of that big pistol, I could see a whole funeral procession."

After taking the examinations, I returned to Abilene. Time had to pass before I would hear from West Point. The waiting was almost unbearable. I had passed my physical examination, but the mental tests were something else again. Having won the competitive examination for the appointment, all that was now necessary was to make passing grades.

Then finally I was informed that I had passed. I was directed to report to the United States Military Academy on June 14, 1911.

A minimum financial deposit was required from each new cadet, to cover the cost of his initial clothing issue, I suppose. I had been able to save the necessary amount and had enough to pay my transportation costs. By the time I reached West Point, I would have a total of about five dollars cash in my pocket. It was with such material wealth that I started the military career which, except for the interval of eight presidential years, still continues.

Between the notification of acceptance and my departure from home, each day was given over to preparing for a new kind of life. I had to say good-bye to relatives and friends and to dispose of many much-valued possessions. One of these was a favorite shotgun, acquired some years earlier from Ed. It was a 16-gauge Winchester repeater, model of 1897. Another was my dog, a smooth-haired wire terrier named Flip. She was an intelligent animal, obedient, sensitive and affectionate, and she had been my outdoor companion for years. After I left, she adopted Earl.

Milton and Earl, both growing boys, were proud of my new status. Each began to talk seriously about going to the Academy himself. As tactfully as I could, I had to make Earl understand that because of his loss of an eye, there was no hope of a military career for him. (Some years later, when the First World War started, he tried to enlist. He memorized every item on the test cards used in the eye examinations, and for a few days it seemed that he would make it. But it was not long before he was found out and was discharged.)

When I went off to West Point, however, there was no thought of war. I can hardly think of any time when we were so free from talk of war or seemed so far from war itself. Even that was small comfort for my mother. But, she said, "It is your choice." She saw me off, and then went back home to her room. Milton told me later that it was the first time he had ever heard Mother cry. □

On his way to report to West Point in 1911, new cadet Eisenhower stopped to visit Chicago

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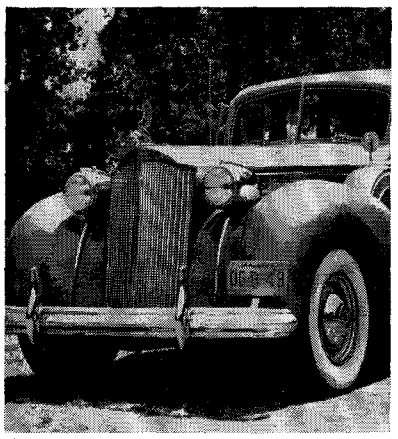
The new Custom Power Cushion built with Goodyear Vytacord polyester cord. Tested at over 100 mph. As smooth riding as rayon. As strong as nylon. Stable on high-speed turns. 3.5 billion miles of testing prove it.



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The first rayon cord tires for a smoother ride were introduced by Goodyear.

Nylon cord tires for extra strength were another Goodyear first.

For the past 15 years, Goodyear engineers have worked to perfect a new kind of tire. Not rayon or nylon, but a tire with a cord of a new, incredibly strong and stable synthetic–polyester.

Goodyear's Vytacord.

First, they had to develop an adhesive system strong enough to bond polyester cord to the rest of the tire.

1947: *Goodyear introduced the first nylon cord tires for extra strength.*

Then Goodyear built its own polyester plant so that Goodyear engineers could control its quality.

Finally came the testing of the new tires themselves. 14 million punishing miles on laboratory machines. 25 million more miles on Goodyear's own proving grounds. 30 million miles of the kind of driving you do, on taxis, airport limousines and rental car fleets. Still more testing at

Vytacord, Custom Power Cushion—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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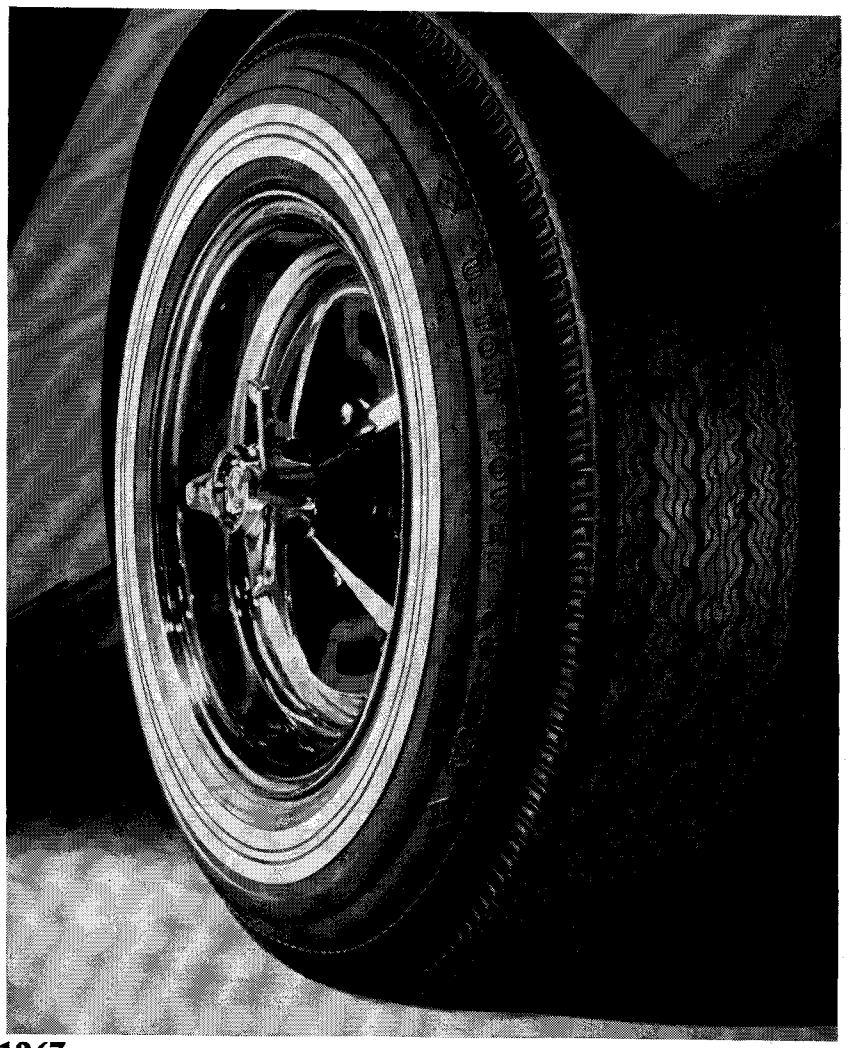
ire is born.



peeds you'll never drive – over 100 miles per hour. .5 *billion* miles of testing in all.

Here's what the testing proved:

Tires built with Vytacord polyester cord ride s smooth as rayon on the roughest roads.

They're as strong as nylon at turnpike speeds.

They remain remarkably uniform and stable n high-speed turns for better control.

They fight squirm–lay an even footprint on the oad–for long tread life.

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It all adds up to a new long-distance tire–the est kind of tire you can buy for today's highway peeds.

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1967: *Goodyear introduces the new Custom Power Cushion with Vytacord polyester cord. Smooth riding as rayon. Strong as nylon.*

GOODYEAR

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THE WISHING TREE

BY

WILLIAM FAULKNER

This story, which has never before appeared in print, was written in 1927. William Faulkner typed it out, bound it by hand, and presented it as a gift to a young neighbor. This was his dedication:

For his dear friend

Victoria

on her eighth birthday

Bill he made

this Book

She was still asleep, but she could feel herself rising up out of sleep, just like a balloon: it was like she was a goldfish in a round bowl of sleep, rising and rising through the warm waters of sleep to the top. And then she would be awake.

And so she was awake, but she didn't open her eyes at once. Instead, she lay quite still and warm in her bed, and it was like there was still another little balloon inside her, getting bigger and bigger and rising and rising. Soon it would be at her mouth, then it would pop out and jump right up against the ceiling. The little balloon inside her got bigger and bigger, making all her body and her arms and legs tingle, as if she had just eaten a piece of peppermint. What can it be? she wondered, keeping her eyes tight shut, trying to remember from yesterday.

"It's your birthday," a voice said near her, and her eyes flew open. There, standing beside the bed, was a strange boy, with a thin ugly face and hair so red that it made a glow in the room. He wore a black velvet suit and red stockings and shoes, and from his shoulder hung a huge empty book satchel.

"Who are you?" she asked, looking at the redheaded boy in astonishment.

"Name's Maurice," the boy answered. His eyes had queer golden flecks in them, like sparks. "Get up."

She lay still again and looked about the room. The funniest thing was, there was nobody in the room except Maurice and herself. Every morning when she waked, her mother and Dicky would be in the room, and soon afterward Alice would come in to help her dress and get ready for school. But today there was nobody in the room except the strange redheaded boy standing beside her bed and watching her with his queer yellow-flecked eyes.

"Get up," the boy said again.

"I'm not dressed," she said.

"Yes, you are," the boy answered. "Get up."

So she threw the covers back and got out of bed, and sure enough, she was dressed—shoes and stockings, and her new lavender dress with the ribbon that matched her eyes. The redheaded boy had gone to the window and stood with his face pressed against it.

"Is it still raining?" she asked. "It was raining last night."

"Come and see," the boy said, and she came up beside him and saw through the window the black trees with their bare dripping branches in the rain.

"I wish it wouldn't rain, on my birthday," she said with disappointment. "I think it might stop raining today, don't you?" The redheaded boy glanced at her, and then away, then he raised the window. "Oh, don't do that!" she exclaimed, then she stopped, for as soon as the window rose, instead of rain and black winter trees, she saw a soft gray mist that smelled of wistaria, and far down in the mist she heard little far voices calling, "Come down, Dulcie; come down, Dulcie." When she looked through the upper window sash, through the glass, there was the rain, and the black sad trees, but beyond the open sash, the soft wistaria-scented mist and the voices saying, "Come down, Dulcie; come down, Dulcie."

"Well, this is the funniest thing!" she said, looking at the redheaded boy, who was digging busily in his huge satchel.

"It's because it's your birthday," he explained.

"But nothing like this ever happened before on my birthday."

"It might have," the boy answered, taking

Illustrated by Jerry Pinkney

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something out of the satchel. "That's why birthdays are. And, on the night before your birthday . . ." he glanced at her with his queer gold-flecked eyes ". . . if you get into bed left foot first and turn the pillow over before you go to sleep, anything might happen," he added wisely.

"Oh, that's exactly what I did last night," she said. "But who is that calling me?"

"Why not look down and see?" the boy suggested, so she leaned out the window into the warm scented mist, and there looking up at her from the ground were Alice and Dicky and George, who lived just across the street

"Come down, Dulcie!"

"Wait for me!" she cried down to them, and the redheaded boy was at the window again. In his hand was a toy ladder about six inches long, and he raised the ladder to his mouth and blew on it, and at once the ladder began to get longer and bigger. The redheaded boy puffed and blew, and the ladder grew longer and longer until finally the end of it touched the ground and Alice held it steady while she climbed down to them.

"Got up at last, did you, Sleepyhead?" George asked, and Dicky chanted, "Sleepyhead, Sleepyhead!" He was a little boy, and he always said whatever the others did.

The redheaded boy climbed down the ladder, and bent over and pressed his finger on a little shiny button on the ladder, and the air went *whishhhhh* out of the ladder and it was once more a toy ladder about six inches long. The boy put it back in his satchel. "Name's Maurice," he said shortly, looking from Alice to Dicky and then to George with his yellow-flecked eyes. "Come on."

The mist was like a big tent about them and over them, and a warm little breeze blew through it, smelling of wistaria. They went across the lawn to the street, and the redheaded boy stopped again. "Well," he said, "how shall we go? Walk, or in a motorcar, or on ponies?"

"Ponies! Ponies!" Dulcie and George shouted, and Dicky said, "Pony! Pony! Want to wide pony!" But Alice didn't want to.

"Naw, suh," Alice said, "me and Dicky ain't goin' to ride on no hawss, and, Dulcie, you ain't got no business with no hawss, neither."

"Oh, Alice!"

"Naw, suh," Alice repeated, "you knows your mommer don't allow you to ride no hawss."

"How do you know?" Dulcie said. "She didn't say I couldn't."

"How could she, when she don't know you's goin' to? I reckon we can get wherever we's goin' just like we is."

"Oh, Alice!" Dulcie said, and Dicky chanted, "Wide a pony, wide a pony."

"Alice and Dicky can ride in the pony cart," the redheaded boy suggested. "You aren't scared of a pony cart, are you?"

"I guess I ain't," Alice said doubtfully. "Dulcie better ride in the cart too."

"No: I want to ride a pony. Please, Alice."

"They're gentle ponies," the redheaded boy said. "Look." He reached into his satchel and brought forth a Shetland pony no larger than a squirrel, with a red bridle with little silver bells and a red saddle on it. Dulcie squealed with delight and Dicky tried to climb right up the boy's leg.

"Mine! Mine!" George shouted. "First choice: I claim first choice!"

"My pony, my pony!" Dicky shouted. "My first choss pony!"

"Here, you all wait," the redheaded boy said, holding the pony above his head while its little hoofs pawed and scrambled in his hand. "Stand back, now."

So they stood back and the boy knelt and set the pony on the ground, and put his mouth to the pommel of the saddle and began to blow. And as he blew the pony got bigger and bigger, stamping its feet and shaking its jingling bridle; and the boy rose to his knees and still puffed and blew, and then to his feet, and the pony got bigger and bigger. At last he raised his head.

"There," he said. "Is that big enough for you?"

"Who's that un for?" Alice asked quickly.

"Mine! Mine!" shouted George and Dicky together.

"No, this one is Dulcie's," the redheaded boy said.

"Then you let some of that air back out," Alice said promptly. "That's too big for Dulcie."

"No, no!" Dulcie objected. "Look, Alice! See how gentle he is!" She pulled up a handful of grass and the pony nibbled it and shook his head until the silver bells jingled like mad. Then she held the bridle rein and the boy took two more ponies from his satchel, and Dicky chanted, "First choss pony, first choss pony!"

"How can your satchel hold so much and yet look like it's empty?" Dulcie asked.

"Because I'm Maurice," the redheaded boy answered. "And besides, anything is likely to happen on birthdays," he added gravely.

"Oh," said Dulcie. Then the boy blew up these two ponies and gave the reins to George to hold, and took from the satchel a fourth pony hitched to a little wicker cart, with bells all over it, and Dicky was just wild. The boy blew this one up too. Alice watched nervously.

"Don't blow him up too big, now, for me and Dicky," she cautioned.

The redheaded boy puffed and blew.

"Ain't that plenty big enough?" suggested Alice uneasily.

"Alice don't want him any bigger than a rabbit," George said. "He can't pull the cart if he's no bigger than that."

The redheaded boy puffed and blew, and soon the pony and cart were the right size. "You'll need a whip," he said, and he reached again into his satchel.

"Naw, suh," Alice said quickly, "we don't need no whip. You can put that right back."

But Dicky had already seen the whip, and when the boy put it back in the satchel, Dicky yelled. So the boy gave Dicky the whip, and Dicky and Alice got into the cart and Dicky held the end of the reins in one hand and the whip in the other.

"Drive first choss pony," Dicky shouted.

"Shetland pony, darling," Dulcie said. "Not first choice pony."

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"Drive Shetland pony," Dicky said. Then Dulcie and George and the redheaded boy got on their ponies and they rode down the street.

They reached the end of the street and passed the last house, and then all of a sudden they rode out of the mist. Behind them they could see the mist like a big gray tent, but everywhere else they looked the trees were green as summer, and the grass was green, and little blue and yellow flowers were everywhere. Birds were singing in the trees, and flying from one tree to another, and the sun shone and the three ponies flew along the road, faster and faster until Alice and Dicky in the cart were far behind. They stopped to wait for them, and the cart came trotting up. Alice was holding her hat on and she looked a little alarmed. So they promised not to go fast any more, and they rode on down the road and after a while they came to a small gray cottage. The cottage had roses above the door, and there was a little old man with a long gray beard sitting in the door, whittling a piece of wood.

"Good morning," the redheaded boy said politely.

"Good morning," the little old man replied politely.

"We're looking for the Wishing Tree," the redheaded boy said.

"It's a far ways," the little old man said. He shook his head gravely. "I don't believe you could find it."

"We'll ask somebody on the road," the boy said.

"There ain't anybody in these parts that ever saw it," the little old man said.

"How do you know it's so far, then?" the redheaded boy asked.

"Oh, I been to it lots of times. I used to go to it every day almost, when I was your age. But I ain't been in several years, now."

"Why not come with us and show us the way?" the redheaded boy suggested. Alice was mumbling to herself, and Dulcie asked, "What did you say, Alice?"

"I says, we don't want no old trash like him with us. I bet he's a tramp. I bet your mommer wouldn't like it if she knowed."

"Come on and go with us," the redheaded boy repeated.

The old man looked cautiously over his shoulder into the house. "I believe I will," he said. He shut his knife and put it and the thing he was carving in his pocket. He rose, and peered again around the door edge into the house. "I guess I better go and show you the way, because ——"

Then the little old man's wife came to the door and threw a flatiron at him, and a rolling pin and an alarm clock.

"You lazy old scoundrel!" she shouted at him. "Sitting out here and gassing with strangers, and not a stick of wood to cook dinner with in the house!"

"Maggie," the little old man said. His wife reached into the house again and threw a shoe at him, and he turned and ran around the corner of the house. The woman stood in the door and glared at them.

"And you folks with nothing better to do than keep folks from their work," she said. She glared at them again and slammed the door.

"There now, what I tell you?" Alice said. "White trash!"

"Well, I guess we'll have to find the Wishing Tree by ourselves," the redheaded boy said. "Come on."

They rode on past the house and along the garden fence. At the corner of the fence somebody called cautiously to them as they passed, and they saw the little old man peering out from behind a row of tomato plants.

"Is she gone?" he whispered.

"Yes," the redheaded boy answered.

The little old man came out and climbed the fence. "Wait a minute for me, and I'll go with you."

So they waited for him and he sneaked along the fence to the house and picked up the clock and the rolling pin and the iron and ran back down the road and climbed the garden fence again and hid the things in the fence corner. "So she can't throw them at me when we come back," he explained cunningly.

"You can ride in the cart with Alice and Dicky," the redheaded boy said.

Alice mumbled again, and Dulcie asked, "What did you say, Alice?"

"I says, me and Dicky don't want that old trash in the cart with us. Your mommer wouldn't like it."

"Why can't I ride too?" the little old man said in a hurt tone.

"Let him ride in the cart, Alice," the redheaded boy said. "He won't bother you."

"Of course I won't, ma'am," the little old man said. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Let him ride in the cart, Alice," they all said.

"Well, get in, then," Alice said. "But your mommer won't like it."

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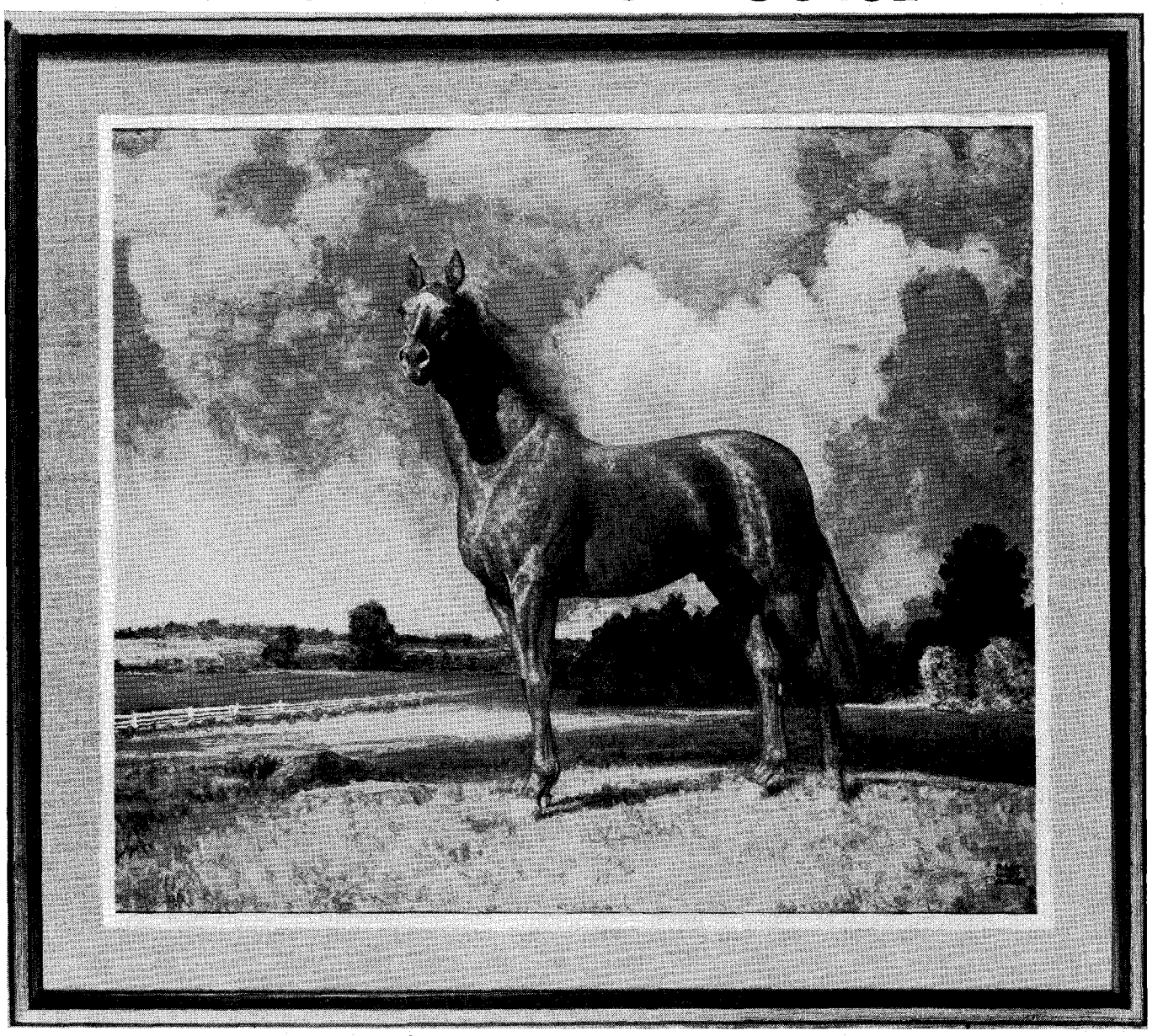

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The little old man hopped nimbly in, and they rode on. "I can whittle things with a knife," the little old man said.

Alice sniffed.

"This is a nice pony and cart you have," the little old man said.

"First choss pony," Dicky said.

"Shetland pony, darling," Dulcie corrected. "Not first choice pony."

"I used to have a lot of ponies," the little old man said.

Alice sniffed again. "Bet you never had nothin' except flatirons throwed at you in your life."

They came to a fork in the road and the redheaded boy stopped. "Now, which way?" he asked.

"That way," the little old man answered immediately, pointing. They rode on.

"What were you carving when we came up?" Dulcie asked. The little old man reached in his pocket and took the piece of wood out, and they all crowded about the cart to look at it.

"Little puppy," Dicky said.

"It's a lizard," George said.

"No, it's a dragon," Dulcie said. "Isn't it?"

"It ain't nothin'," Alice said. "He nor nobody never saw nothin' like that."

"What is it?" Dulcie asked.

"I don't know," the little old man answered. "I don't know what it is, but I think it's a gillypus."

"What's a gillypus?" asked George.

"I don't know, but I expect it looks something like this."

"Why do you call it a gillypus, then, if you don't know what a gillypus looks like?"

"Well," the little old man answered, "it looks more like a gillypus than anything I ever saw."

"It don't look like nothin', to me," Alice said. "Not like nothin' I ever saw, even in a circus."

"Did you ever go to a circus?" Dulcie asked the little old man. "Alice has been."

"I don't know," the little old man answered. "It used to seem like I could kind of remember going to one, but that was a long time ago and now I don't know if I remember or not."

"It's in a big tent," George said. "A tent big enough to hold our house. I wish I had a circus tent."

"It has flags on it," Dulcie added, "colored flags flapping on top of it."

"I want to go to a circus," Dicky said.

"We are going to the next one. Mother has already said we could. Alice is going to take us, aren't you, Alice?"

"And a band," added Alice, "and a elefump big as ten of these ponies rolled into one. That elefump was the biggest thing I ever seen in my bawn days. Lawd, Lawd."

"I want to go to a circus, Alice," Dicky said.

"So does I, honey. Spotted hawsses, and folks spanglin' through the air . . listen: don't I hear a band now?"

It was a horn they heard, and they rode on and came to a huge gray castle. The redheaded boy stopped again. "Which way now?" he asked.

"That way," the little old man answered, pointing. A soldier on the wall of the castle was blowing the horn. They rode on and passed the castle, and a little further on they came to a curious tree beside the road. It was a white tree, and at first they thought it was a dogwood tree in bloom. But when they came up to it they saw that the leaves were white.

"What a funny tree," Dulcie said. "What kind of tree is it?"

"It's a—a mellomax tree," the little old man said. "There are a lot of them in this forest."

"I never saw a tree with white leaves before," Dulcie said, and she pulled one of the leaves off, and as soon as she touched it, the leaf changed its color and became a lovely blue. Then they all pulled a leaf off the tree. George's leaf turned purple, and the redheaded boy's was gold; and Alice took one and hers became bright red, and she held Dicky up and he got one, and his was not any color especially—kind of faint pinks and greens and mostly the same shade of blue as Dulcie's, but paler.

"What color is yours?" Dulcie asked the old man, who showed them his leaf, and it was almost exactly the same as Dicky's except for the blue.

"That's the color of everybody's wishes," the redheaded boy told them. "Dulcie's are blue, and Dicky's are not very much of anything yet, because he's little, but they'll be blue when he gets bigger, because he is Dulcie's brother; and Alice's are red wishes, and George's are purple, and mine are gold ones; and yours . . ." to the little old man ". . . are the same as Dicky's because you don't have many wishes either."

"Why, this may be the Wishing Tree," Dulcie said.

"No, no," the little old man answered. "This is not the Wishing Tree: I've been to the Wishing Tree too many times. This is a mellomax tree."

"Well, which way is the Wishing Tree, then?" the redheaded boy asked.

"That way," the little old man said promptly. And so they rode on.

"It's an awful long way," George said, "and I'm hungry. I wish I had a sandwich." And then George nearly fell off his pony in surprise, for there in his hand was a sandwich. George stared at the sandwich, then he smelled it, then he bit it, and whooped for joy.

"I want something to eat too," Dicky said, and as soon as he said it there was something in his hand.

"What you got in your hand, honey?" Alice asked. The others crowded around the cart to see also.

"What in the world is it?" Dulcie asked. The redheaded boy pinched a bit of it off and put it in his mouth. "What does it taste like?"

"It doesn't taste like anything," the boy said, "because it isn't anything. It's just Something. That was what Dicky said he wanted, you see—he didn't say bread or candy, he just said he wanted Something."

"I want some candy," Dicky said, and immediately it was a cake of chocolate that he held in his hand.

"Alice, you know he can't have candy," Dulcie said.

"That's right, honey," Alice said. "You don't want no old candy, do you?"

"Wants candy," Dicky repeated.

"You better have somethin' else. Here, give me your candy." Alice took the candy out of his hand, but as soon as she did so, the candy disappeared.

Alice sat for a moment in astonishment. Then she whirled upon the little old man.

"You, old man," Alice said, "you give me back that candy, you hear? Taking right out of a baby's hand like that. You give me that candy, you hear?"

"Why," the little old man said with surprise, "I didn't take it. You took it yourself."

"Don't you try to prank with me!" Alice exclaimed. "Didn't somebody took it right out of my hand?"

"Why, Alice!" said Dulcie. "He didn't take it."

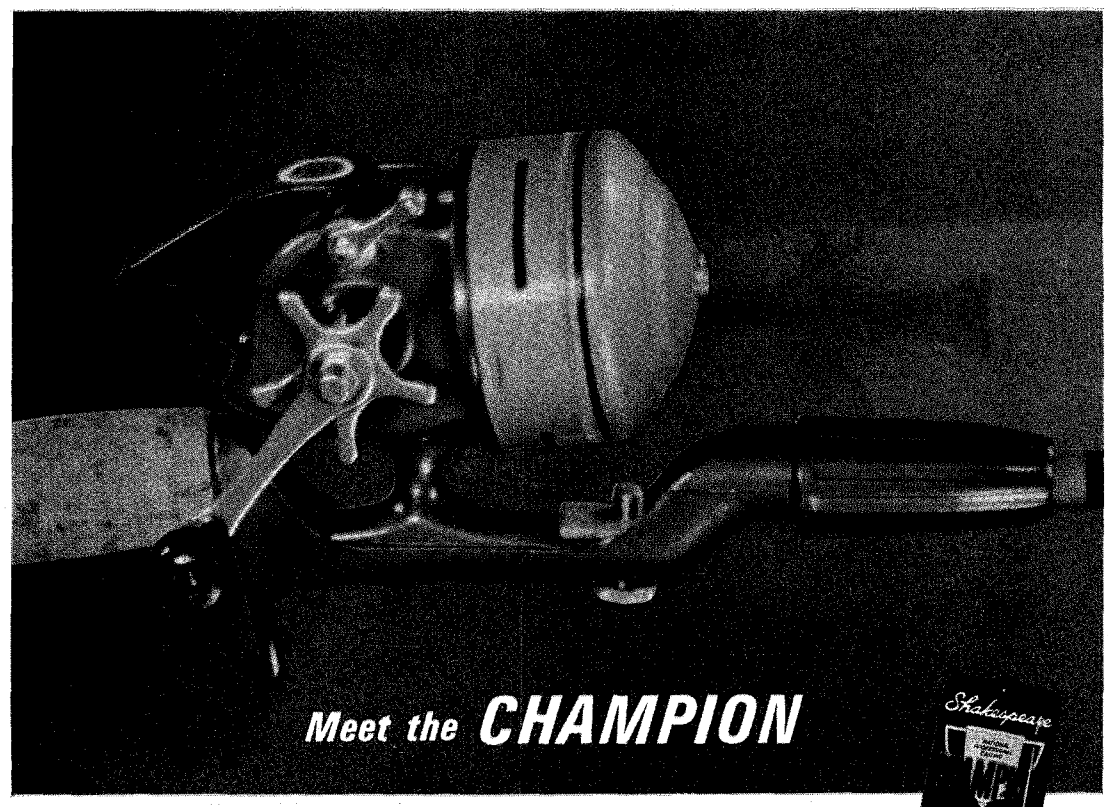
"Somebody did, then. And he is the closest." Alice glared at the little old man.

"It just went," the redheaded boy explained. "Dicky was the one who wished it, and when Alice took it, it just went, because Alice hadn't wished for candy."

"Well, I don't like no such goin' on around me. I think we better turn around and go home."

"I'm hungry," Dicky said. "I want——"

"Don't you want some bread and butter and sugar?" Dulcie said quickly. "Or cookies?"



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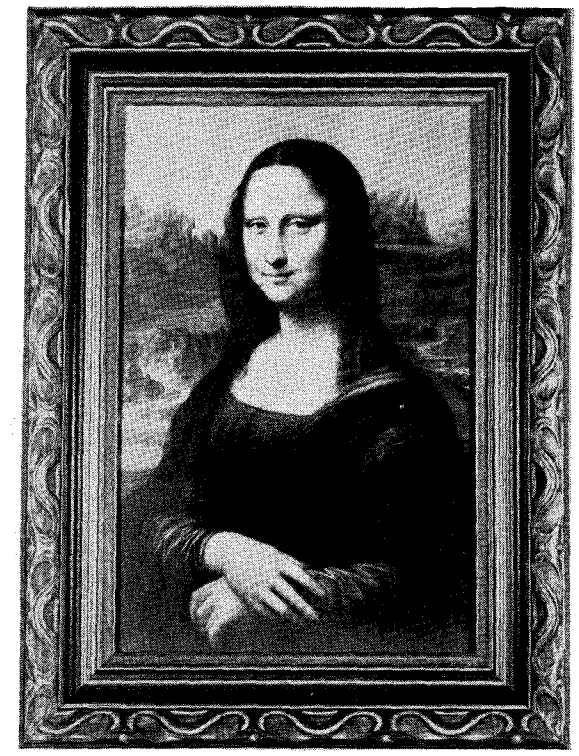

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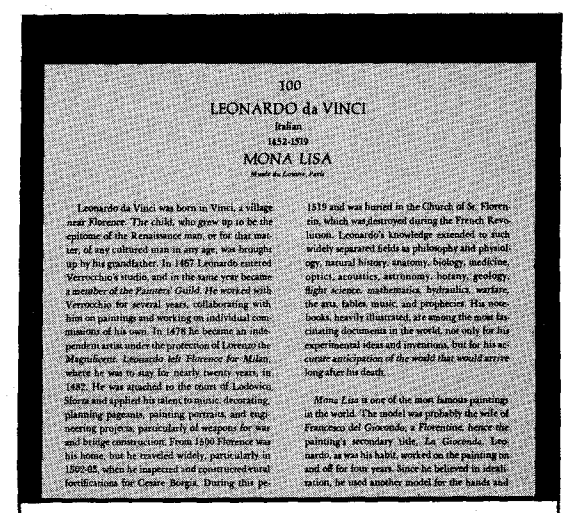

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LEONARDO da VINCI
Italian
1452-1519
MONA LISA

Leonardo da Vinci was born in Vinci, a village near Florence. The child, who grew up to be the epitome of the Renaissance man, or for that matter, of any cultured man in any age, was brought up by his grandfather. In 1467 Leonardo entered Verrocchio's studio, and in the same year became a member of the Painters' Guild. He worked with Verrocchio for several years, collaborating with him on paintings and working on individual commissions of his own. In 1478 he became an independent artist under the protection of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Leonardo left Florence for Milan, where he was to stay for nearly twenty years, in 1482. He was attached to the court of Ludovico Sforza and applied his talent to music, decorating, planning pageants, painting portraits, and engineering projects, particularly of weapons for war and bridge construction. From 1500 Florence was his home, but he traveled widely, particularly in 1502-03, when he inspected and constructed royal fortifications for Cesare Borgia. During this period he painted the Mona Lisa and the Last Supper. He died in 1519 and was buried in the Church of St. Florentin, which was destroyed during the French Revolution. Leonardo's knowledge extended to such widely separated fields as philosophy and physiology, natural history, anatomy, biology, medicine, optics, acoustics, astronomy, botany, geology, flight science, mathematics, hydraulics, warfare, the arts, fables, music, and prophecies. His notebooks, heavily illustrated, are among the most fascinating documents in the world, not only for his experimental ideas and inventions, but for his accurate anticipation of the world that would arrive long after his death.

Mona Lisa is one of the most famous paintings in the world. The model was probably the wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a Florentine, hence the painting's secondary title, *La Gioconda*. Leonardo, as was his habit, worked on the painting on and off for four years. Since he believed in idealization, he used another model for the hands and

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Home to Thanksgiving Currier and Ives	**Gypsy Woman with Baby** Modigliani
The Last Supper Salvador Dali	**Rough Sea at Etretat** Monet
Dancer on Stage Degas	**The Lovers** Picasso
Riders in the Forest Raoul Dufy	**Vase of Flowers** Redon
Praying Hands Albrecht Durer	**Profile d'une Femme** Toulouse-Lautrec
Night Watch *Rembrandt*	**Snow Storm** *Turner*
Danse de Paysans Peter Paul Rubens	**A Street in the Suburbs** Utrillo
Blue Boy Gainsborough	**The Letter** Vermeer
Gardening Patches on Montmartre in Winter Vincent van Gogh	**PLUS 73 MORE JUST AS BEAUTIFUL**

From New York, N. Y., comes news of how you can own a collection of 100 of the world's most famous and beautiful paintings . . . 100 world-famous pictures by Rembrandt, Leonardo Da Vinci, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Winslow Homer, Van Gogh and over 90 more of the greatest artists of all time . . . 100 of the most beautiful art treasures of the U. S. and Europe . . . 100 of the most famous pictures now hanging in the Louvre in Paris. The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and many more famous galleries! Yes, you can now have a priceless shortcut to broad art knowledge and you can decorate your home with unparalleled beauty with your favorites from the 100 most beautiful pictures in the world.

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"Wants cookies," Dicky said, and as soon as he said it, he had one in each hand.

"Well, if that isn't the funniest thing!" Dulcie exclaimed. "That must have been the Wishing Tree back there."

"No, no," the little old man said, "I know the Wishing Tree too well. That was just a mellomax tree."

"Well, whatever it was, I'm hungry too. Suppose we stop and all wish ourselves something to eat," the redheaded boy suggested. So they stopped and hitched the ponies. "Now, Dulcie, you wish first."

"I want—I want. . . . Let me think what I want. Oh, yes: I want some green peas and ladyfingers and an alligator pear and a chocolate malted milk." And as soon as she spoke, there they were on the grass before her.

"Now Dicky," said the redheaded boy.

"Alice, you'll have to wish for him," Dulcie said. "What do you want, darling?"

"You wants some rice and gravy, don't you, honey?" asked Alice.

"Wants wice and gravy," said Dicky, and there it was before him.

"Now George," said the redheaded boy.

"I want so much strawberries and chocolate cake that I'll be sick for a week." And immediately there was a huge bowl of strawberries and a fresh chocolate cake before him.

"Now Alice," said the redheaded boy.

"I wants some ham and gravy and cornbread and a cup of coffee," Alice said, and there it was.

"Now you choose," the redheaded boy said to the little old man.

"I'll take apple pie and ice cream," the little old man said. "We don't have ice cream very much at home," he explained.

"Now it's my turn," the redheaded boy said. "I want some hot gingerbread and an apple."

They sat on the ground and ate.

"George, you're going to be terribly sick if you eat all that cake and those strawberries," Dulcie said.

"Don't care," George mumbled. "That's what I want."

When they had all finished they got on the ponies again. The redheaded boy turned to the old man. "Which way now?" he asked.

"That way," the little old man answered, and they went on through the forest.

"I wish I hadn't eaten so much," George said.

"I wish we'd find the Wishing Tree pretty soon. That's what I wish," Dulcie said.

A little further on, the road forked again.

"That way," the little old man said, and they went on.

"I don't feel good," George said.

"Why, there's that white tree again," Dulcie said with surprise. "We've come back to it."

"No, no," the little old man said. "That's not the same one. That's just another mellomax tree. There's a lot of them in this forest."

"I believe it's the same one, myself," the redheaded boy said.

"So does I," Alice agreed. "I don't believe he knows where that Wishing Tree is no more than we does. Did you ever see that Wishing Tree?"

"I've been to it more than a hundred times," the little old man answered. "I know exactly where it is."

"Have you been to it, really?" asked Dulcie.

"I cross my heart, I have," the little old man said. "I used to go to it every day when I was a young man. Cross my heart and hope to die."

"Well, this certainly looks like the same tree to me," the redheaded boy said. "Which way now?"

"Don't you all pay no more mind to him," Alice said. "He don't no more know where that tree is than I does."

Alice's voice mumbled on, and Dulcie asked, "What did you say, Alice?"

"I says, he ain't no better than a old tramp, that's what I says." She turned and glared at the little old man, who cringed back into the corner of the cart.

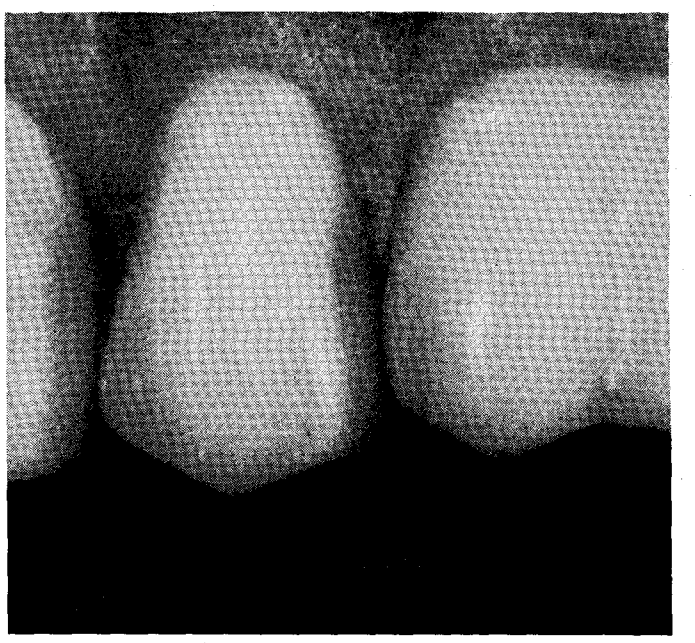
"If we just had a gun," he said to Dicky, "we could shoot some of these squirrels and birds, couldn't we, now? There's lots of game in this forest."

"I want a gun," Dicky said, and Alice flung up her hands and shrieked, for there was a gun in Dicky's hands, a gun so big that he couldn't hold it and so it dropped right on the little old man's foot.

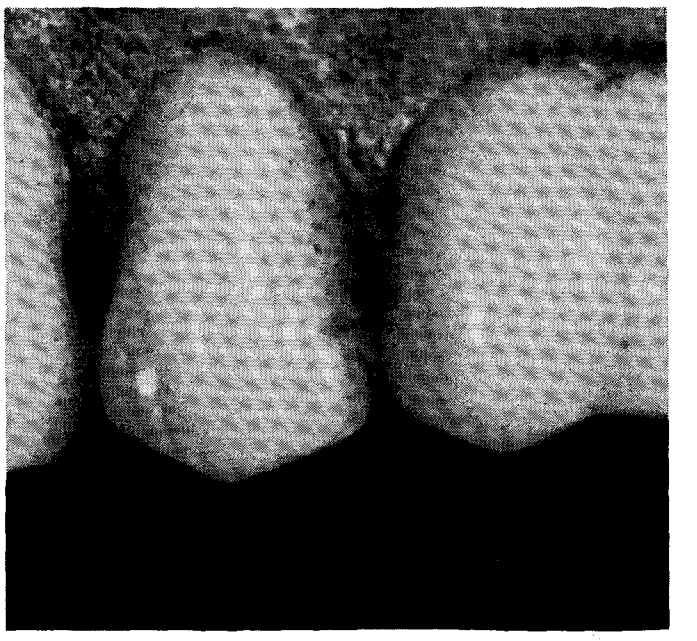
"You——" said Alice, and she shrieked again. "You, young redheaded man, you take us right back home 'fore this old fool kills us all dead. You come here and get this gun. Look at him, pullin' a gun out on me and this baby!"

DENTURE WEARERS:

New Efferdent® denture cleanser tablet removes even stubborn food stains between the teeth in 15 minutes.



The leading powder cleanser in the same tests still left stains like this.



For years, denture wearers have been searching for a quick, easy way to get rid of stubborn food stains—the kind that build up between teeth. Even the *leading powder* cleanser hasn't solved the problem, because it can require overnight soaking.

But now there's a cleanser powerful enough to do the job in minutes. It's not a powder, but an effervescent *tablet* called Efferdent.

The fact is, an Efferdent tablet can release *twice* as much effervescent cleaning action as the leading powder.

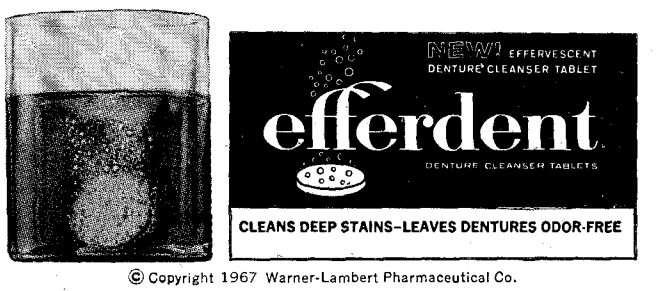
Here's how it works: Just put an Efferdent tablet in a glass of warm water. Then put your dentures in. Instantly, the water turns blue, as Efferdent releases thousands of bubbles that scrub away at stain and odor. Minutes later, the blue disappears, Efferdent's signal the job is done.

And when the blue is gone...the stain is gone.

New Efferdent is now available in your area, in boxes of 20 and 40 individually wrapped tablets.

Try it once, and you'll never go back to those old-fashion powders again.

From out of the blue come the brightest dentures ever!



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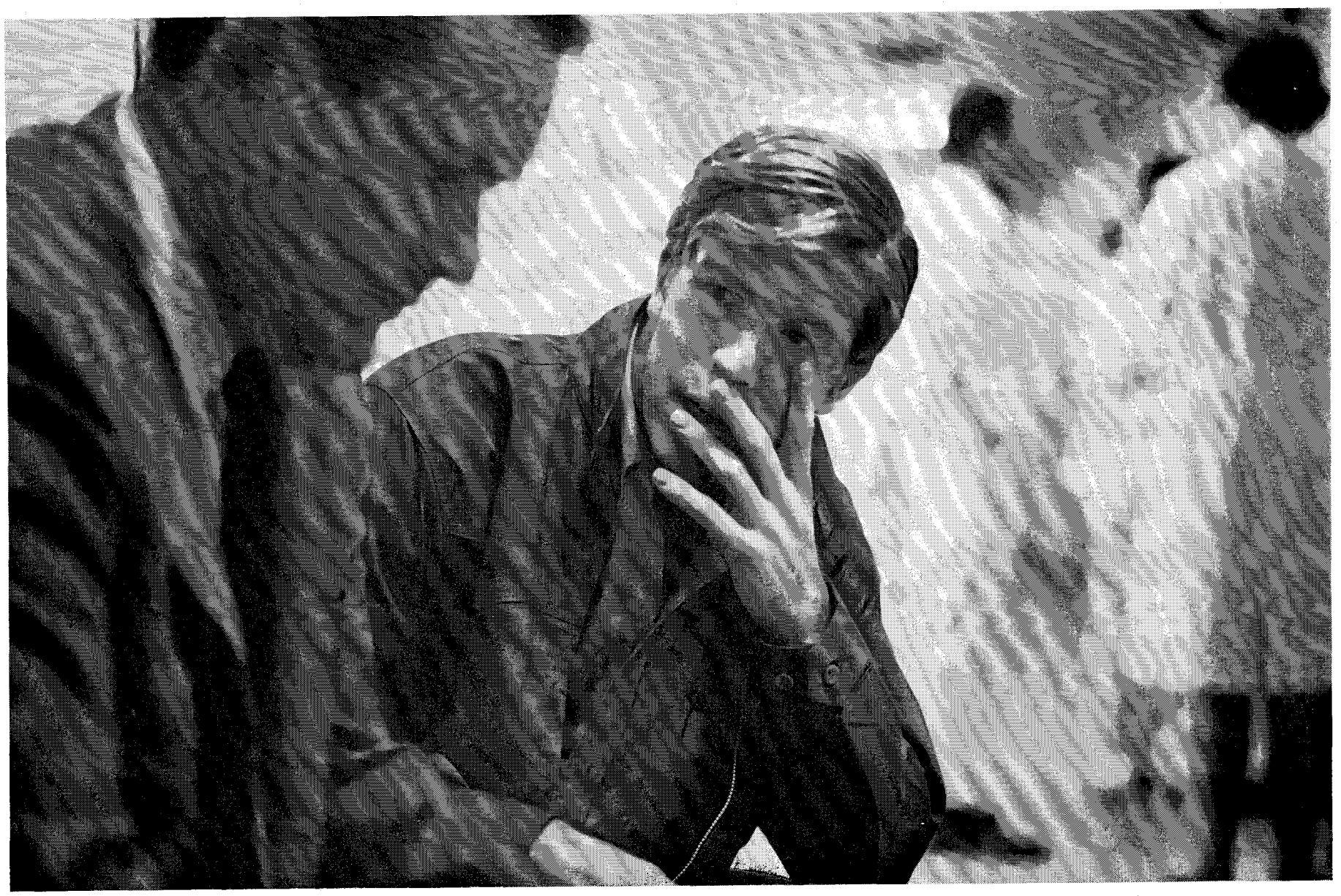

"They dared me to try it, Dad. I didn't see the other car..."

There's nothing tougher for some teenagers to turn down than a dare.

I dare you to cut history. I dare you to eat seven banana splits. Go on, I dare you to run that red light.

That's the problem. Too many dares happen in a car full of kids. And too many kids die on a dare. (Last year, 7,700 teenagers were killed in automobile accidents.)

The driver of the kids-full car is king. It's his . . . his road . . . his moment to perform, surprise, impress, frighten and look big.

But, you're at work . . . or at home. How can you know if he's showing off, dragging, speeding, taking curves at sixty?

Check his tires. If they're wearing out too fast, chances are he's driving too fast—or even dragging. If his brakes are going fast, he's going fast, too. And making too many emergency stops. If he's getting traffic tickets, that's the clincher.

Once you know, what do you do? Take his license away for awhile. Then dare him to drive right. And make it a dare he can't turn down.

Your teenager's driving can be one of the biggest problems you'll ever face. It's a problem that can't be solved by rules alone. He must *want* to be a safe driver. Your new car dealer hopes this series will help you to help him. The National Automobile Dealers Association commends the *Saturday Evening Post* for its cooperation in this safe driver campaign.

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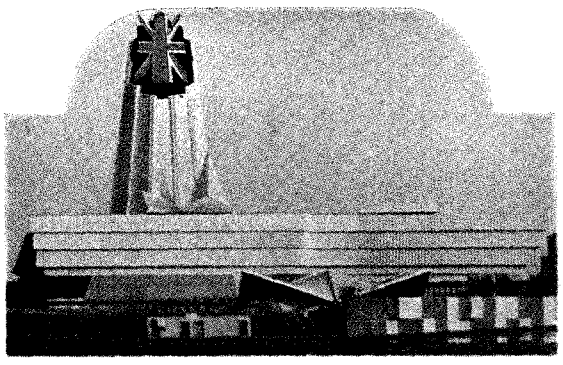
Why the wonderful world of Expo 67, Montreal, is this year's most exciting vacation.

(You'll see the greatest world exhibition of them all and make six other pleasant discoveries.)

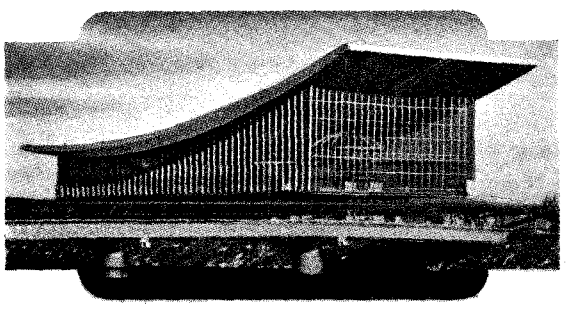


British Pavilion

What's your idea of an exciting vacation? Taking a trip abroad? Enjoying great drama, ballet, opera or symphony? Doing something completely new and stimulating? Having a barrel of fun?

If it's any (or all) of these, come to Expo 67 in Montreal, Canada. If it's not any of these, come to Expo 67 in Montreal anyway. Because, no matter what your tastes, you'll be bowled over by this, the most imaginative, most extraordinary world exhibition ever.

Your visit to Expo 67 is more than a trip abroad. It's a world tour, with the sights and sounds of 70 countries. You'll meet the people, learn how they live and what they do for fun. Try exotic dishes in restaurants that waft you to Vienna, Paris or Bombay. Browse for bargains in scores of colourful international shops.



U.S.S.R. Pavilion

In a series of 11 Theme pavilions, you'll explore the worlds of science and the arts. Together they form a vast panorama on the theme "Man and his World", exciting and educational for youngsters—and a real eye-opener for their parents.

The World Festival will present the most brilliant season of international entertainment ever seen in North America. Names such as La Scala Opera of Milan, Sir Laurence Olivier and the National Theatre Company from Britain, the Concertgebouw Orchestra from Amsterdam, and the Australian Ballet crowd the six-month program. There'll be topliners from the entire field of entertainment, and thrilling stadium spectaculars under the summer stars.

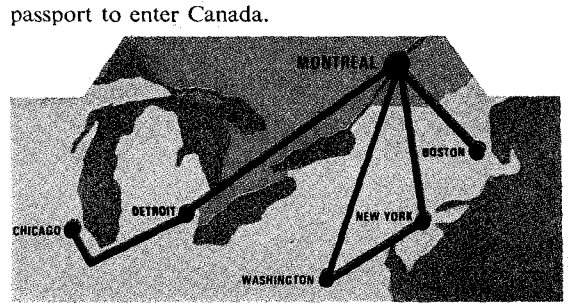
And for fun there's La Ronde—135 acres of enchantment, with a rip-roaring Gold Rush town, an old French Canadian village, an aquarium, marina, outdoor cafes, nightclubs and an array of amusement rides that run the gamut from children's carousels to the giant Gyrotron, the most unusual ride ever built.

The governments of some 70 countries are taking part in Expo 67. (18 nations officially participated in the New York World's Fair, 45 in Brussels.) Expo 67 is not only the biggest in numbers of countries, and in total area, it is the *only* "first category" international exhibition ever held in North America.

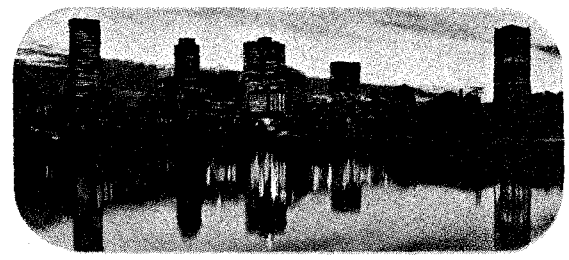
Expo 67 opens April 28th, for six months only. Plan now to come to Montreal. No other vacation can offer the stimulation and pleasure of this magical experience. Also, these other pleasant surprises await you.

1. You can save money by buying Expo 67 admission tickets (called, appropriately, Passports) in advance. Up to opening day, a Seven-Day Passport costs $8.50, a Day Passport, $2.10. (U.S. funds) Children 2-12 on April 28th, half price. Your Expo 67 Passport will admit you to *every one* of well over 100 pavilions, is good for *unlimited* rides on the inter-island Expo Express, and for much of the feast of entertainment. On sale at travel agents, department stores, automobile clubs, transportation companies, American Express offices, and wherever you see the Expo 67 sign.

Note: Americans do *not* need an official U.S.A. passport to enter Canada.



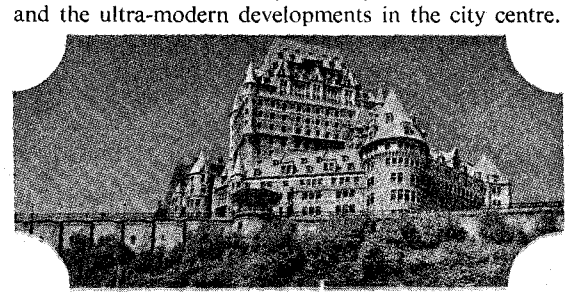
2. A brand new network of expressways makes Montreal easy to get to by car. And there's beautiful scenery along the way, whether you come through New York State, New England, or from the west via Ontario. Major air routes, rail and bus lines converge on Montreal from all directions, and there will be many extra services during the Expo 67 season.



Montreal

3. No accommodation problems. The official Expo 67 bureau, LOGEXPO, *guarantees* you a place to stay in Montreal, at *government-controlled* rates. Look for the Expo 67 information booths at transportation terminals, and on highways leading to Montreal, for on-the-spot bookings. Better still, *reserve now.* Write, mentioning the type of accommodations preferred, the number in your party, and dates of arrival and departure, to LOGEXPO, Expo 67, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

4. From the beautiful island site of Expo 67, you look across the broad St. Lawrence River to Montreal. It's a fascinating city—predominantly French-speaking, cosmopolitan, pleasure-loving. Take time out to explore its handsome streets, elegant shops, fine restaurants and the ultra-modern developments in the city centre.



Quebec City

5. Be sure, too, to see something of *La Belle Province*, Quebec. Here the language, traditions and customs of New France live on. In centuries-old villages, or the narrow streets of ancient Quebec City, you'll find it hard to believe you really *are* in North America. Yet for all the foreign atmosphere, the familiar comforts of home are never far away.

6. Your U.S. dollar is worth *more* in Canada. (At recent rates, you'd get about 7¢ extra on each dollar.)

More information? It will be a pleasure. Just send your name and address to Expo 67 Information Services, 150 Kent Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

expo67
MONTRÉAL CANADA

The Universal and International Exhibition 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

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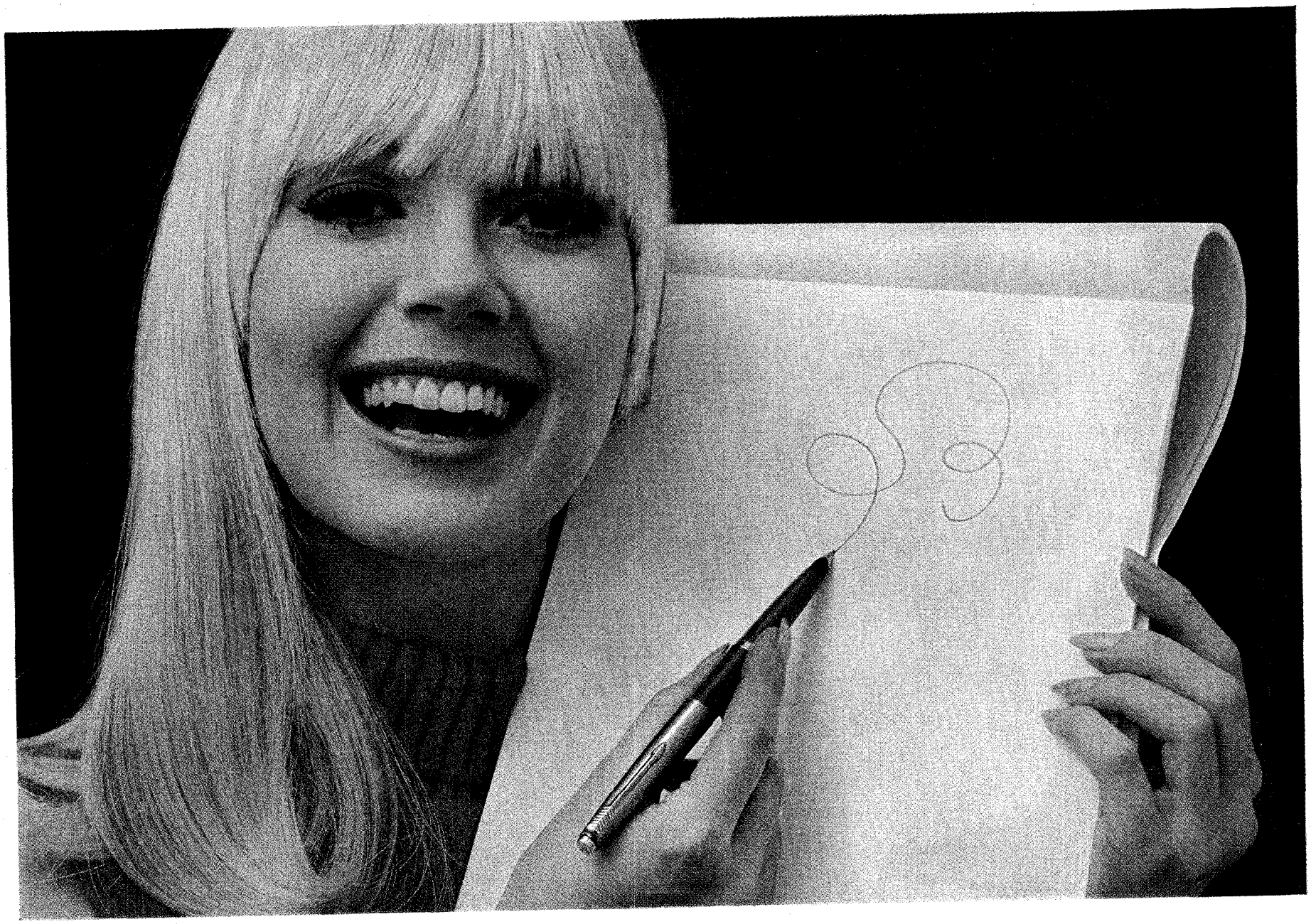

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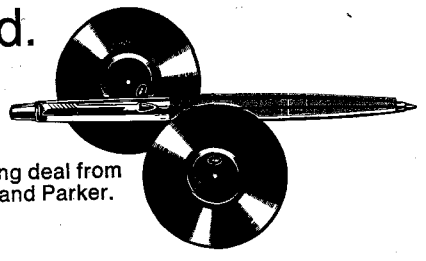

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"Why, Alice!" exclaimed Dulcie, "he didn't do it! It was Dicky that wished the gun!"

"I don't care who done it. Just look at him there, grinnin' at us, waitin' a chance to rob and kill us all." She turned and glared at the little old man.

"Honest, ma'am," the little old man said, "I never done it. I wouldn't even think ——"

"Hush your mouf and get that gun out of this cart." The little old man stooped and put his hand on the gun, but as soon as he touched it, it disappeared, because he hadn't wished for the gun. "Well," Alice said, "where is it? Take it right out from under your coat, 'fore I calls a policeman."

"Alice," Dulcie exclaimed, "don't you see it's gone? It's gone, Alice. He didn't wish for a gun, it was Dicky who wished for the gun."

Alice flopped around on the seat. "We's goin' right straight home: you tell that redheaded boy to pick out the first road. I'se had about all of this goin' on I can stand." Alice went to mumbling again, and they rode on, and soon they came to the gray castle again. There were some soldiers marching through the gate.

"Look at the soldiers," Dulcie said.

"I don't feel very good," George said. The soldiers marched through the gate, with a flag at the head of the company. Once Alice had a husband who was a corporal in the Army. I mean, a husband that Alice used to have was a soldier also.

"A soldier's life is awful hard," Alice said.

"I want a soldier," Dicky said.

"You . . ." Alice exclaimed. "Where you been?"

The soldier that Dicky had wished for touched his soldier hat. "Why, if it ain't Alice," he said.

"And I'll Alice you," Alice shouted, "if I jes' had a stick of stovewood in my hand ——" Alice blinked her eyes at the stick of wood, then she threw it at the soldier, but as soon as it touched him, it disappeared. "Jes' give me one more stick," and there was another in her hand, and she threw it and it disappeared too. The soldier ducked behind a tree.

"Lawd a mussy, woman," he said. "What is you chunkin' at me? Birds?"

"You triflin' vilyun," said Alice, and she started to climb out of the cart.

"Alice!" exclaimed Dulcie. "What in the world!"

"It's that husban' I used to have. The one that run off on me and lef' me with a month house rent and not even a hunk of side meat in the house, and me payin' a lawyer to fin' out what the gov'ment done with him. Him and his Army! I'll war him, I will: he ain't never seen no war like what I can aggravoke. You come out from behime that tree."

"Don't you hurt my soldier!" Dicky shouted.

"Run, run," the little old man said. "She ain't got a flatiron or a rolling pin."

"Hol' up," the soldier said. "I can explain how come I never got back."

"I bet you can," Alice retorted. "You come right here and get in this buggy and save your explainin' twell we get home." The soldier came up and got in the cart.

"Don't you hurt my soldier," Dicky repeated.

"He's Alice's soldier, darling," Dulcie said. "Is that the soldier you lost in the war, Alice?"

"He's the one," Alice answered. "And a good losin', too. Look at him! Even the war don't want him!"

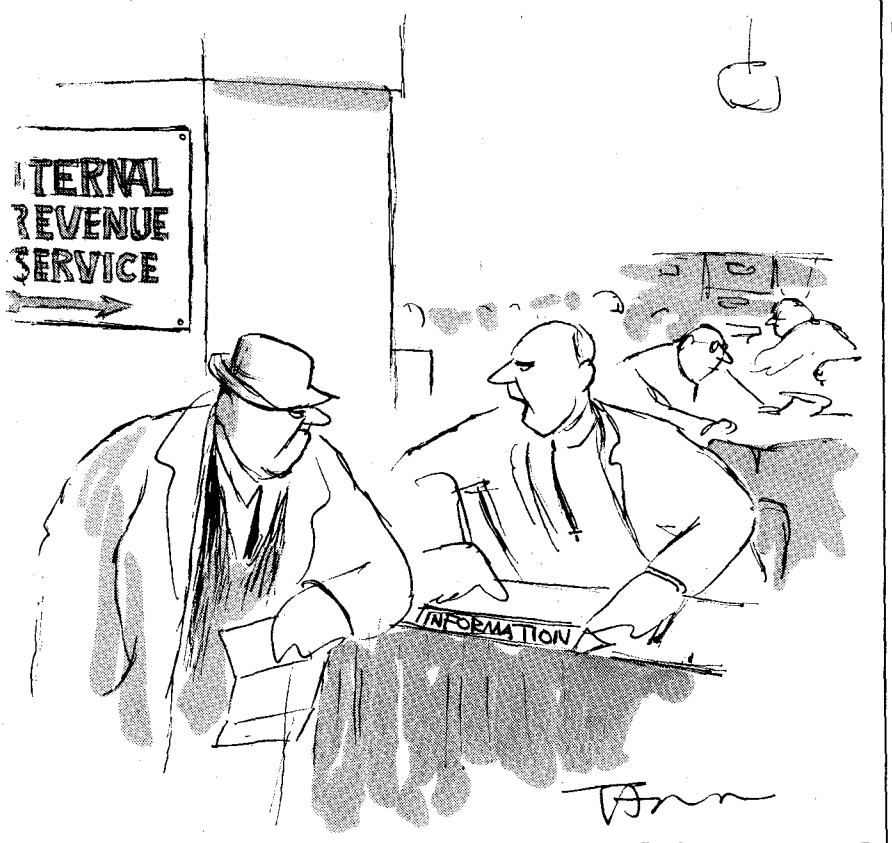
They drove on. The soldier and the little old man sat side by side at the back of the cart.

"What's your husband's name, Alice?" Dulcie asked.

"Name Exodus," Alice answered. "They was two of 'em. The other one was name Genesis, but meanness kilt him 'fore he was ten years old."

"I was in a war," the little old man said to Alice's husband.

"Which one?" Alice's husband asked.

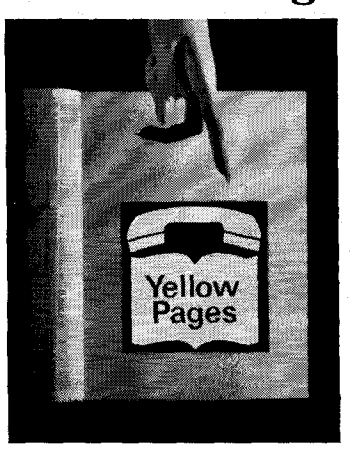


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can tell you right now, asking to see the head leech is not going to help your case one bit!"

Wear out the Yellow Pages instead of yourself.

Let your fingers do the walking. Shop the Yellow Pages first.



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even for thousands who perspire heavily

A new-type formula has been found to keep underarms absolutely dry – even for thousands who perspire heavily. After decades of common "deodorants," it took a chemical invention to make this truly effective protection possible – with the same safety to clothing – the same skin mildness as popular "deodorants." Called Mitchum Anti-Perspirant, it is the product of a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. By the thousands, women with problem perspiration are finding the protection they need – and never could find before. And fully effective as a deodorant, too, of course. If you perspire more than average—even heavily—get the positive protection of Mitchum Anti-Perspirant. Liquid or cream. Ea. $3.00. Available in Canada.

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Liquid or Cream

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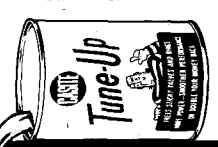

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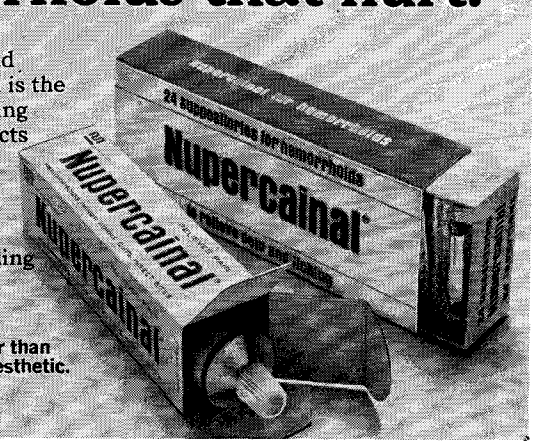

"I never did know," the little old man answered. "There was a lot of folks in it, I remember."

"Sound like the one I was at," Alice's husband said.

"They're all about alike, I reckon," the little old man said.

"I speck you's right," Alice's husband agreed. "Was it across the water?"

"Across the water?" the little old man repeated.

"Across the big up-and-down water," Alice's husband explained. "Man, man. that was a war. A hundred days, and jes' water, up and down and up and down, and when you looked out you never seen nothin'. Not even sage grass. I knowed they killed folks in wars, but it seemed like day after day that I jes' couldn't die. I don't know how in the world folks ever dammed up a pond that big. Nor what they can do with it. That water 'ud hol' all the excursion boats in the rentire world."

"No, this wasn't that war. They came right down in my pappy's pasture and fought the war I went to."

"Well, now," said Alice's husband, "if that ain't makin' war comvenient!"

"And there was another war I went to. It was at a place named Seven Pines."

"Were you behind one of them?" Dulcie asked.

"No, ma'am," the little old man answered. "There were more than seven generals in that war."

"Well, now," said Alice's husband, "wars don't change, does they?"

"I don't feel good," George said. "I think . . ." George's eyes had a far-away look in them. "I think I'm going to be sick."

"Who won the war you were in?" Dulcie asked.

"I don't know, ma'am," the little old man answered. "*I* didn't."

"That's right, too," Alice's husband agreed. "I never seed a soldier yet that ever won anything in a war. But then, whitefolks' wars is always run funny. Next time the whitefolks has a war, I think I ain't goin'. I think I'll jes' stay in the Army instead."

"I guess that's better," the little old man agreed.

"I think," said George, "that I'm going to be sick." And George sat right on his pony and got dreadfully sick.

"He sho' did," Alice's husband said. "He couldn't a got no sicker goin' to the far-offest war in the whole world."

They all stopped, and presently George got a little better, and they helped him into the cart.

"Can I ride his pony, mister?" the little old man said to the redheaded boy. The redheaded boy said Yes, and the little old man hopped out of the cart and mounted the pony.

"Why didn't you wish for a pony before, if you wanted to ride on one?" Dulcie asked the little old man. "You haven't wished for anything except apple pie and ice cream. Can't you think of something you'd like to wish for?"

"I don't know," the little old man said. "I hadn't thought about it. But I will think of something. Let's see . . . I wish we all had a sack of pink-and-white-striped candy." And as soon as he said it, everyone had a sack of candy in his hand.

"Mine are soft ones," the little old man said. "I used to like the hard ones best, but now I have to eat the soft kind, because my teeth ain't what they used to be when I was a young man."

"Let me see your teeth," Dulcie said, and the little old man opened his mouth. He didn't have any teeth at all.

"Why don't you wish for some false teeth?" Dulcie asked.

"What are false teeth?" asked the little old man.

"Wish for some and see," Dulcie suggested.

"All right. I wish I had some false teeth," the little old man said, and he clapped his hand to his mouth and looked at Dulcie with astonishment.

"Don't you like them?" Dulcie asked.

"I don't really believe I do," the little old man answered. "I've got used to not having any, you see." He took the teeth out and looked at them. "They're right pretty, ain't they? They'd look right nice on the mantelpiece, now, wouldn't they? I think I'll just keep them for that."

They rode on through the forest, under the huge oak trees. There were a lot of birds in these trees, chirping to one another, and squirrels scudded across the grass from one tree to another, and there were flowers of all kinds and colors in the grass.

The little old man kicked his pony with his heels until it leapt and pranced, and the little bells on the bridle jingled like mad. "We rode horses in that war I used to go to," the little old man said. "This is the way I used to do." And he made the pony dash down the road until the little old man's beard streamed out behind him in the wind. Then he made the pony whirl and come dashing back.

"I bet you never went to no war in your life," Alice said.

"I bet so, too," George said. George was feeling better now. "I bet if you ever saw a enemy, you'd run."

"I bet I wouldn't," the little old man replied. "I bet I'd cut him right in two with my sword. If I just had a sword in my hand, I'd show you exactly how I'd do." And there was the sword in his hand—a new shiny one, with a gold handle, and the little old man looked at the sword and rubbed it on his coat until it shone like a mirror, and he showed his sword to Alice's husband. Alice's husband said it was a fine sword, but he said it was a little too long to suit him, because he liked a knife you could hang on a string down your back, inside your shirt.

"This is the way I used to do at the war," the little old man explained. "Watch me." And he waved his sword and made his pony dash down the road again and then come flying back.

"I bet you'd be scared as scared," George said.

"I bet I wouldn't be scared of a hundred enemies," the little old man said. "I bet I'd just ride right into 'em and slice 'em in two with a sword like this."

"I bet you wouldn't slice a dog in two," George said. "I bet you'd be scared."

"I bet I wouldn't," the little old man answered. "I bet I'd just——"

"I bet you'd be scared of a tiger or a lion," George said.

"I bet I've killed a hundred tigers and lions in this very forest," the little

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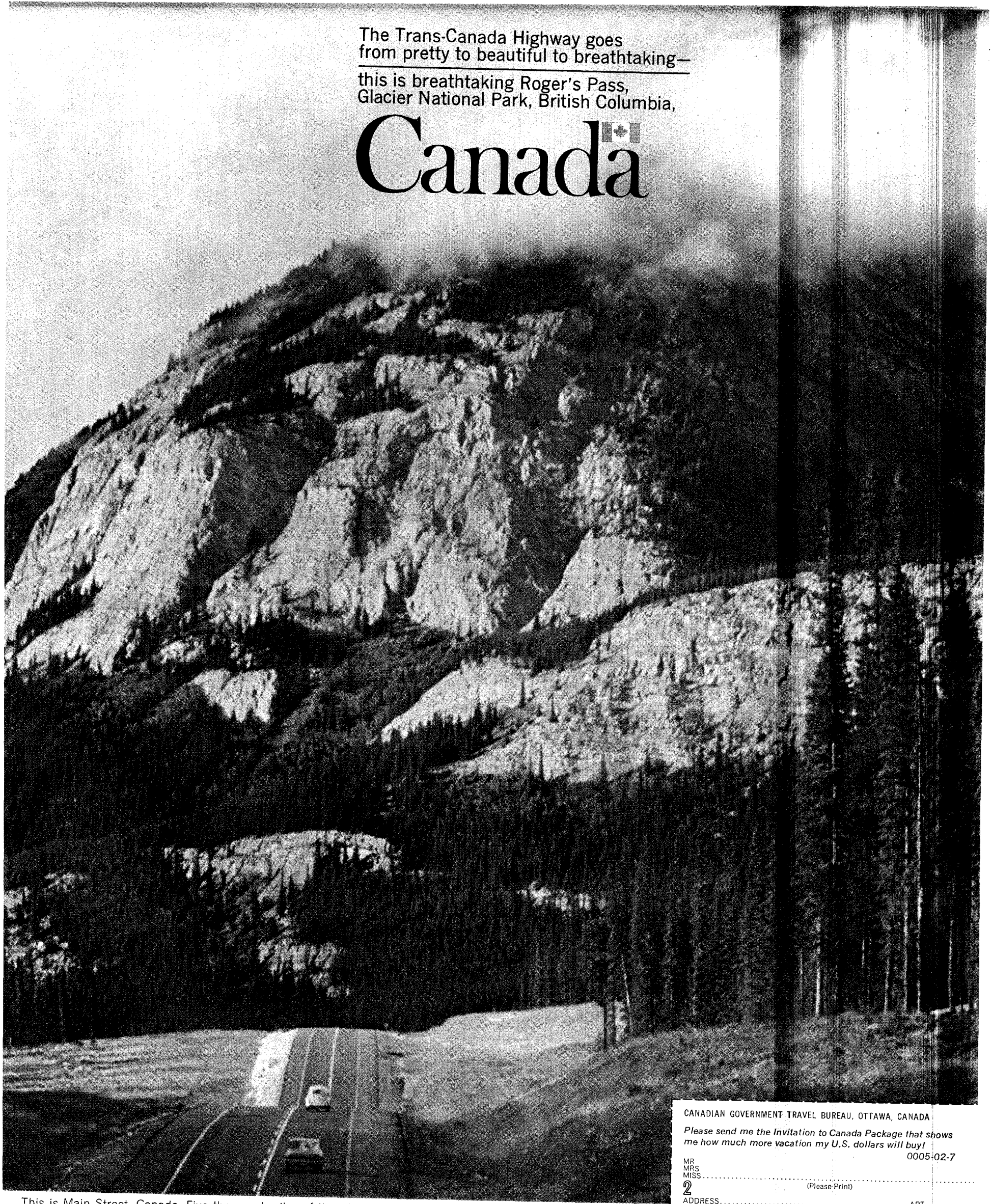

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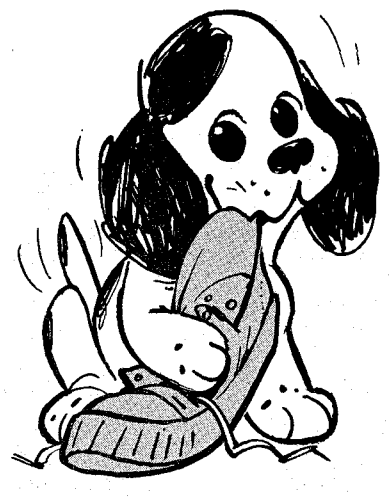
a puppy'll eat anything



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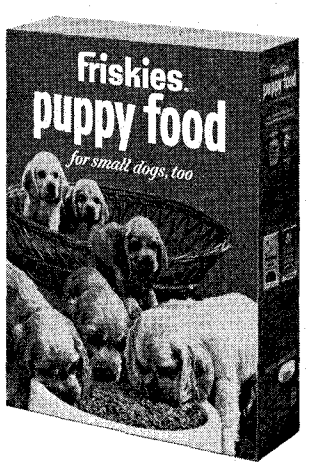

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What we're turning out is tax dollars for the government—as a sideline, we manufacture a few chemical products."

old man said, "with a sword just like this. . . . No, I used the sword in the war. I don't remember what I killed the tigers and lions with. It was something else."

"I guess you kilt 'em dodgin' rollin' pins and flatirons," Alice said.

"If I was runnin' a war," Alice's husband said, "I'd get me a bunch of married women and I'd blindfold 'em and I'd p'int 'em and I'd say, 'Go right straight like you's headed and when you hits somethin', it's your husband.' That's the way I'd conduck a war."

"It would save money, wouldn't it?" the little old man said, "because they could pick up the flatirons and rolling pins and throw them again, couldn't they?"

"I've knowed some that don't need no flatirons and rollin' pins," Alice's husband said. "Wait twell you's been married as freqump as I is."

"Yaaah," said George, "I bet if a lion jumped out from behind a tree in front of you, you'd fall dead."

"I bet I wouldn't," said the little old man, waving his sword again, "I bet I'd just——"

"I wish a lion would ju——"

Dulcie screamed, and George didn't even finish what he was saying, and Alice's husband bellowed like a foghorn, but Alice's voice drowned them all; and they flew down the road. Alice's husband climbed a tree, and Alice ran carrying Dicky in one arm and dragging Dulcie by the other, and behind them came George, howling at the top of his voice. But the little old man, still carrying his sword, distanced them all.

"Stop! Stop!" the redheaded boy shouted, and Alice stopped and leaned against a tree, panting for breath. There, in the middle of the road, sat the lion, and near it on his snorting pony was the redheaded boy. "Come back," the redheaded boy called to them, "he won't hurt you."

"Not twell you get that thing out of here," Alice said. "You, Dulcie! Don't you go back up there."

"All you have to do," the redheaded boy said, "is for the one that wished the lion to *un*wish him. Who was it who wished him? It was George, wasn't it?"

"I guess so," George answered.

"Well, do you want him?" the redheaded boy asked.

"Not me," replied George. "I hope I never see another one." And as soon as George said this, the lion was gone.

"Now we can go back," Dulcie said.

"You, Dulcie!" Alice exclaimed. "Don't you go up there! That thing jes' jumped behime that tree: I seen him!"

"No, no," the redheaded boy said, "he's gone. Come on back."

They went back. Alice had to look behind all the trees, but the lion was really gone.

"Why, where are the ponies?" Dulcie asked.

"You all wished them away when you saw the lion," the redheaded boy said. "When the lion jumped out, everybody wished he could run, and you can't run while you're sitting on a pony or in a cart."

They all looked at one another in astonishment. "Will we have to walk?" Dulcie asked.

"Well, I haven't got any more ponies in my satchel," the redheaded boy replied.

"I speck we better walk," Alice said. "The more we rides, the further we gets from home. They's somethin' mighty cur'us about this," Alice added, and she glared at the little old man, who came up with his sword.

"I've lost my gillypus," the little old man said. "It fell out of my pocket, and now I can't find it."

"That's too bad," Dulcie said. "It was a nice gillypus. Don't you wish it could walk and talk, and then you could find it."

"I sure do," the little old man answered. "It was the best gillypus I ever saw." And as soon as he spoke, they heard a scuffling through the grass, and a little thin voice crying,

"Here I come, Egbert; here I come."

"That's my name," the little old man said. The scuffling came nearer, and soon they saw the gillypus running through the grass.

"Little puppy," exclaimed Dicky, and he caught up a stick from the ground and hit the gillypus, and every time he hit it, the gillypus got larger and larger.

"Darling!" exclaimed Dulcie. "Don't hit Egbert's gillypus! Alice! Alice!"

"Kill little puppy," Dicky said. The gillypus was as large as a dog, now. "Cut little puppy in two," Dicky said, and the gillypus fell in two pieces.

"Look what you done!" said the little old man, and he hid his face in his elbow, and wept.

"I'm awful sorry," said Dulcie. "Dicky's a bad boy to cut your gillypus in two."

Then another little voice wailed from the grass at their feet, and they looked down and there was Dicky, no bigger than a lead soldier.

"That's because he made a bad wish," the redheaded boy explained, "a wish that hurt something."

"Don't step on him!" shrieked Dulcie, and almost at the same moment Dulcie and Alice were little like Dicky, and Alice picked Dicky up and held Dulcie against her with the other arm.

"You old fool," Alice shouted up to the little old man in her thin tiny voice, "look what you done! Don't you step on us!"

"I don't know what to do now," the redheaded boy said. "Dicky'll have to stay little until he does a kind deed for someone, and Dulcie and Alice won't get big again as long as Dicky must stay little."

"I think we all better get little, too," the little old man suggested, "so we can stay together."

"All right," the redheaded boy agreed. "That's the best idea."

"Not me," said George quickly. "I don't want to be that little. I wish I was home." And George just disappeared.

"I'm sorry he's gone," the little old man said. "I could have killed that lion, if I hadn't been so surprised."

Then the others were all little, like Alice and Dulcie and Dicky.

"Gee," said the little old man. They were in a huge forest of the funniest trees. The trees were green all over, and they were flat, like huge sword blades. and they didn't have any branches or leaves at all.

"That's grass," the redheaded boy explained. "We better go this way."

They went on among the funny flat trees, and soon they came to a yellow mountain.

"This is a funny mountain," the little old man said. "It's made out of wood." They walked along beside the mountain, trying to find a road up it. But the mountain went on across the path, and they couldn't get by it.

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"I know what it is," the redheaded boy said. "It's Egbert's gillypus."

"I wish I had my gillypus," the little old man said, and they stared in astonishment, for the mountain disappeared, and then the little old man said, "Something jumped in my pocket then." And he put his hand in his pocket and took out his gillypus. "Well," the little old man said, "I'm certainly glad to get this gillypus back again. It's the best gillypus I ever made."

So they went on, and they came out of the forest into a great desert, and standing in the middle of the desert was the biggest beast Alice had ever seen, or Alice's husband either.

"It's bigger'n that elefump," Alice said.

"It's just my pony," the redheaded boy explained. "He knows the way home, all right."

They went on across the desert, and then all of a sudden a jaybird twice as big as an eagle flew down at them. Alice caught Dicky up again and grabbed Dulcie with the other hand, and the jaybird whirled about them, trying to peck Dicky up with his beak. Alice's husband aimed his rifle and shot at the jaybird, but the jaybird kept on whirling about them, trying to eat Dicky up. The jaybird thought Dicky was a bug, because Dicky was so little.

"Put your hat on the ground!" the redheaded boy shouted to the little old man, while Alice's husband was fighting the jaybird, and the little old man put his hat on the ground and the redheaded boy wished the little old man's hat was as big as a soup plate, and it was; and they all got under it. They could hear the jaybird pecking at the hat, but he couldn't get in.

Finally they couldn't hear the jaybird any more, and Alice's husband raised the hat and looked out.

"He's done gone," Alice's husband said. Then he dropped the hat and jumped back inside. "Lawd save us," Alice's husband shouted, "here comes a earthquake!"

And all of a sudden the ground rose up beneath them and they tumbled over one another and fell down a big hill, and the hat rolled over, and down they went tumbling, and they could see the earthquake going on past them. They could see the ground hunching up like something was burrowing along under it.

"It's a mole," the redheaded boy said, "that's what it was. Come on, we better get back into the forest and think what to do."

They ran back among the funny flat trees again.

"I think," the redheaded boy said, "that we'd better wish Alice's husband big again, and we'll all get in his hat and he can carry us home."

So they wished Alice's husband big again, and he put his hat on the ground and picked them up one at a time very carefully and put them in the hat.

"You big fool," Alice shouted at him in her tiny high voice, "you pick me and this baby up easy, or I'll tear your head clean off and unravel your backbone all the way down to your belt."

Then Alice's husband picked up his hat and went on. Dulcie and Dicky and Alice and the redheaded boy and the little old man sat in the hat. They couldn't see anything except Alice's husband's head and the sky and the tree-tops, and after a while Dicky went to sleep, and Dulcie began to get drowsy. But she couldn't manage to get herself comfortable, because there wasn't a pillow in Alice's husband's hat.

I wish I was in my nice soft bed, Dulcie said to herself. "No I don't! No I don't!" she screamed, but it was too late, for she was again in her bed at home, in her room by herself. "I don't want to be here!" Dulcie wailed. "I want to find Mr. Egbert so he can tell me where the others went!"

And once more she was in front of a gray cottage with roses growing over the door. "This is not where I left them!" Dulcie said. "I want to be where Alice and Dicky and Maurice and Mr. Egbert and Exodus are." But nothing happened. Dulcie remembered her colored leaf, and she put her hand in the pocket of her dress. The leaf was gone.

Dulcie didn't know what to do. She stood in the road in front of the cottage,

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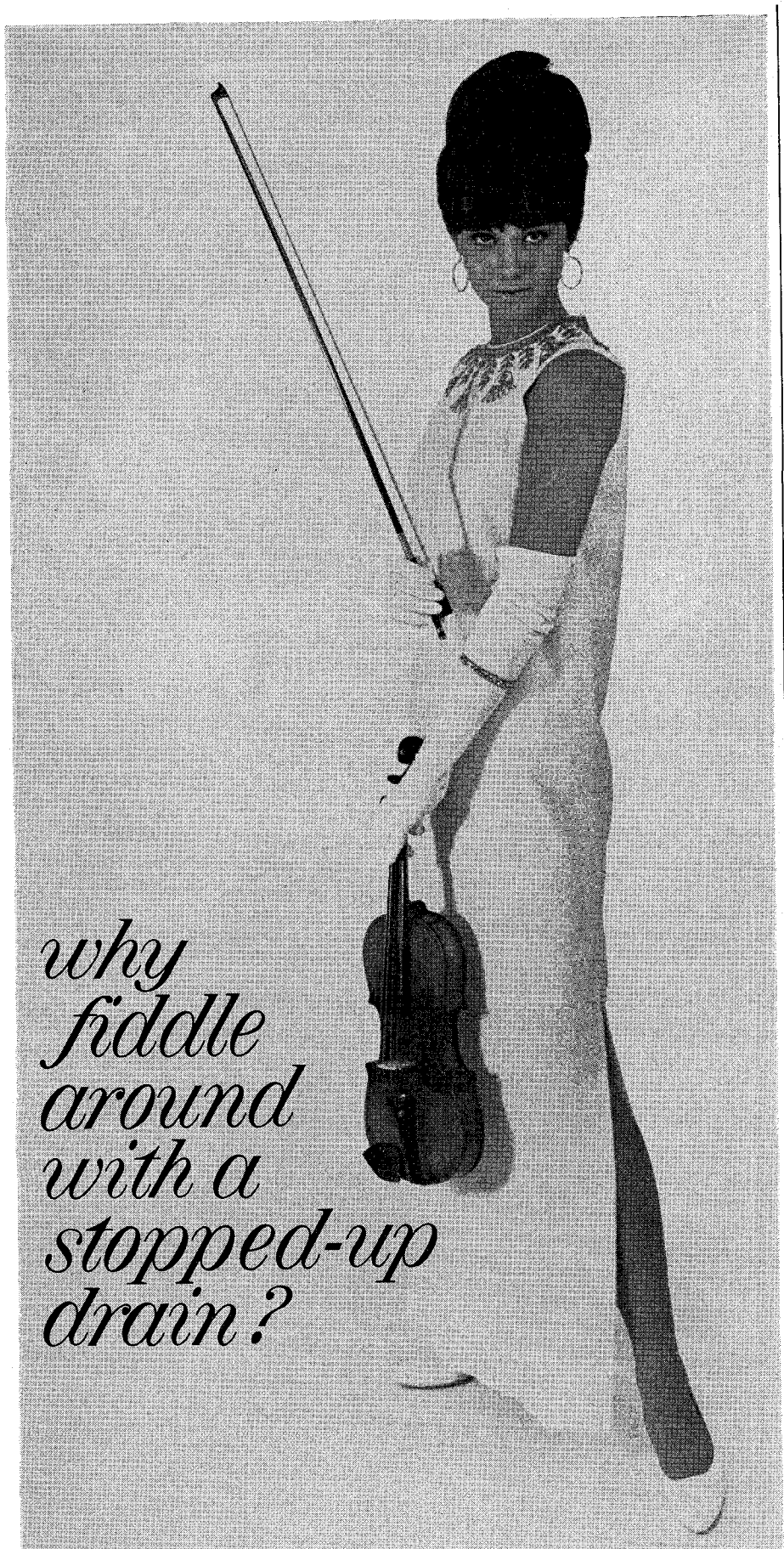

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and then she heard somebody chopping wood behind the house, and she opened the gate and entered the front yard. The door of the cottage was closed, and on the ground near the door were some slivers of wood where someone had been whittling with a knife, and scattered about the yard were a flatiron and a rolling pin and an alarm clock. Dulcie went on around the house and there was a little old man with a long gray beard, chopping wood. Dulcie went up to the little old man.

"Where are the others, Mr. Egbert?" Dulcie asked.

The little old man dropped his axe and whirled around. "Ma'am?" the little old man said.

"I've lost them," Dulcie explained. "We were all together there, and now I can't find them," she wailed.

"Was it a picnic?" the little old man asked. "I used to go to a lot of picnics."

"Why, you were with us. Did you get lost, too?" asked Dulcie.

The little old man had the kindest blue eyes. "I used to go to a lot of picnics," the little old man said. "But I ain't been to one now in a long while."

"Why, you were with us this morning!" Dulcie exclaimed with surprise. "Don't you remember? You had apple pie and ice cream!"

"Did I, now?" the little old man said. He waggled his long gray beard. "I used to be a great hand for ice cream, in my day. But we don't have ice cream very often, now." The little old man pushed the wood he had been chopping aside. "Won't you have a seat on this log?" the little old man said politely.

Dulcie sat down sadly. "Then you don't know where they are?" she asked.

The little old man sat down also. "Lordy, Lordy," he said, "it's been a power of years since I went to a picnic. But then, I ain't as young as I once was, and I've kind of got lazy. That's the reason I chop wood, you see, for a little exercise."

"How old are you?" Dulcie asked.

"I'm ninety-two this past gone April a year," the little old man replied.

"And so you don't know where they are," Dulcie said. "I was with them, and then I got l-lost, and now I c-can't f-find them, and I'm sc-scared," Dulcie wept.

The little old man jumped up nervously, and he made a clicking sound with his tongue. Suddenly he reached into his pocket. "Look what I made," he said.

Dulcie wiped her eyes and looked. "Why, it's the gillypus!" she exclaimed.

"Is that what it is?" the little old man said, pleased. "I didn't know what it was. You can have it, if you want," he added.

"I want Alice and Dicky," Dulcie said, weeping again.

The little old man clicked his tongue and put his hands in his pockets again. "Look here what I found in the road this morning. I thought at first it was a leaf, but now I believe it's a dragon's scale or a roc's feather."

Dulcie looked at the leaf and clapped her hands. While the old man held it, it was not any color especially, just a faint pinkish greenish color. "You can have it, if you want," the little old man said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Dulcie exclaimed, grasping the leaf tight in her palm.

"If we go on another picnic soon, we'll come for you," Dulcie promised. "Thank you, thank you!"

"I used to be a great hand for picnics," the little old man said, and then his wife opened the kitchen door.

"You, Egbert!" she shouted, and slammed the door again. The little old man caught up the axe and chopped wood furiously.

"Now," said Dulcie, clasping her blue leaf tightly in her hand and shutting her eyes, "I want to be where Dicky and Alice and Maurice and Exodus ——"

"Hello, Dulcie, hello, Dulcie!" they all cried, and Dulcie hugged Dicky and Alice, and Alice and Dicky hugged Dulcie, and Alice's husband gashed his mouth from ear to ear until all his teeth showed, and the redheaded boy watched them with his queer yellow-flecked eyes.

"How did Dicky get big again?" Dulcie asked.

"That old tramp los' his gillypus in one of the wrinkles in Exodus' hat, and Dicky foun' it for him," Alice explained. And Dulcie hugged Dicky and Alice again, and Alice and Dicky hugged Dulcie again.

"Come on," the redheaded boy said. They were in a valley now, and pretty soon they would reach a river. The valley was full of sweet odors, and they walked on and soon they saw a tree covered with leaves of a thousand different colors.

"It's the Wishing Tree!" Dulcie exclaimed.

"I guess that's what it is," the redheaded boy agreed, but when they got close to the tree the leaves flew up into the air and whirled about the tree, and then they saw that the tree was a tall old man with a long shining beard like silver, and the leaves were birds of all colors and kinds.

"Good morning, Father Francis," the redheaded boy said.

"Good morning, Maurice," the good Saint Francis replied, and the colored birds whirled and sang about him, lighting on his shoulders and head and arms.

"This is Dulcie, and Dicky, and Alice, and Alice's husband," the redheaded boy said.

"We are looking for the Wishing Tree," Dulcie explained.

The good Saint Francis looked at them and his eyes twinkled. "And did you find it?"

"We don't know," Dulcie replied. "We thought perhaps this is it."

The good Saint Francis thought a while, and the birds settled about him like a colored cloud. Then he spoke, and the birds whirled again into the air and spun around his head.

"Didn't you each pick a leaf from a tree back there in the forest?" the good Saint Francis asked.

"Yes, Father Francis," Dulcie said.

"Well, that was the Wishing Tree. But suppose there had been a thousand leaves on it, and a thousand boys and girls had each taken one, when the next one came along, there wouldn't be any leaf for him, would there?"

"No, Father Francis," Dulcie said.

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"So a wish you make that way is a selfish wish, isn't it?"

"Yes, Father Francis."

"Then," the good Saint Francis said, "give me your leaves so I can put them back, and instead I'll give you each one of my birds. And if you'll feed it and care for it, you'll never make a selfish wish, because people who care for and protect helpless things cannot have selfish wishes. Will you do this?"

"Yes, Father Francis," they all answered. So they gave the good Saint Francis their leaves, and in exchange he took from beneath his gown a wicker cage and he put a bluebird in it for Dulcie, and he took another cage and put an oriole in it for the redheaded boy, and he gave Alice a redbird, and to Dicky a little white bird with pale blue feather tips, because he was little and because he was Dulcie's brother.

"What about Alice's husband?" Dulcie asked.

"He will help Alice feed her redbird," the good Saint Francis replied. "Because if he leaves her again, he'll only be a selfish wisher."

"And George?" Dulcie asked.

"Wishing is not good for George," the good Saint Francis replied. "The first wish he made, he was punished for; the second wish he made, he frightened you all for no reason whatever; and the third wish he made, he deserted you while you were in trouble."

"But, Mr. Egbert," Dulcie said. "He deserves one, doesn't he?"

"Ah," answered the good Saint Francis, "he already has more than I can give him: he is old, and he no longer has any wishes at all. What became of him, by the way?"

"His wife come and got him," Alice answered.

"Then," the good Saint Francis said, "he doesn't ever need anything else."

He ceased to speak and the birds settled down again about his head and shoulders.

"Good-bye, Father Francis," they said. "And thank you." But the good Saint Francis only smiled at them from amid his birds, and they went on.

They came to the bank of the river. But the funniest thing was, it wasn't a flat river, but it stood up on its edge, like a gray wall.

"If that isn't the funniest thing!" Dulcie said, because the river was like the mist had been, and in it they could see a dim thing like a street stretching on between houses, straight in front of them, and the water smelled like wistaria.

"We'll have to go through it," the redheaded boy said.

"Oh, I'm afraid to," Dulcie said. "Wait." But the redheaded boy had already stepped into it, and Alice and Dicky and Alice's husband followed him. "Wait!" called Dulcie again, but they were only dim shapes, and the redheaded boy turned his thin ugly face and his queer gold-flecked eyes, while his hair made a little glow about him, and beckoned to her. "Wait," called Dulcie again, and she stepped into the mist too, and felt with her hands before her. But the others had disappeared ahead of her, and she could see only the faint glow of the redheaded boy's hair in the mist, and it was like she was in a round bowl of sleep, rising and rising through the warm waters of sleep, to the top. And then she would be awake.

And she was awake, and it was like there was another little balloon inside her, getting bigger and bigger, making her body and arms and legs tingle as though she had just eaten a piece of peppermint. What is it? she thought. What can it be?

"Birthday, birthday!" cried a voice near her, and her eyes flew open and there was Dicky jumping up and down on the bed beside her, and leaning over her was her mother. Dulcie's mother was beautiful, so slim and tall, with her grave unhappy eyes changeable as sea water and her slender hands that came so softly about you when you were sick.

"Look," her mother said, and she held out a wicker cage with a bluebird in it, and Dulcie squealed with delight.

"I wants a bird, Mamma," Dicky said, "I wants a bird, Mamma."

"You can have half of mine, darling," Dulcie said, and she let Dicky hold the cage, and she closed her eyes again and her mother's hand came on her forehead, and Dulcie remembered the good Saint Francis, and Maurice, with his queer eyes and his flaming hair. Well, she had her bluebird, even if it had been just a dream, and the good Saint Francis had said that if you are kind to helpless things, you don't need a Wishing Tree to make things come true. And next year she would have another birthday, and if she just remembered to get into bed left foot first and to turn the pillow over before she went to sleep, who knows what might happen? □

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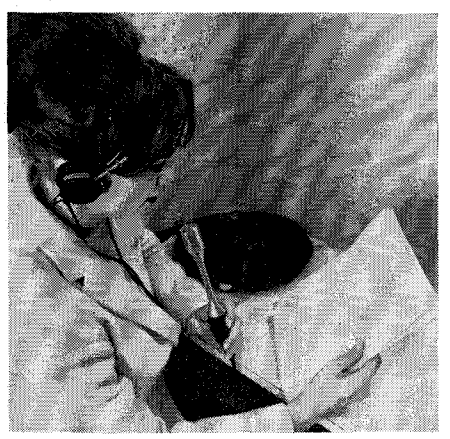

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BY
BERKELY
MATHER
Illustrated by Noel Sickles

No deal was too small or too dirty for Cronshaw, and when he met the lovely and innocent Mrs. Archer, he was sure he had the perfect victim.

THE DIAMOND WATCH

Only Jackie-jackie, the barman, smiled when Cronshaw came into Brady's out of the sunlight, and that was merely because Mrs. B. looked away long enough for him to get his slim, brown fingers into the cash drawer to palm two shilling bits. The others, even though Cronshaw held most of them in hock, pointedly ignored him. All except Blevins, that is, who had no reaction at all. Alone in his corner, he sat unmoving, hooded eyes blinking, as if by some ocular magic he could refill the empty glass in front of him. From the doorway, Cronshaw picked out the usual twenty or so who liked to gather here in the dark bar on hot Saturday afternoons—a couple of schooner skippers, three Fly River miners, some Jap divers from the pearling lugger anchored off the reef, a few fellows from the airport outside town, and Brannigan, the on-duty police sergeant, now hiding his stripes behind a Cascade beer ad on the end of the bar.

Cronshaw crossed the room and stood in front of Blevins. "Well? What did he say?" he asked.

"What would you expect him to say?"

"I'm asking *you*," said Cronshaw.

"Fine. I'd be delighted to tell you. He said you were the slimiest, lousiest, crookedest son of a pedigree lady dog that ever hit New Guinea, and that——"

"Wrap it up," Cronshaw snapped. "You know what I mean. About the contract?"

"He didn't say anything. He just signed it." Blevins drew a limp sheet of paper from the inner pocket of his sweat-blackened duck jacket.

"Good," said Cronshaw, half-smiling as he read the contract. "Here's your fee for drawing it up." He dropped a crumpled pound note on the table.

"Even O'Reilly gets more than that for two hours' piano-playing at Madame Eileen's."

"Matter of supply and demand," Cronshaw explained. "O'Reilly's the best piano player on the island. You're only one of three disbarred lawyers."

Blevins let him get to the door before calling softly, "Sorry, Mr. Cronshaw . . ." Cronshaw waved a pudgy hand in magnanimous absolution. "My mistake," continued Blevins. "The client said your mother was a *non*-pedigree lady dog." Cronshaw went back out into the sun, glaring at the sound of laughter behind him, and Mrs. Brady let Blevins have two doubles on the house. Cronshaw—property owner, trader, moneylender—was very rich, very tight with it, and loved by no one.

He stopped when he saw the girl under the jacaranda tree. She was young and lovely, and she was talking to his clerk, Hun Ming.

"This Missee Archer," Hun Ming said. "Come long way. Want see you right away."

"So?" Cronshaw asked brusquely. The last film he had seen was a thirty-five-year oldie featuring Erich von Stroheim, and the image of the German actor had remained with him as worthy of emulation.

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "I know it's out of office hours, but your clerk said that I might possibly find you here."

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," the girl said, but Cronshaw, to whom stresses and strains in others were aces and kings, could tell there was. Her hands trembled, and she avoided his eye. "I believe you deal in jewelry?"

"Might and I mightn't. All depends. You buying or selling?"

"Selling," she answered, producing a small morocco-leather case from an air-travel bag slung over her shoulder.

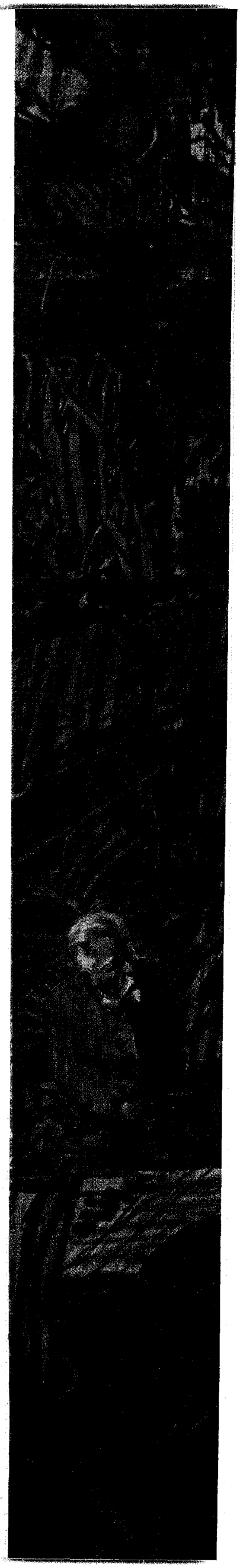
"Ah," said Cronshaw. "Bad time for selling. Prices down to hell for everything. But let's 'ave a squint at it."

She held the case out hesitantly, as if she were reluctant to let it go. He took it, snapped it open, and shrugged with elaborate indifference. "Hm, pretty little thing," he said. "Could be quite valuable—*if* it was genuine."

"Oh, but it is."

"Ah," said Cronshaw again. There was a lot of feeling in that "Ah." It said plainly that he was not a man to call a lady a stinking liar, even in the cut

"One platinum lady's watch. Set with sixty-three diamonds, plus eleven rubies in clasp. . . . You can leave this with me for security, little lady. Strictly business."



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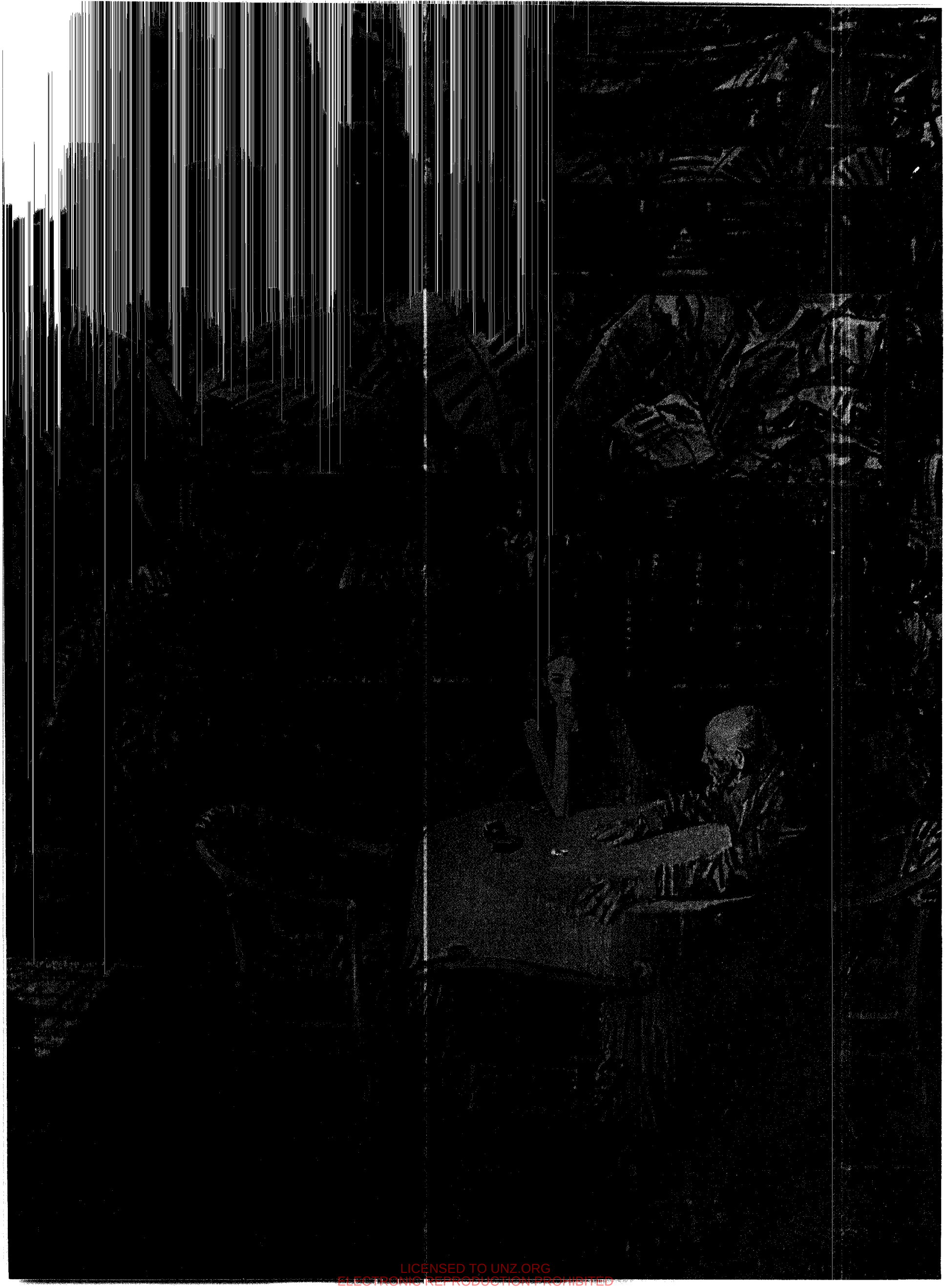

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and thrust of commerce, but that there were limits to his credulity.

"But please," said the girl, clearly distressed. "I have the insurance valuation certificate and the receipt for it here." She handed him a long buff envelope.

Cronshaw fished two papers from inside and read aloud, "One Grafberg lady's bracelet-watch. Movement number 27544. Platinum. Set with sixty-three diamonds, plus eleven rubies in clasp. Purchased from Sepstein and Greely, Bond Street, London, August eighth, 1962, by Eugene Farmer, Esquire . . ."

"My father," explained the girl.

". . . for the sum of six hundred and fifty pounds." He pursed his lips and cocked his pink head at her. "Hm, pity. No demand for this sort of stuff nowadays. Not in New Guinea, anyhow."

"I see," whispered the girl. She held out her hand for the case. "I'm so sorry to have troubled you."

"That's what I'm here for," Cronshaw assured her expansively. "Might be able to do something for you, in spite of the market. Blimey, it's hot out here, though. Can I offer you a cool drink in Brady's?"

"That's very kind of you, but . . ."

He took her elbow. "Come on, Miss ——?"

"Mrs.," she corrected him. "Archer."

"Brady's no place for a lady—sounds like a comic song, that, don't it?—but it's the nearest we have to a Ritz in Palangi." He steered her to a table at the secluded end of the verandah. "Don't think I've seen you here before."

"Best darned Chihuahua in town!"

"I've just come down from Fly River," she said.

"You don't look like a gold miner's wife to me."

"My husband's an engineer."

He nodded. "College-trained, diplomas and things. That's the way it goes nowadays. I remember when they used to go in with shovels and pan-rockers loaded on donkeys." His fingers beat a light tattoo on the tiny jewel case. "Still, to come back to biz. You want to get rid of this bit of nonsense, do you? What were you thinking of asking for it?"

She swallowed hard, and he could see she was screwing up her courage. "I was hoping for five hundred."

He shook his head sadly. "Sydney, now, or even Brisbane, different thing. Up here? Well, I ask you. I could be stuck with it for years. Supply and demand, you see. Sorry, little lady."

"Then what . . . what could you offer?"

"I'd be taking a flyer if I went up to—well, even a couple of hundred."

"I quite understand. It was only an idea. Stupid of me . . ."

"You won't do better than that with anybody else," he said. "Comes to that, there ain't anybody else, not in Palangi."

She rose and reached for the case. "I'm sorry to have troubled you," she said, "but I must go now. I have to get back to the airport or I'll lose my refund."

"Refund?"

"Combined ticket," she said. "Air to Brisbane, P. and O. boat on to London. They'll only hold it until four o'clock."

"I *see*," said Cronshaw. "And you're a bit shy on the fare?"

She nodded, her lips compressed.

"What about your husband?"

"I'm not prepared to discuss that."

"Like that, eh? How much you short of?"

"Seventy pounds."

"You're lucky. I've got exactly a hundred in my wallet, and the bank is closed till Monday."

"I couldn't sell it for a hundred, but thank you all the same for being so patient, Mr. Cronshaw."

He looked reproachful. "You don't think I'm trying to beat you down, do you? I was offering to *lend* it to you."

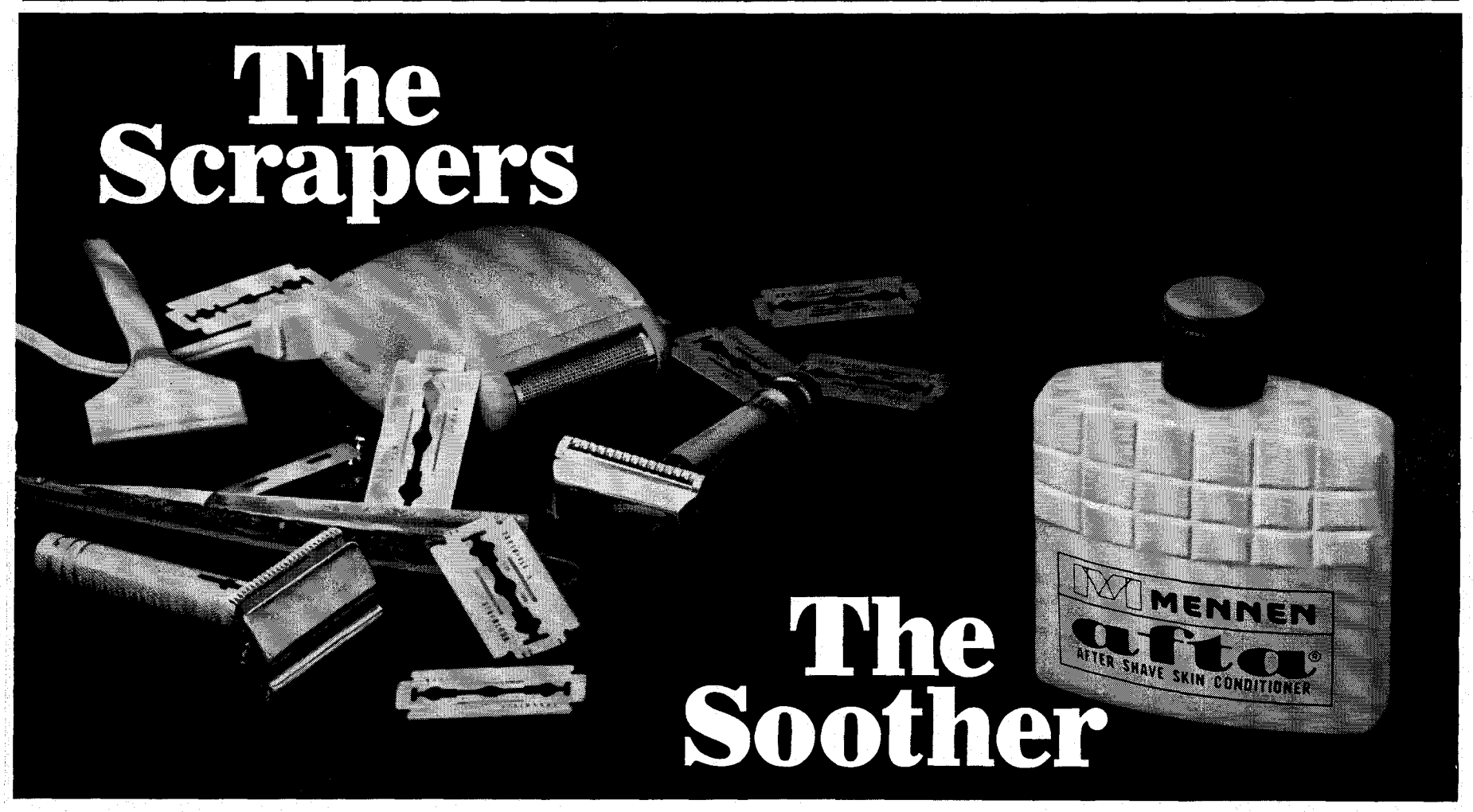
"*Lend* it to me? But you don't even know me."

"Oh, strictly business, little lady. I'll charge you interest on it. You bet your life I will. Five percent, in fact. You can leave this with me for security, and I'll mail it to you as soon as you let me have the money back."

"Oh, Mr. Cronshaw . . ." Words failed her, and she turned away.

"Think nothing of it," he muttered, genuinely embarrassed. "If a fellow can't help out occasionally—well, what the hell?" He rose and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll get a little paper drawn up, just to put it on a proper footing. Won't take a couple of shakes. Just you sit there."

Blevins, comforted by the two free drinks from Mrs. B., was dozing in his corner. Cronshaw shook him.



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"Wake up," he snapped. "I'm lending a Mrs. Archer one hundred pounds sterling at five percent on a Grafberg platinum, diamond, and ruby bracelet ticker as per details in this receipt. Knock that out in duplicate on Ma Brady's typewriter."

"Any terms?"

"Yuh, one month from date."

"That'll cost you two pounds, Cronshaw. Lot of trouble for a three-pound profit."

"That's got damn-all to do with you Just get it down. And listen, I want the one month tucked away into the legalese so that it doesn't hit you straight in the eye when you read it."

"I don't get it."

"Dig the fluff out of your ears. What I mean is, if she pays me the sum of one hundred and five pounds any time within the next thirty-one days she gets her watch back. If she don't, it becomes my property."

"Nothing too big or small or dirty . . ." said Blevins, climbing to his feet.

"Get a move on," said Cronshaw. "The lady's got to catch a plane at four—then she's got five weeks on a slow boat ahead of her, poor little soul."

After Cronshaw had had his dinner, and checked the receipts at Madame Eileen's, at the pool hall, and at the twenty-four-hour poker game he ran in the coconut grove behind the Methodist mission, he dropped into Brady's again for a final drink. The company had grown, as had the volume of noise it was producing, and Mrs. Brady was looking anxiously at Sergeant Brannigan. With good reason. As Cronshaw came through the door, a schooner bosun took a swing at a beefy young stranger, in the process overturning a tableful of glasses and bottles onto the floor. At once, Sergeant Brannigan and Jackie-jackie went into action, with nightstick and sawed-off billiard cue respectively, in an often-performed and highly perfected maneuver that, tonight, took only seven seconds longer than the all-time record of two and a quarter minutes. The sergeant delivered his statutory admonition on affrays and breaches of the peace after licensed drinking hours, shoved the grumbling crowd out into the night air, and departed.

Only three customers remained: Cronshaw, who was above the law; Blevins, who had slept through it all in his usual corner; and the young man who had been at the center of the fight and who now grinned disarmingly at the others from the top of the piano. Mrs. B. advanced on him with grim determination.

"Okay, you bastard," she snapped. "Pay up and get out."

"I'm not going anywhere, ma," the young man said mildly. "I've got a room here."

"Out!" she repeated. "And I'm holding your gear until you come back and settle for the damages and that last three rounds."

"I'll settle for it now if it'll make you happier," he answered. "How much?"

She ran her eyes around the barroom like a radar scanner. "Fifty quid if it's a penny," she said without blushing.

He slid down off the piano, pulled a harvest of crumpled single and five-pound notes from the pocket of his khaki shorts, and tried unsuccessfully to count them out. Cronshaw, as a matter of instinct, took over. "Sixty-four quid," he announced.

The young man smiled beatifically. "Well, that takes care of that. Help yourself, ma, and the balance'll see the next coupla rounds through. Join me in a jar, sir. . . and you, ma . . . an' the barman . . . oh, and the gent sleeping it off in the corner."

Mrs. B. scooped up fifty pounds, stuffed them down the front of her dress, and then smacked her palms down on the counter. "Name it, mates." Blevins, eyes still half-closed, ghosted up beside them, homing to the sound of opening bottles. The young man raised his drink to the group.

"Me pals up here, and the little girl who waits down there," he toasted.

"What little girl?" Cronshaw asked.

"Don't start him off again, for God's sake," Mrs. B. said. "His intended. Miss Marylin Gunter of Marrickville, New South Wales. Been on about her all night."

"And why shouldn't I have been on about her all night?" the young man demanded belligerently, with a drunk's lightning change of mood. "Answer me that, you bloody old ——"

"No vulgarity here, *if* you please," Mrs. B. said sternly. "If you can't keep proper control over your language you'll go out on your flamin' ear so damn fast that ——"

"Miss Gunter of Marrickville," Cronshaw interposed tactfully. "Good women are to be prized above rubies."

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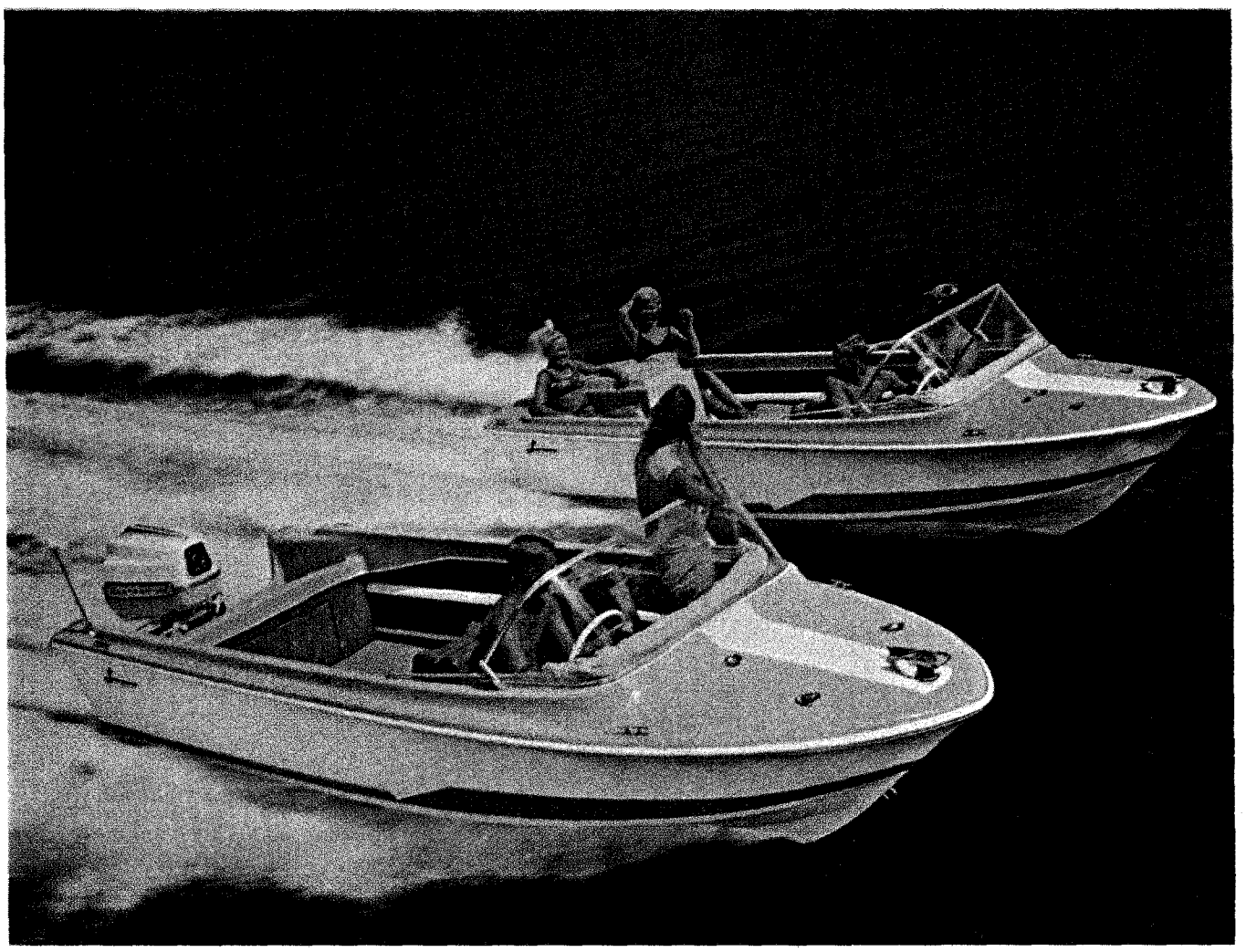

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THE DIAMOND WATCH

"Pearls," corrected the young man.

"Or pearls," Cronshaw agreed.

"That's what I want," the young man said. "Put 'em straight round her li'l neck when I get off the plane in Mascot. A dirty, big string o' pearls. Three years she's been waiting for me down there."

"You mean you want to buy some pearls?" Cronshaw asked, taking a deep breath.

"Three years, while I been toiling and moiling up there in those damn diggings, feeding on beans and bloody bananas until I made me pile."

"And now you're going to take her some pearls?" Cronshaw's eyes moistened. "Now, that's what I call really beautiful sentiment. How much was you thinking of going to?"

"What does that matter? You call it, I got it. Three years, I tell you, and there's been times when I nearly slung it in and went home empty-handed."

"Providence brought us together this night," Cronshaw said with feeling. "I'm in the business."

"Who the hell are you?"

"Cronshaw's the name."

"Bill Wybrow . . . and don't say 'rhymes with eyebrow' or I'll belt you one on the kisser. Nothing gets me madder than some silly idiot saying that. Have a drink."

"No, with me."

"I'm in the chair. Don't argue." He waved at Mrs. B. "Fill 'em all around. Doubles."

"Now, about these pearls, Bill. If you could give me some idea . . ."

"Big, big, big. Double string. Nice shiny diamond catch. Top-quality case with a silk lining."

"Ah, now, wait a minute. We deal in the raw material here, straight out of the ocean. I'd match 'em and size 'em, of course, but you'd have to have 'em pierced and strung in Sydney."

"No good. I want to lasso her with 'em as soon as I get off the plane. Don't want 'em rattling around in a dirty little canvas bag."

"Ah, but you don't understand——" Cronshaw began.

"Don't understand *what?*" Wybrow demanded. "You want to watch it, mate. Coming in here slinging your weight about. Who the hell do you think you are?"

Mrs. B. prudently scooped up the pound notes remaining on the counter and felt for the sawed-off billiard cue. Cronshaw smiled at her and shook his head.

"No, no, Bill. What I meant was . . ."

"And what *I* meant was, if you got what I'm looking for, I'll buy it. I could buy you and this joint as well, if I felt like it. If you *haven't* got it, drink up and shut up and don't talk out of the back of your neck."

"Of course, Bill," Cronshaw said soothingly. "No, I'm afraid I've got nothing ready made up. Not in the pearl line, but diamonds now, with a few rubies . . ." His fingers closed around the morocco case in his pocket.

"You talk too bloody much," Wybrow said, and yawned. "'Nother drink?"

"This sort of thing, f'r'instance," Cronshaw said, and flicked the case open. The little bracelet-watch cast dancing facets of light onto the darkened rafters above.

"You talk too much with nothing to back it up." Wybrow stopped speaking, his eye caught by the sparkle, and leaned forward. "Wait a minute . . ."

"I couldn't let you have this, of

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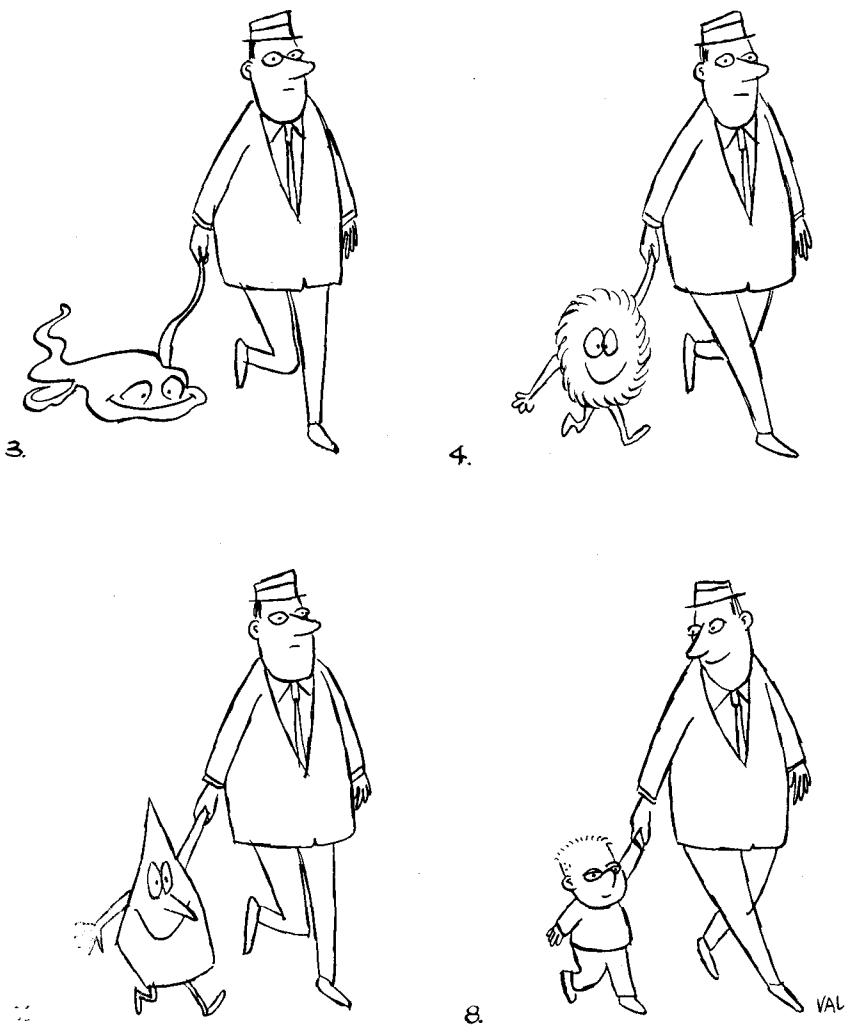

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

course," Cronshaw said gently. "It's on order to a very wealthy Chinese shipowner—for his newest concubine—but it does serve to show you the type of stuff I handle. Nothing but the best."

"That's it," said Wybrow. "Why the hell didn't you show us this, instead of giving out all that blather about pearls? How much?"

"Sorry, Bill, I can't disclose that. On order, see?"

"I said how much?"

"Nothing doing," Cronshaw said. "I couldn't sell it."

"And for once the bastard's telling the truth," Blevins murmured, yelping as Cronshaw kicked hard at his ankle.

"Come on, gents," Mrs. B. said, yawning. "Last orders, please."

"How much do you want for the watch?" said Wybrow. He pulled out a checkbook.

"Can't you take no for an answer?" said Cronshaw, getting irritable. "Here, give it back. I have to go to the john, and I'm not going to leave this room without the watch."

"Don't you touch it. You're as drunk as a skunk. Probably drop it down the toilet or something."

"Now look, Bill," Cronshaw wailed, but to no effect. The other had the watch and was not giving it up. Cronshaw shrugged, shot Blevins a warning glance, and wandered out to the rear regions of the building. He returned ten minutes later, looking really worried. "Bill, let's be sensible. Old Ching Moy could make things pretty awkward for me."

"Who the hell's Ching Moy?" Wybrow asked.

"Fellow that ordered this. The Chinese shipowner. Wants it for his new concubine."

"Never heard of him. What's he paying?"

"A thousand pounds. Out of your class, Bill. Now be a good bloke and hand it back. I'll find some nice little thing in my stock ——"

"What do you mean, out of my class?" Wybrow roared. "I could buy and sell any one—any *six*—of you jerks before breakfast, without feeling it. Give you eleven hundred."

Even Mrs. B. felt constrained to join in now. "Watch it, son," she said. Cronshaw shook his head, his hand still outstretched for the watch.

"Twelve," said Wybrow.

Cronshaw sighed. "You're making it damned hard for me, Bill," he said piteously. "Old Ching Moy could run me out of business for this. But, if you insist, twelve hundred it is. You're witnesses, you others. I didn't want to sell it. I did my best to get it back. Gawd! Who'd be in business in a place like this?"

Wybrow's pen was poised over the checkbook. "I know me own mind," he said. "What's your full name?"

Wybrow looked like a sick man when he staggered into the bar the following morning. Mrs. B. regarded him without favor and mixed him a Dead-man-go-jump-up, a concoction of pawpaw juice, Worcestershire sauce, and gin in equal proportions, poured over cracked ice. It was the staple Sunday-morning breakfast of her establishment.

"What did you let me do it for?" he croaked.

Mrs. B. raised her eyes heavenward. "Wouldn't you know it?" she asked. "They pour it down their bleeding necks like the Niagara Falls, then come and hang it on *me* next morning."

"I'm not talking about the booze,"

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Wybrow said. "I mean this damn watch."

"What about it?"

"I don't want it."

"You've got it."

"You can have it for a thousand."

Mrs. B.'s eyes narrowed. "You mean you're willing to drop two hundred in cold blood, just like that? Why?"

"Just don't like it, that's all. Come on, help a bloke out."

Mrs. B. shook her head. "Wouldn't touch it."

"Eight hundred."

"Why don't you take it back to Cronshaw and get your check off him?"

"That would be a climb-down," Wybrow said miserably. "I've got me pride. Five hundred. Come on, I'm checking out."

"No plane on Sunday."

"Going by schooner."

"Then you'll be wanting to settle your bill."

"Sure," said Wybrow, and produced his checkbook.

"Forty-three pounds, ten and eight-pence," Mrs. B. told him, and added, "Cash, please. Rule of the house."

"Er, I'm a bit short of the ready."

"Wait here," she said, and disappeared quickly through the rear door.

Blevins was sleeping it off on the back verandah. She stirred him with her foot, and said grimly, "Better go and find that boss of yours. I think that fellow Wybrow's slipped him a rubber check."

"Fine," murmured Blevins. "I hope it bounces higher than Mount Everest."

"Well, *I* don't," she said. "Cronshaw holds the lease on this place. He could make it awkward for me."

Blevins sighed, climbed to his feet, and staggered through the blinding sun to Cronshaw's house. But he didn't find him, either there or in any other of his known haunts, and, by mid-afternoon, Mrs. B. was getting very anxious. "There must be some way of holding Wybrow," she said to Blevins. "That damn schooner pulls out before sundown."

"You could swear out a warrant for your bill," he said, but she shook her head.

"He's raised it in cash," she said. "Come on, think of something. You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

"Ex," he answered. "No, there's no way of holding him if he wants to go. Other than Cronshaw having him pinched for obtaining goods by false pretenses."

"Couldn't you do it for him?"

"Not bloody likely. He hasn't taken *me* for anything. Serves that fat crook right. Now, how about a drink? I've tramped my feet off around this darned town."

Cronshaw came into the bar shortly after ten the next morning and greeted Mrs. B. and Blevins affably.

"Where the hell have you been?" Mrs. B. squawked.

"Up the reef, fishing with old Len Marsh. Why?"

"That bully boy slipped you a bad check. I'm sure of it. We've been looking for you everywhere."

"Glad you didn't find me," Cronshaw said. "A man needs a nice relaxing day sometimes. But what makes you think it was a bum check?"

"He tried to sell me the watch," Mrs. B. went on breathlessly. "Came down to five hundred."

"No sense of values," Cronshaw said sternly. "It's blokes like them Fly River fellows that inflates the market. Tch, tch. Fancy buying a nice little bit of nonsense like that for twelve hundred and trying to *give* it away for five. Oh, well, easy come, easy go's their motto, I suppose." He suddenly beamed. "But that check didn't bounce. It's just been paid into my account." Then he started to laugh. He laughed until the tears ran down his blubbery cheeks.

"Oh, blimey!" he gasped. "Oldest one in the book. A fellow hits town on a Saturday after the banks have closed, makes a splash, very free with the drinks. He buys something expensive from a local resident—pays by check—then later tries to sell it for a quarter of its value, knowing damn well that somebody will tip the mug off, and the mug will panic and have him pinched and slung in the clink over the weekend. Then on Monday the check is honored, and the fellow has a lovely case against the mug for defamation of character and wrongful imprisonment. A jeweler in Bombay once got caught for fifteen thousand in damages that way. Can you imagine what a local jury would have carved *me* up for?"

"But, but . . ." stammered Mrs. B. "Everybody would know it was a trick."

"Of course they'd know, but that doesn't alter the law, does it, Blevins?"

"'S'right," Blevins said. "You have a man wrongfully committed and you're wide open. But you still took one hell of a risk. The check might *not* have been honored."

Cronshaw smiled again and dug Blevins in the ribs.

"Me? Take a risk?" He chuckled. "Not Mrs. Cronshaw's little boy. Why do you think I left the bar the other night? I phoned old Temperly, the bank manager—got him out of bed. He didn't like it, but he told me what I wanted to know. Sure, Wybrow had opened an account with him on Saturday morning—fifteen hundred pounds—in cash. I was waiting on the doorstep when they opened this morning, before me laddo had a chance to stop payment."

"Talk of the devil," said Mrs. B., and looked past them toward the door. Wybrow was just entering. He grinned at Cronshaw.

"You win," he said. "No hard feelings, I hope?"

"Not a one in the world, boy," Cronshaw boomed.

"Then how about buying it back from me?" Wybrow said. "Reasonable profit to yourself, of course."

Cronshaw winked. "You keep it for the little lady—Miss Gunter of Marrickville. She'll love you for it." And he rolled out, bellowing and choking, the dejected Blevins following on his heels.

He was still laughing when he reached his office. He stopped when young Mrs. Archer rose from the chair in front of his desk.

"I missed the plane," she said timidly, "so I stayed at the Y.W.C.A. hostel, and I had time to think. I'm going back to my husband to make a new start." She held out a sheaf of pound notes. "One hundred and five pounds, Mr. Cronshaw, and thank you so very, very much for your kindness. May I have my watch, please?"

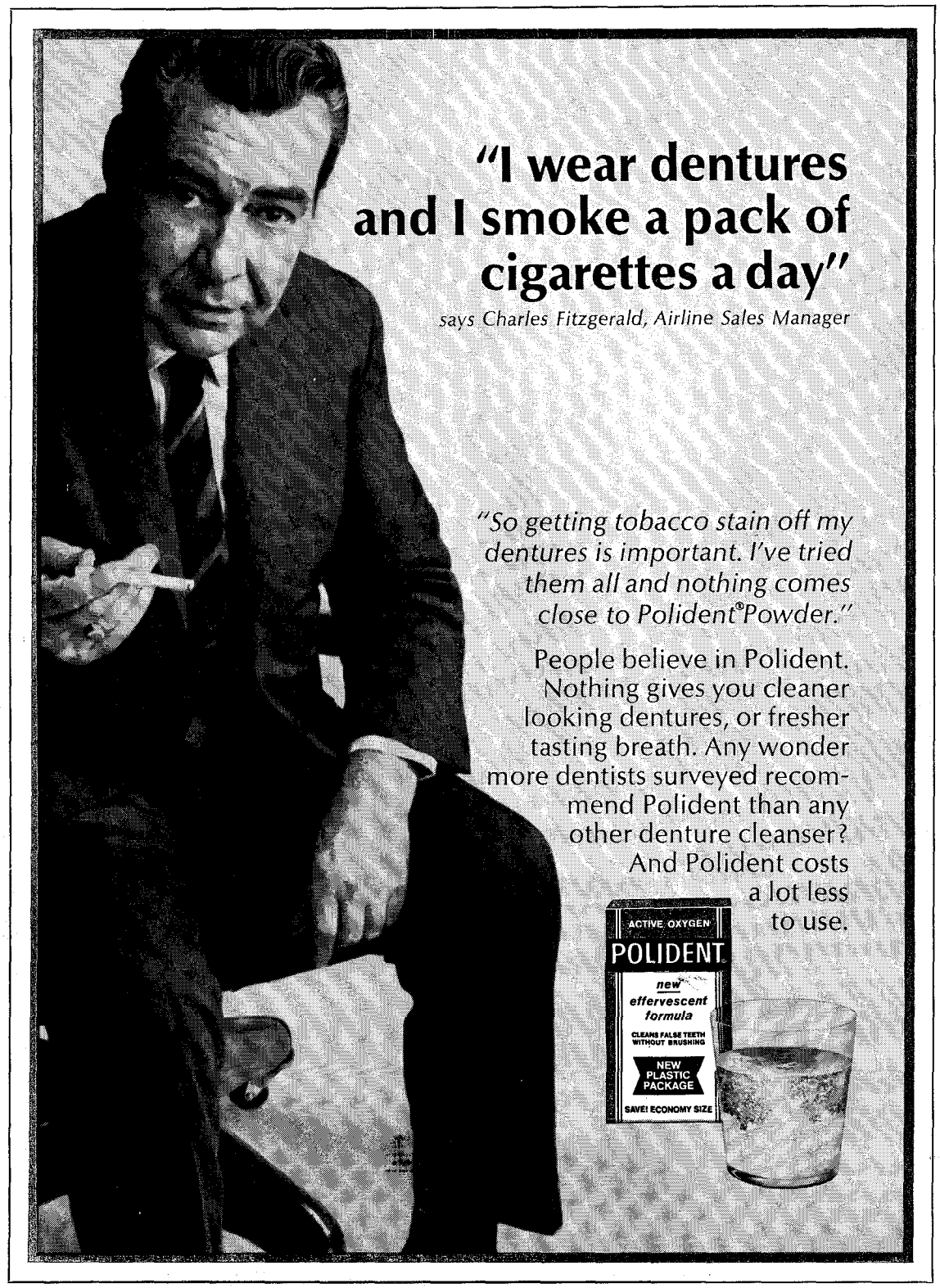
Cronshaw, his mouth opening and closing soundlessly, mumbled something and pulled Blevins out onto the verandah. "What can she do?" he asked. "Blevins, you've got to help me. I've been a pretty good pal to you, one way and another."

Blevins stroked his chin pensively. "Largely depends on the jury, of course. They dislike you so much locally, don't they? Stealing while bailee—Police Offenses Ordinance of the Territory of New Guinea. Possibly two years on conviction, with automatic deportation, of course."

"Get it back from him, get it back!" Cronshaw babbled. "I'll keep her here."

"Better let me have a blank check," Blevins said. Tears welling in his eyes, Cronshaw made one out.

It cost him twenty thousand, and, that afternoon, Mrs. Archer and Mr. Wybrow—Mr. and Mrs. Archer-Wybrow, to be more exact—flew on to new pastures, taking Blevins, their newly appointed business manager, with them, and leaving behind Cronshaw, staring into space in the shade of the jacaranda tree. □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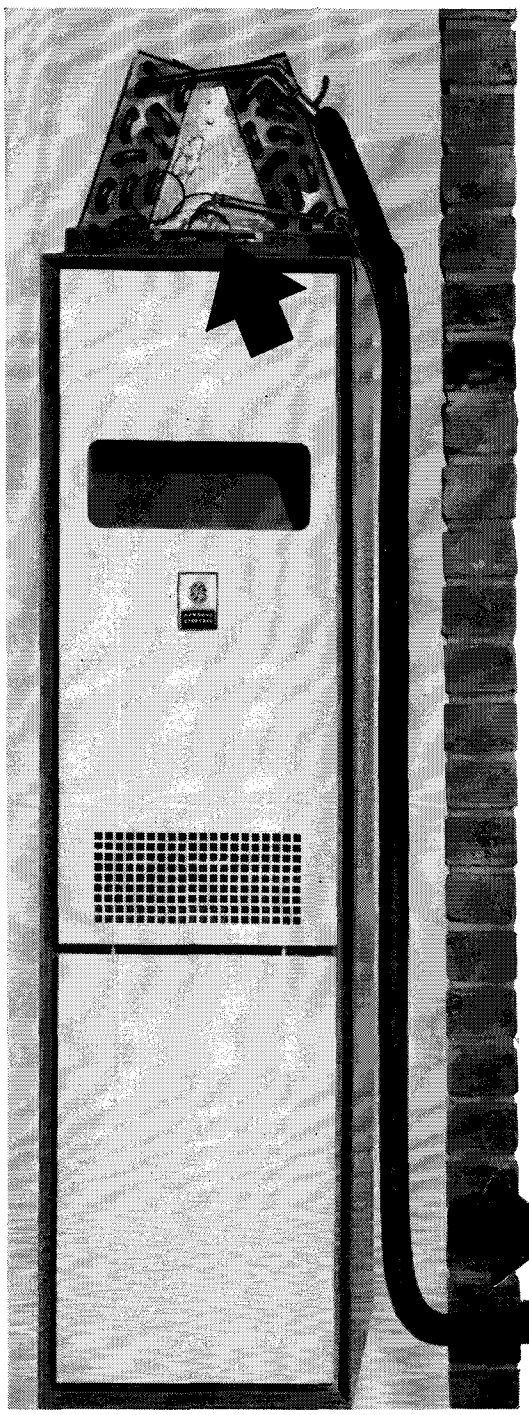

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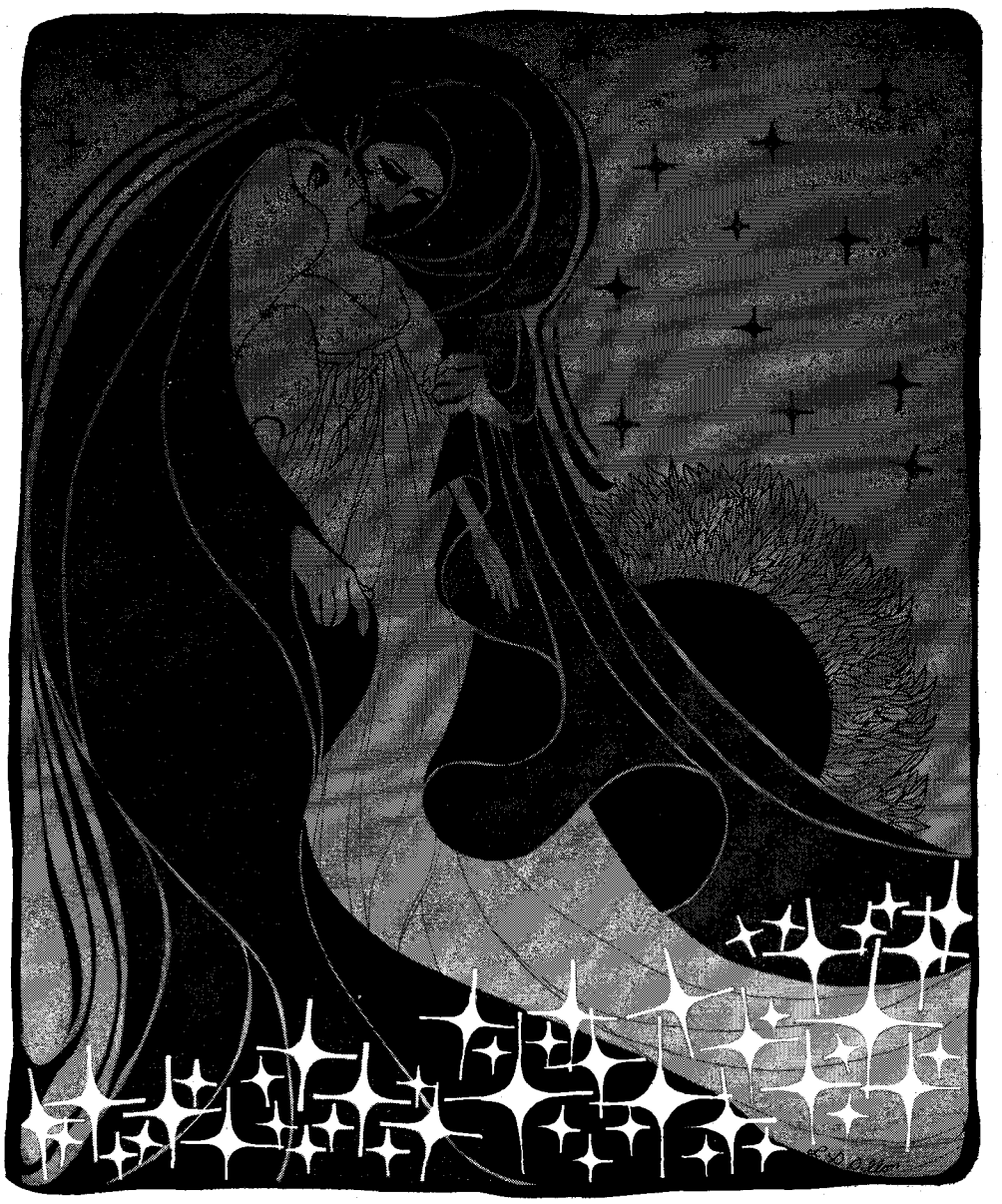
DARK ONES

BY JAMES DICKEY



We in all lights are coming

Home transfixed and carried away
From where we work:
when the sun moves down
The railroad tracks, and dies a little way
Off in the weeds, lights we have made come on
And carry us: this is how
We are coming, O all
Our dark ones, our darlings.

Now we float down from aircraft

From trains now at our car
Lights the doors
of our home
Garage spring open we enter and fall
Down in our souls to pray for light
To fail: fail pleasantly with gin,
With problems of children but fail fade
Back into our tinted walls:

Let the airports carry it all night

Let the highways support it on their poles
Shining on beer-cans
rolling drunk in the weeds
After their one fearful bounce:
Lord, let those lights give up
On us: office lights, cast like shade
On fire, from their banks of blue sticks:
A light like the mange, on papers,

On the heads emerging from scratch-pads,

Those crammed, volcanic faces
Dreadful to see.
All those are creatures
Of light. Let them leave me let all
Human switches be finally snapped
Off at once let me go with my dark
Darling, into myself: O let there be
Someone in it with me:

Let us move everything
Off us, and lie touching
With all we have.
O creature
Of darkness, let us lie stretched out
Without shadow or weight.
Fasten your hand where my heart
Would burst, if I moved
From your side. You are

Who holds. Hold then hold my heart

Down from bursting
Into light:
hold it still and at rest
In the center of walls
That cannot get their colors
Back without light: O Glory: there is nothing
Yet at the sill no grain or thread
Of day no light as the heart

Beats, feeding from your hand.

Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon

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Chevy pickups become family affairs

The 1967 Chevy Fleetside is a lot of truck. And a lot of fun for all sorts of family activities.

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You could call it a second car with a dual personality. On the one hand it's built to take to any task. A real trucker's truck—the toughest pickup Chevy's ever built. New ideas like full height double-wall sides to strengthen the pickup box. A new touch in tailgates too—it opens with a simple one-hand operation. And the pickup box is built a different way to eliminate all of the exposed joints. So it won't catch a bad case of corrosion on wet days.

The other side of Chevy's character is this. It's newly styled to please for commuting, camping or what have you. Once inside the cab you'll hardly know it's a truck. Dress it all the way up to bucket seats, carpeting and a choice of automatic transmissions if you wish. But even beyond the looks, the new Chevy Fleetside rides and handles like a passenger car. Makes it a real pleasure for everyone in the family—drivers and passengers alike. Stop by your Chevrolet dealer's and take a second look at what's new in family affairs. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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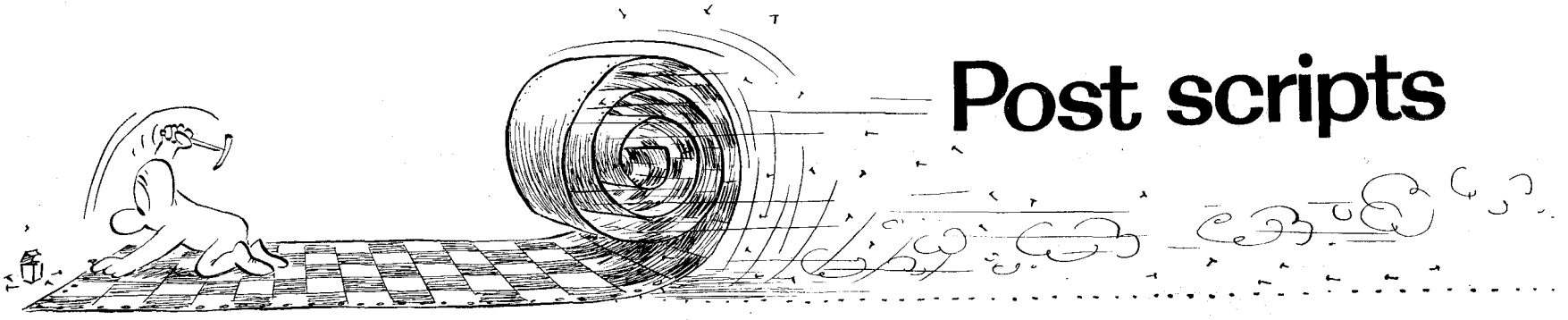
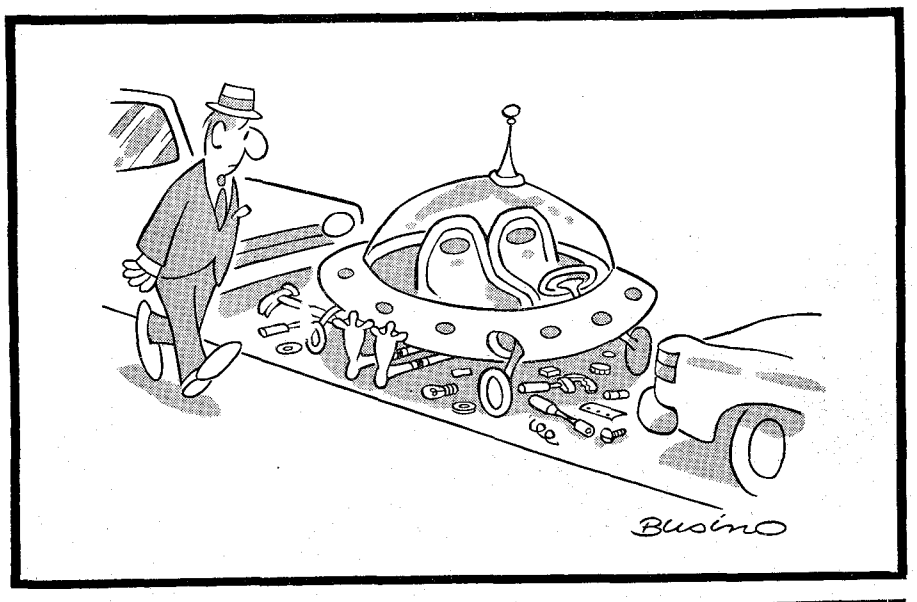
Post scripts



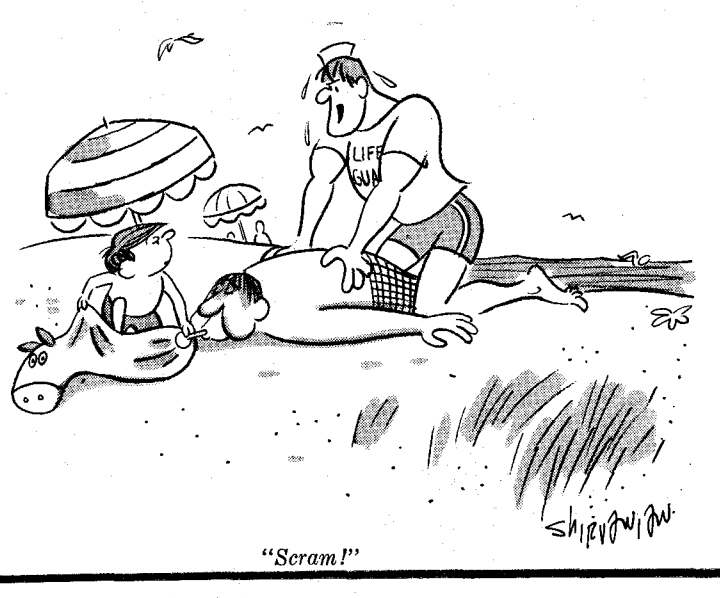


"He doesn't wanta play war . . . says he'd rather negotiate."

"Perhaps if you asked in a nice way, the Draft Board might give you enough time to get over your alienation and identity crisis."

"God bless you, Sonny, and your splendid right-wing organization."

"Edwin! You remembered our anniversary!"



"Scram!"

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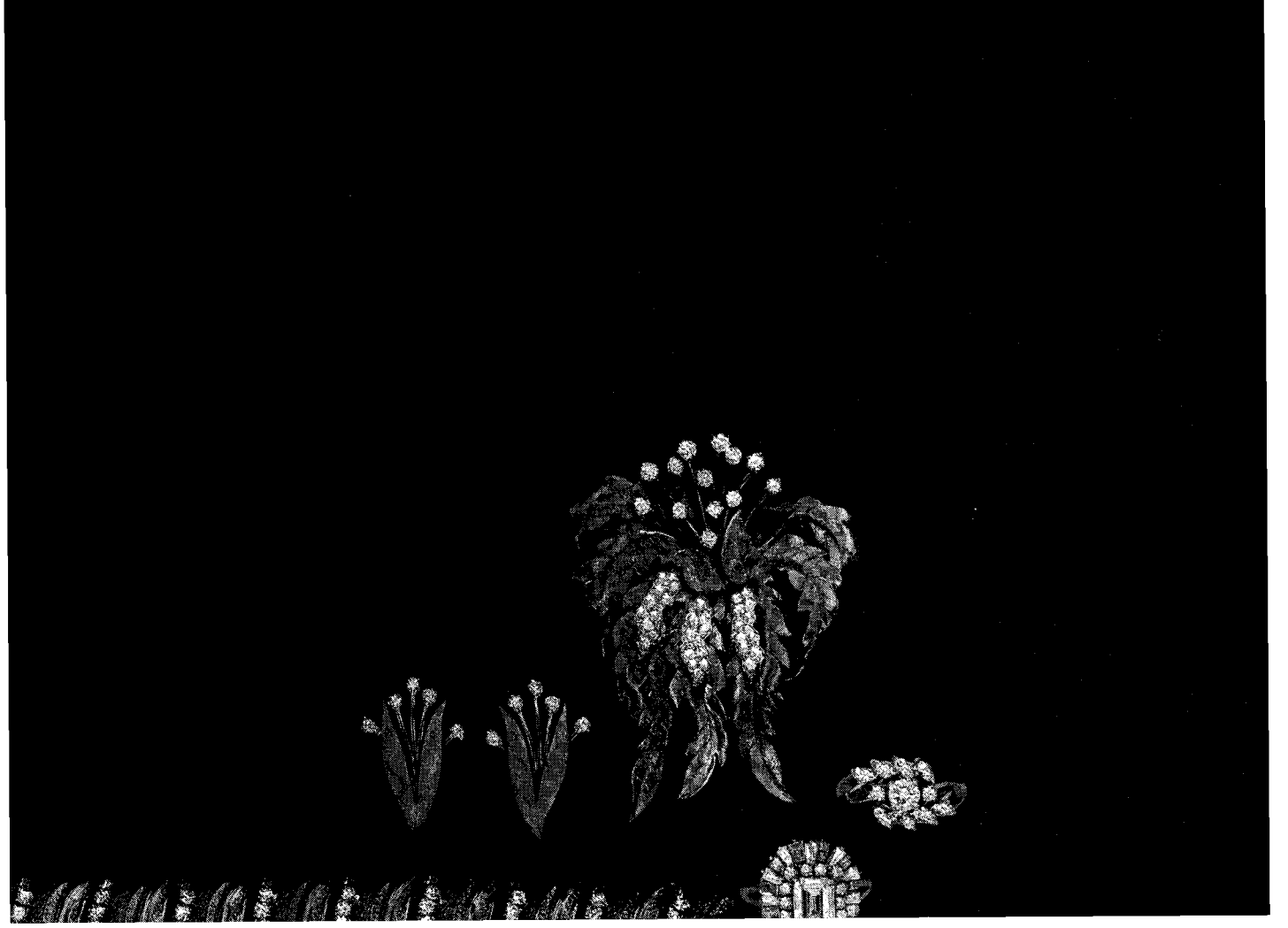

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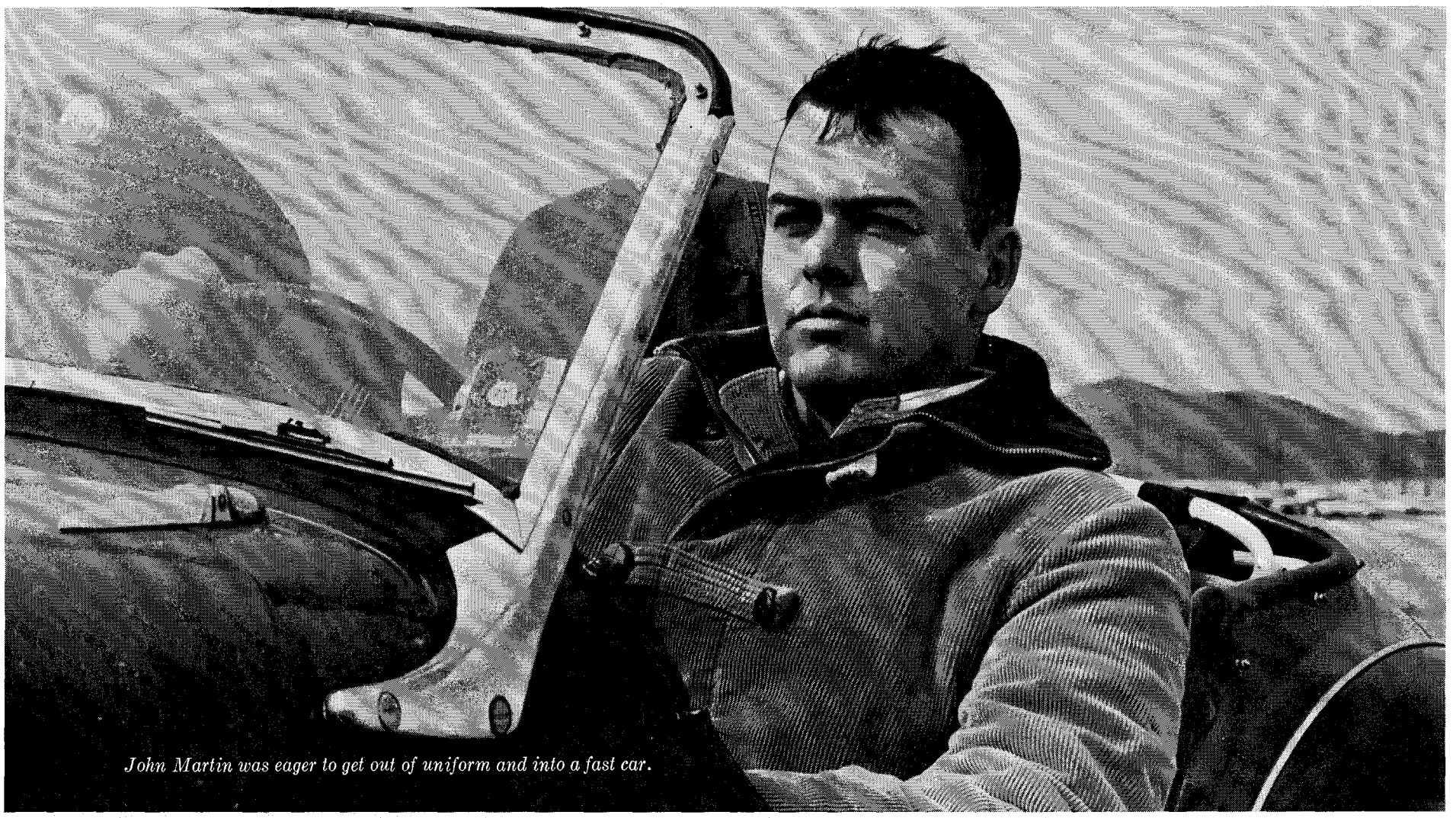

John Martin was eager to get out of uniform and into a fast car.

MY SON COMES HOME FROM VIETNAM

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Every parent, wife and sweetheart dreams of this glorious day. A Post editor who visited his soldier son in a combat zone last spring tells what it's like to have him back home again.

The last time I had seen him was at dusk on a rainy day last spring, in the highlands of Vietnam. The chopper that was taking me back to Saigon lifted up above the shell-torn forest where the troops were digging in, and as it rose, I looked down to see a trooper setting up a machine gun in the red earth of a new-dug hole. He looked up and waved, and I waved back and yelled, "Goodbye," though I couldn't be sure it was he. In the dark and the rain all the gaunt Air Cavalrymen in their wet combat greens looked pretty much alike.

They look pretty much alike in dress blues, too, I discovered. At least they do in the brightly lighted corridors of an airport, when you have waited a long time for them to come home. His mother would say, "There he is," and break into a teetering, high-heeled trot every time she saw a uniform coming toward her in the distance. But they all turned into strangers as they came nearer, and we got to the gate just as his plane, its jet engines whistling, nuzzled up to the tunnel down which the passengers would come.

After what seemed a long time, they started getting off, and just to ease the tension, I started counting: "One, two, three, four" (civilians—salesmen by the looks of them) . . . "seven, eight, nine, ten" (all old ladies) . . . "eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen . . ." Then I stopped counting. For there he was, towering above all the other people in those thick-soled boots of his, and looking much taller than I remembered him.

His Mama grabbed him, and he grabbed her, and the people getting off the plane had to go around them as they stood there hugging each other. But the other passengers only looked annoyed for an instant; then they noticed the big horse-head patch of the 1st Cavalry, and the ribbons, and they understood what was happening. Here was a soldier coming home from Vietnam, and his folks had come to meet him. So they just smiled and walked on, smiling.

He looked over her shoulder and saw me, and I must have been grinning from ear to ear, for he said, "What are you looking so solemn about, Papa-san?" He reached out his hand, and we shook, being careful not to hug each other, just as we had remembered not to hug each other the last time we met, by his foxhole at An Khe. We walked down to get his duffel bag, and he looked grand, with the ribbons on his chest—the Purple Heart for the bullet wound in his left leg, and the Air Medal they give the AirCav troopers for flying into combat in helicopters. But he was so slim now that his uniform hung on him, and he limped just a little, not on the left leg but on the right. He had chipped a bone in that knee one time when a chopper couldn't land and he'd had to jump from about 10 feet up, carrying a machine gun and a load of ammunition.

When we got to the car, his mother told him she was sorry, she knew he'd like to drive her new car, but she didn't think he'd better, having been away so long. You could see he was itching to drive it. In all his letters home he had talked about cars. But he just laughed and slid in beside her, up front. And he turned off the soft music that was playing on the radio and tuned in the old loud-squalling country music that always filled his room when he was growing up.

The sound of this wailing music, I guess, was what made me realize he actually was home at last. It didn't matter that he was only on leave, and would be off again in six weeks, to spend the rest of his three-year enlistment helping train new

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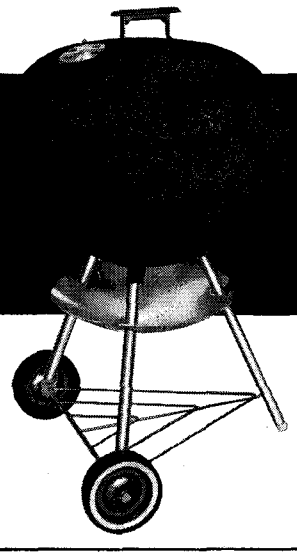

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troops. He was home, home from the war. I gave silent thanks and prayed that God would bring safely home all those who were still out there fighting; and above all that He would heal the hurt of the parents and wives whose sons and husbands had gone out and would not come home. And feeling a sudden great surge of pride and gratitude and affection, I reached over and patted him on the shoulder.

Five minutes later we were snarling at each other like two strange hounds. It was just after noon, and I had to go back to the office. I asked him if he'd mind stopping off with me for just a minute, to say hello to the people there who always asked about him.

"I'll do it tomorrow," he said.

I knew what that meant. He wanted to get out of that uniform. He'd come down tomorrow, as he had promised. But he'd be wearing slacks, and loafers, with his shirttail out. That is not what a father wants when his son comes home from the war.

"No," I said. "Today. Now."

He gave a long, exasperated sigh. "Oh, hell," he said, "OK."

On the elevator going up I noticed he'd left his jacket unbuttoned.

"Button the jacket?" I said, making it a suggestion. "Buttoned up, it looks like a tent," he said.

"You wearing the uniform of the U.S. Army, or the Acme Diaper Service?" I said. "Button up the jacket."

He buttoned it, looking mad. We went in, and he said hello to all the people, and they all told him how handsome he looked in his uniform, and how pretty his ribbons were.

That night when I got home I heard the guitar plunking up in his room. I went up, wondering if he was still sore. I stuck my head in the door, tentatively, and he said cheerfully, "Hiya, Dad. Come on in." He was standing in the middle of the room in his shorts, playing rough chords on his guitar. It had been more than a year since he'd wrapped this beautiful instrument in an old red-flannel nightgown and laid it away in its case; now his fingers had grown stiff, and the fingertips were sensitive and tender when he pressed them against the strings. The music didn't come soft and sweet and easy, as it used to when he stroked the chords.

He'd been unpacking, and all around him lay his gear—some of it still colored by the red dust of Vietnam. He picked up a long-handled knife with a thin curved blade. There was a dark stain on the blade.

"This is Charlie's junior-grade machete," he said. "It doesn't look like much of a weapon, but he can take your head off with it."

That night he went out to see his girl, wearing a dark-blue suit that hung on him loosely, for he'd been a heavy man before Vietnam. When he came in I was asleep, and when I left the next morning he was asleep. So I didn't see him until late the next afternoon. He was standing in the backyard beside something that looked like a blue-painted bomb on wheels. He looked at it with his eyes shining.

"Get in," he said.

"How?" I asked, for even with the canvas top up, it stood only about waist high to me.

"Like this," he said. He stuck his right leg in, bent over, ducked, got one shoulder in, slid gingerly into the bucket seat on his side, pulled the other leg in and slammed the door. After three tries, I made it on the other side.

"Grab onto the panic bar," he said, pointing to a chrome-plated rod in front of me. He pushed a button, and a great bellowing sound came from beneath the hood. The speedometer said the monster would go 120 mph. The mileage gauge said it had already gone 62,000 miles. From the way it roared and shook and snorted, it must have gone all of them flat out.

He clutched and shifted, and we were out of the driveway and thundering down the quiet, residential street. "Where'd you get this thing?" I yelled over the roar of the engine.

"Bought it," he yelled.

"You just walked into some Honest John's used-car lot, and said, 'Gimme that blue one—'?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"So how much?"

"Seven hundred dollars," he yelled.

"Judas Priest!" I said.

By this time we were going down the hill toward the high school. It was a holiday, and no kids were around. We roared into the school's parking area, whirled in a tight circle around the flagpole, the rear end sliding on a scream of protesting rubber, and headed for home. The neighborhood dogs took cover.

Back home, he pried me loose from the machine with the help of several kids attracted by the noise.

"Well," he said. "Whatta ya think?"

"I think I know what I'm going to give you for your next birthday."

"Yeah?" he said, suspiciously. "What?"

"Roll bar, safety belt and a crash helmet," I said. "You roll over in this thing, and you'd be better off getting hit by a Viet Cong mortar. . . ."

"They build 'em not to roll," he said. "Let us pray," I said.

I went into the house. I didn't want to tell him that if I were his age, and I'd been where he'd been, it was just the kind of car I'd have bought. Even if it did take half my saved-up pay.

After that we didn't see much of him. We went to church together a couple of Sundays, and to dinner and the movies once. But that was about all. He'd go out early in the evening, and come home very late, and then he'd sleep all day.

One night he didn't come home at all. I woke up about five o'clock in the morning, and down the hall I could see the light in the living room was still on, which meant he hadn't come in. So I lay there, listening, hoping to hear the rumble of his engine in the driveway as he eased in, throttled down, trying not to make any noise. Now and then, far off, a siren wailed. Police or ambulance, I couldn't tell which.

An hour passed, and two hours. Finally I got up and went to the kitchen to fix a cup of coffee. And he came in. He was red-eyed and rumpled-looking.

"Where the hell have you been?" I started to say, then stopped and switched it to "Why the hell didn't you let us know you weren't coming in?"

He looked at me. "Can you imagine saying to somebody, 'Wait a minute, honey, till I call my Mama and Papa to tell them I won't be home'?" he asked.

Before I had a chance to answer that, his mother came in, and she chewed him out too, and he stood there, not saying anything. Then, as daylight came, he went on upstairs to bed. And we sat there, drinking coffee, and wondering what to do.

That night he came in early, around midnight. I was still up, and he came back to the den and sat down. The storm of the morning had blown over.

The late news on the TV was about Vietnam. He watched, fascinated, the familiar pictures of the patrols going out, the newscaster talking against the background of a burning village.

"What do you remember, mostly, about your time out there?" I asked.

"Two or three things," he said, after a minute. "First, there was always noise, even at base camp. Somewhere in the background the artillery was firing, or there was a chopper flying over, or a plane. . . .

"The main thing I remember, though, is the guys, the friends I made out there. The action all sort of blurs together, the patrols, the chopper flights. But the guys stand out. I can remember their faces—how they moved on patrol, little habits they had.

"One thing I learned: what somebody wrote was true—in Vietnam there's no white and black—only olive drab. You look to one side, there was a white boy, and you look to the other side, and there was a colored boy. It made no difference. Some of the Negro soldiers were great soldiers, and I'll remember them all my life."

He fell silent again, and after a while I said, "You told me out there that you spent a lot of time wondering whether when you did get home, the reality would be as good as the dream. Is it?"

"In some ways better," he said. "I never felt so good in my life as when the plane let down, and I looked down and saw the old red hills, and the dirt roads, and the shabby little houses, and the old pine fields. It wasn't much to look at, but it was home. And when the wheels hit the runway, my heart was going bump, bump, bump.

"The big thing, though, was seeing all the guys I used to know in high school or college. Most of them were a little chubbier than I remembered them, and a little more settled down than they used to be. They all had jobs, selling things like real estate, and insurance, and some of them were married and had babies.

"They hadn't really changed much, though, and I think they were surprised to find out I hadn't either. I think they thought I'd come back turned into some hard-eyed killer type, and it surprised them when they found out I was just like I always was. So we ended up doing just about what we'd always done—sitting up till they closed the joint, at Ruby Red's or Kitten's Korner, or the Pink Pussy Cat. . . ."

"And that was as good as the dream?"

He thought a minute.

"Yeah. I guess. But you know, a funny thing. Sometimes I'd be sitting in some place with the horns going wild and the joint jumping. And all of a sudden I'd find myself looking at my watch, and figuring that just about now, at An Khe, the Second of the Fifth would be climbing aboard the choppers, going out in the rain, to hunt Charlie."

He yawned, and I looked at my watch. It was 4 A.M.

That was the last time we had a chance to talk. Not long afterward, on a bitter cold morning, we got him up early and fed him an enormous breakfast, and he loaded his gear in the blue bomb. The only place his barracks bag would fit was sitting up in the bucket seat on the right-hand side, and he strapped it there with the safety belt. He put his peaked dress cap on top of it and stepped back.

"Makes me homesick for Vietnam," he said. "It looks like Sergeant Zubrod." I had met his bear-shaped platoon sergeant at An Khe.

It was a feeble joke, but we both laughed. He climbed in under the wheel, and the engine coughed and wheezed and snorted a couple of times, then broke into a steady roar. He sat there for a second and then climbed out, leaving the engine running, and went back into the house and grabbed his mother, who was watching out the window, and hugged her once more. He came back out and flipped me a quick handshake across the top of the car. And then he was gone. □

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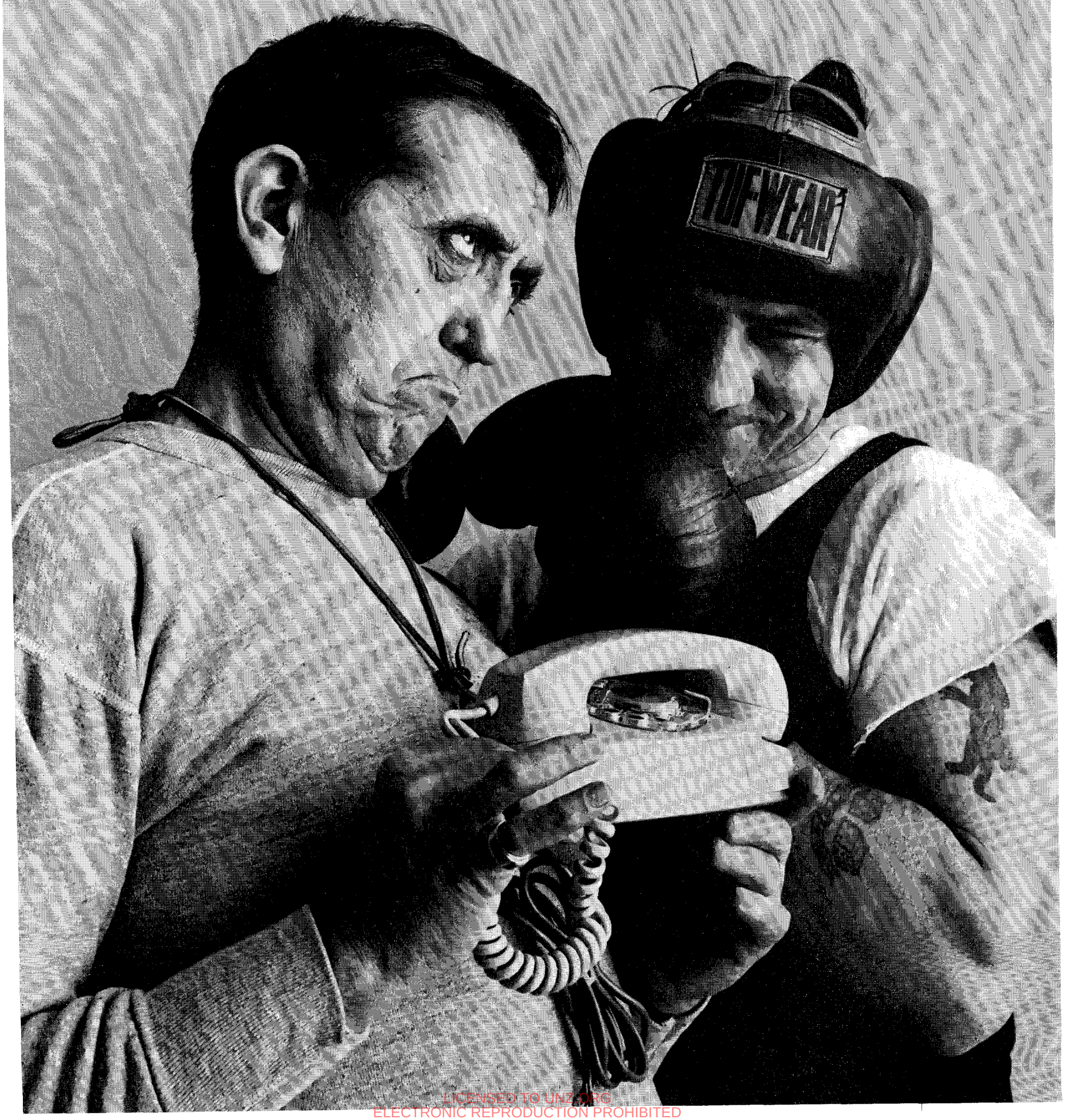

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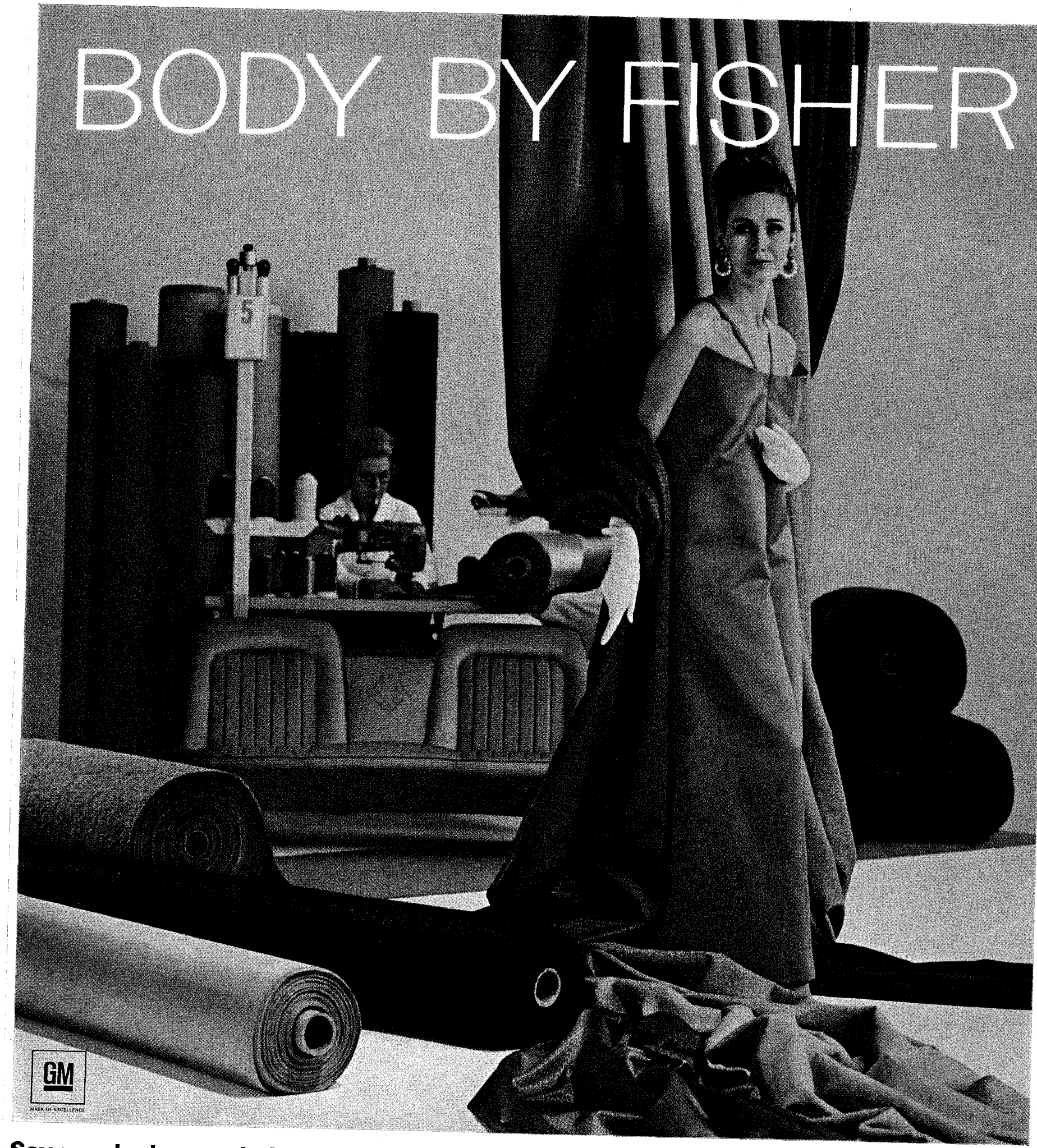

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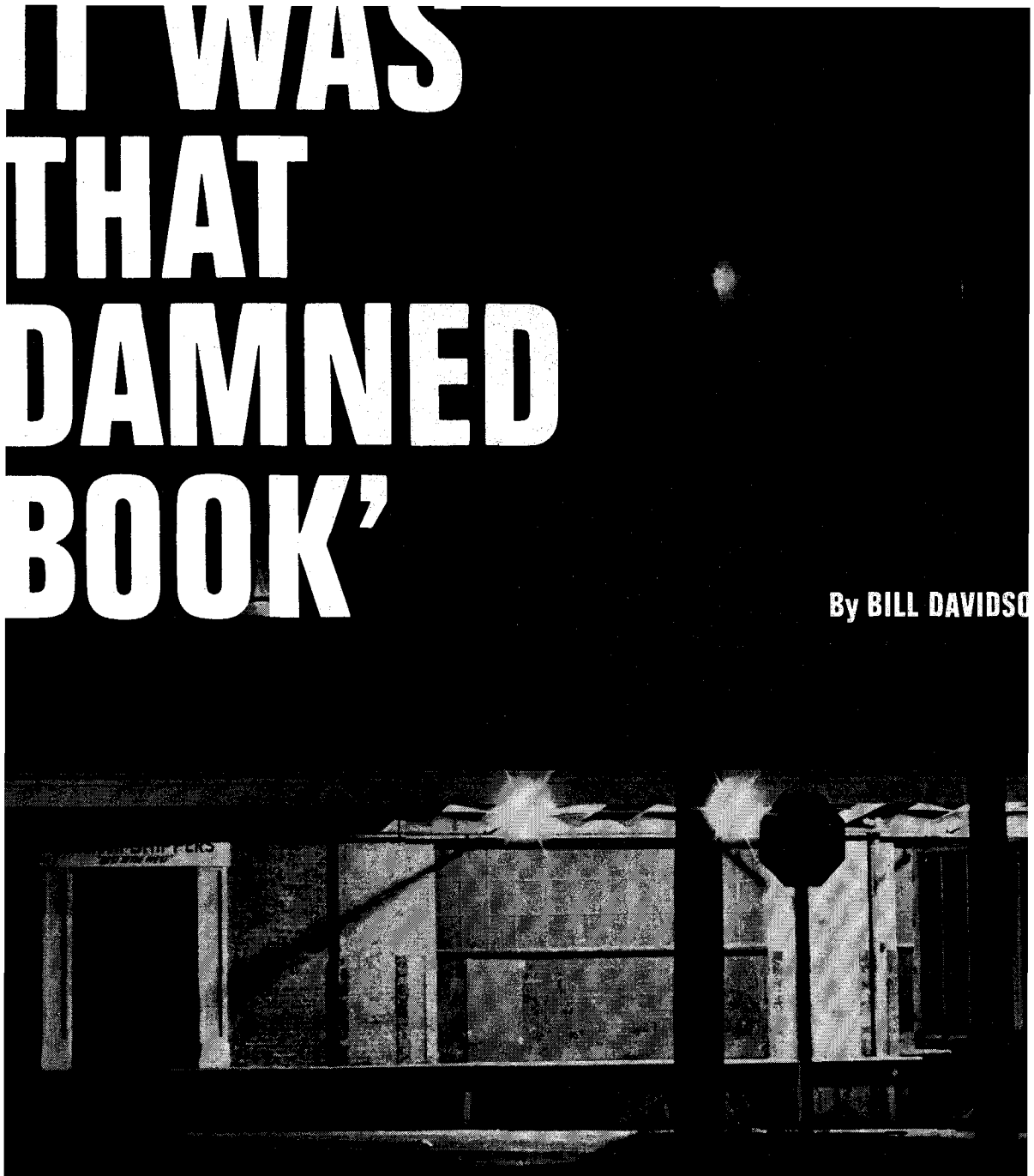
I WAS THAT DAMNED BOOK'

By BILL DAVIDSO



There were two dead men

n the alley and a killer at large.

But this killer was unlike

any other criminal

the homicide squad had ever faced.

What difference could they make to r

From "The S

It was a hot night in Los Ange police station in the heart of a la hood, the night-watch sergeant, phone calls and dispatching men where Negro rioting was in its sec the station, a radio droned a pla California Angels–Cleveland Ind Angels were winning, 5 to 1.

At exactly 9:27 on that night Strand received a report that g at the truck-loading dock of th Distributing Company. The dock and Lawrence Street, only a fe

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DRAWINGS BY FRED OTNES

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station. "My God, it's spreading over here," Strand muttered. Deciding he had better handle it himself, he turned over his duties to another sergeant and drove to Transport Cartage. When he got there, a crowd of men from the truck dock had gathered on either side of Lawrence Street, which is little more than an alley. A man was lying on the pavement near one of the groups. A bullet from a high-powered rifle, fired at close range, had torn a hole through his chest. Around him was a large pool of blood. He apparently had been shot while changing into his work shoes. One work shoe was on, and the other was in the open trunk of his car, near the spot where he had fallen.

Sgt. Strand walked the 25 feet across the alley toward the other group of workers. Another body lay on the pavement next to a second car. This second victim seemed to have opened the door of his car from the inside and fallen out. His right hand had been shattered by a high-velocity bullet, as if he had raised his arm instinctively to ward off a blow. He hadn't succeeded. His entire chin and throat had been torn away by bullet fragments. The victim's car radio was carrying a wrap-up of the Angels-Indians game, and the announcer was jubilant. The Angels had won.

Sgt. Strand called headquarters. He told them, "Better get a couple of guys from homicide down here—fast." Then he got sick.

About a half hour later, Sgt. Michael McGann and Sgt. Billy M. Terry of the Newton Station homicide squad arrived. Both had been called from home and were off duty after a full day of patrols in the Watts riot area. McGann, a short, dark, round-faced man who had studied police science at California's Compton Junior College, and Terry, a balding ex-construction worker from Texas, set about their work with the detachment of practiced professionals (the Newton Street station investigated 43 homicides in 1965). They immediately called in men from the Scientific Investigation Division to dust for fingerprints and take photographs. Then they began their methodical questioning of everyone at the scene.

They learned that the first victim was Alejandro Montez, a 51-year-old forklift operator at the truck dock. He had worked there for 12 years. The other victim was John M. Kimball, 57, a fatherly, peaceful man who was a checker at the truck dock and one of the company's most trusted employees. Both were white, and at first the police thought that the crime was a spillover from the Watts rioting. But a witness quickly came forward to dispel that theory. His name was James Aubrey, and he had been sitting in his car on Olympic Boulevard, about 200 feet away. Aubrey said, "I looked up and I saw this young fellow, white, heavyset, come out from where the railroad cars are. I saw him carry a rifle. He walked up to Montez, and I heard a shot. Then I saw Montez fall, and I got out of my car and got the hell out of there. But I saw another fellow at the head of Lawrence Street and Olympic Boulevard standing there like he was a lookout. He was white too."

There was evidence from two other witnesses who had just entered the truck dock to go to work when the shots rang out. Both had noticed a car next to Kimball's car before they reported to work. When they heard the shots, they ran outside, but the car was gone. It was, they said, a 1956 or 1957 blue Chevrolet with a broken rear window.

While Sergeants McGann and Terry were talking to witnesses, the head of the Newton Station homicide squad, Lt. Earl A. Deemer, appeared at the scene. Deemer is a handsome, six-foot-five-inch graduate of the University of Chicago, who got a journalism degree and then decided to go into police work. He was both fascinated and baffled by the apparent senselessness of the murders.

There seemed to be no motive for the killing of Kimball. He was a friendly man with no known enemies. He lived in the respectable Silver Lake area of Los Angeles, and had been happily married for more than 35 years. He had two sons, Blaine, a checker at Transport Cartage, and John, a physician. Dr. John Kimball broke down when he was called in to identify his father's body.

With Montez, there was only slightly more reason to suspect any motive. He was something of a bully, constantly berating his fellow workers. But the men were used to it, and no one seemed to take his noise very seriously. At about midnight, while Deemer puzzled over these fragmentary facts, the police crime lab sent him a report. The murder weapon, it said, was a powerful hunting rifle, probably a Winchester Model 100. The ammunition was .308 caliber, of the type that had been issued to our troops and our NATO allies. Deemer frowned. He said to McGann, "A soldier on leave?"

This theory was discarded a few minutes later when two apparently substantial leads came in. They were uncovered by Bill Roady, a former policeman who had become a special agent for the parent company of Transport Cartage. Roady had joined the investigation earlier in the evening and had helped interrogate the dock workers. "With the lookout and all," he said, "this has the feeling of a Mafia assassination. We've had some pilferage on the docks, and Montez was mixed up with a guy from Chicago with a bad reputation. Maybe this was a falling out of thieves."

"What kind of car does the guy from Chicago have?" asked Deemer.

"A blue Chevy," said Roady.

"Let's go," said Deemer.

They piled into Deemer's car and went to El Monte, some 12 miles away, where the Chicago man lived. When they got there, the house was dark and no one was home. They went around to the back of the house, and a large dog sprang at them, barely missing Deemer's arm with his teeth. While McGann held the dog, the others inspected the car in the driveway. It was a 1957 blue Chevrolet, and it had a cracked rear window. But a check of the motor showed that the car had not been used for several days. "All right," said Deemer, "let's get back to the station and check out that other lead of Roady's."

They returned as dawn was breaking, and Roady filled them in. The victim, Montez, had a son-in-law named Roy Atkinson with whom he had never gotten along. The day of the murder, Atkinson had a fight with his wife—Montez's stepdaughter—and that evening he had left the city, heading east in his car. "Tell the state highway patrol to start looking for him," said Deemer. Then, though none of them had had any sleep for more than 24 hours, the three detectives went to interview the Montez family. While they were there, the phone rang. It was Atkinson, calling from Milan, N. Mex. He had heard about the murder on the radio.

Deemer got on the phone. "We want to talk to you about the death of Mr. Montez," he said.

"But I didn't have anything to do with that," Atkinson protested. "I left L.A. at six o'clock yesterday, and I've been driving all night."

"What are you doing in Milan?" asked Deemer.

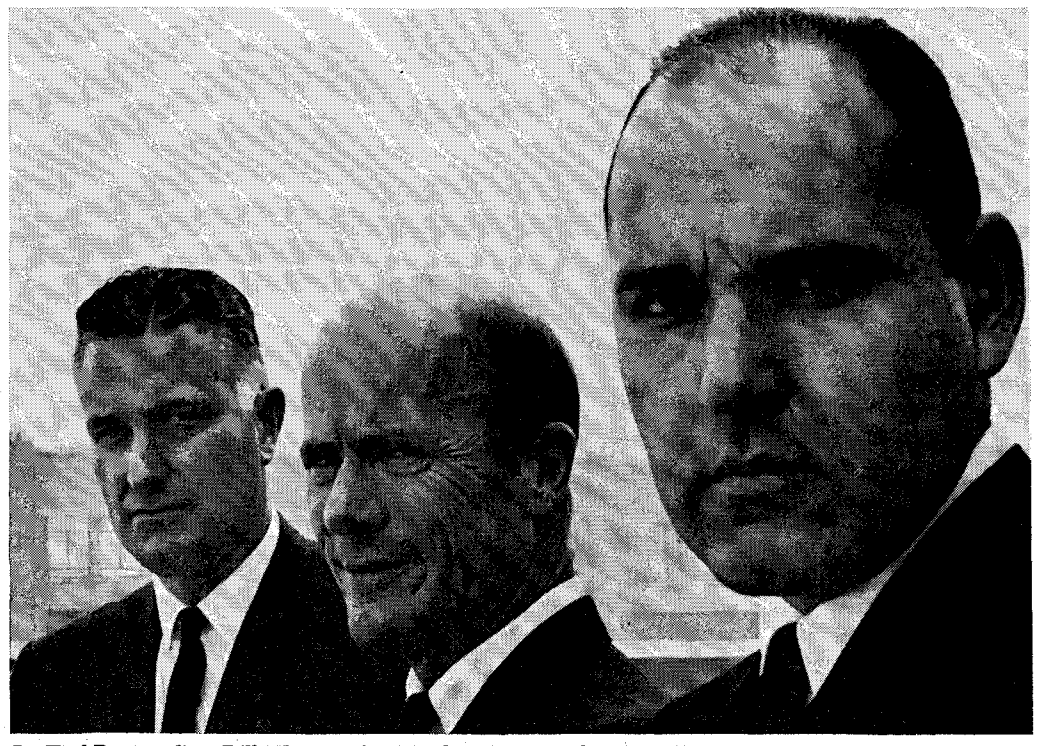
At first, the police thought the crime was a spillover from the rioting in Watts.

"I got a traffic ticket here for speeding, and I decided to stay at a motel and get some sleep."

"What motel?" said Deemer. Atkinson told him. "OK, stay there until you hear from me or somebody else in the police."

Deemer and his men went back to the station. They placed a series of calls to the police in New Mexico, and by 11 A.M. they had the information they wanted. Atkinson had indeed gotten a traffic ticket in Milan. The time of the violation was 6:41 A.M. Atkinson was innocent.

Deemer, McGann and Terry worked on the case all that day, Friday, August 13, checking witnesses and evidence. At 5 P.M., the rioting in Watts had reached a peak, and they all were ordered into the area. None of them got any sleep for 72 hours, and they could not get back to the Montez-Kimball case until 11 days after the crime.



Lt. Earl Deemer, Sgts. Billy Terry and Michael McGann cracked the baffling double murder.

On August 23, Lt. Deemer called in McGann, Terry and Roady, and reviewed the case. They agreed that all leads had failed and that they would have to settle down to the drudgery of checking out everyone who had been on the truck dock the night of the murder. They also decided to go through the employment records of the workers. This tedious routine went on for more than a month. It turned up nothing.

On September 30, 1965, seven weeks after the murders, Deemer said, "Now let's check the ones who *didn't* come to work the night of the murders."

"I've got the records," said Roady. "Seven guys stayed out that night. Five were regulars, and they all say they were afraid to come down because of the Watts riots. They all had solid alibis. Two of the guys were 'casuals.' They're part-time workers, mostly high-school and college kids."

Roady stared at one of the two forms in front of him. "Hey, wait a minute," he said, "I just remember something. A couple of weeks ago, this

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kid's grandmother called and asked if she could come down and pick up his check. Let me look into this a little more."

An hour later Roady phoned Deemer. "When the kid's grandmother called, she said that he had taken off in her car, and she thought he was visiting his mother in Texas," Roady reported. "I checked with the police in Downey, where she and the kid live, and I found out that the old lady had filed a missing-person's report on the boy and then canceled it a week or so ago, when he came home."

"What's the kid's name?" said Deemer.

"Wayne Lee Welch," said Roady.

"What was the date he was reported missing?"

"August twelfth, the night of the murders," said Roady. "His grandmother said he left for work at Transport Cartage in her car that evening and never came home."

"Let's ride out to Downey," said Deemer.

Downey is a small city with pizza parlors, drive-ins and neat middle-class homes. It sprawls on exposed flatlands 10 miles southeast of Los Angeles. On the morning of August 12, the day of the murders, the town was already baking. The inside of one apartment on Old River School Road was like an oven. The apartment was in one of twin two-story, brown-and-white stucco buildings ("$99.50 and up. Furnished") flanking a small swimming pool. The few wispy palm trees around the buildings did little to deflect the heat.

'I remember my body in a tremor, my skull reeling, spinning, searching, grasping.' Welch wrote. 'A sentence fell on my lips: I must die!'

In the bedroom an alarm clock went off, and Wayne Lee Welch, 18 years old, former high-school football tackle and wrestler, awoke in his sweat-soaked bed. It was two in the afternoon.

Welch later wrote in an autobiographical journal, "I remember my body in a tremor, my skull reeling, spinning, searching, grasping. The veins of my arms seemed dead, numb, lifeless. The first realism that swimmed into focus was the alarm clock. My lips trembled, as if a mouthful of blood would gush from its gate at any instant. My back stiffened. It started. Momentum began, and I was sitting up in the bed. The room lightened, lightened, but I was not in a room at all. . . . An all-encompassing sentence fell on my lips: I must die!"

During his few hours of fitful sleep since he had returned from work at the Transport Cartage truck dock early that morning, Welch had had two nightmares. One was a recurring fantasy. "In this dream," he explained later, "I'm alone by the sea and on a terrific crag and an immense crevice is in front of me, and there's blackness all around me, but I leap into the blackness. There is a pinnacle of rock in the ocean, and it seems very familiar always, and I fall on it. The rock comes out through me and remains victorious and I'm dead. I wake up in a cold sweat."

However, his agitation was mostly due to the second dream, one which he had never had before. The dream was reminiscent of his favorite novel, Albert Camus's *The Stranger*, in which a young Frenchman senselessly shoots to death an Arab he doesn't know when they meet on a deserted beach near Algiers. In this dream, Welch, like the young Frenchman, was walking along a wasteland braving the heat and the light with "the cymbals of the sun clashing on my skull." The dream ended with Welch committing suicide in the wasteland—by holding the muzzle of a rifle against his neck and pulling the trigger with his big toe.

Welch was morose that day, not an unusual mood for him. On the surface, he looked like a typical, clean-cut American athlete: five feet ten, 200 pounds, short dark hair, muscles bulging under the short sleeves of the T-shirt he habitually wore. Beneath that model-boy exterior, however, there lay a troubled personality. His father, Kenneth, an unstable and unsuccessful artist, had left Wayne's beautiful red-haired mother and divorced her when the boy was nine years old. After that, Wayne and his older brother, Gary, who was 21, had been shifted around from parent to parent—both of whom had remarried—until they lost contact with their father. Wayne revered his mother, but despised his stepfather, Lloyd Cress. "I have a deep-rooted disgust for this human matter, Lloyd," he wrote in his journal. "Why did my mother marry him to begin with? Why would she ever want to drag her children halfway across the United States and throw them in school after school? How could she ever love them or him?"

Cress was a professional check forger. Eventually he and Wayne's mother were arrested and convicted of passing bad checks both in California and Texas. On that hot August 12 afternoon Wayne's mother was serving a two-year term at the women's prison in Huntsville, Tex.

For the preceding five years Wayne and Gary had been living in Downey with their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Beulah Crumbley. A large, white-haired, religious woman, Mrs. Crumbley had struggled to make a decent home for the boys, working 10 to 12 hours a day as a practical nurse. Both youths were devoted to her. Gary was a better-than-average student at Los Angeles State College, planning to go on to a master's degree. Wayne had been admitted that summer to Cerritos junior college in nearby Norwalk.

Neither of the boys had ever been in serious trouble with the law, except once when Gary got into a fight with some other boys and was arrested for disturbing the peace. The charge was dismissed. At Warren High School, in Downey, Wayne had been a "C" student for two years and then had improved notably in his senior year. He was known as a "physical-culture nut," spending much of his time lifting weights in the gym. He won his letter as a football lineman. He also made the wrestling team as a heavyweight and the track team as a shot-putter, but William R. Boyd, who was then athletic director, recalls that he had indifferent success in those sports. "He was a funny kid," says Boyd. "I had him in a California history class I taught, and he used to sit in the back of the room all by himself. The other kids avoided him."

Wayne had only one friend in high school, a pretty, dark-haired girl named Jeri Hazlett. He later referred to their relationship as "a love which forever grasps me," a characterization which puzzled Miss Hazlett, who later said, "I was going steady with someone else at the time and still am. I used to talk to Wayne a lot because he was so nice and gentle—and so lonely." According to Wayne, "I couldn't touch Jeri or any other girl."

Toward the end of his junior year in high school, Wayne found two new loves—music and literature. He wrote, "The entire world changed... Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, Sandburg, Sartre, Camus—all, all were the most stimulating revolution of thought one could reveal. Engulfed! I created, wrote, reflected, pondered, forever doubted."

He developed an ambition to get a master's degree in music and a Ph.D. in English, and to teach both subjects in college. He became intolerant of those who did not share his interests and referred to them as "the muck." Once, in class, a Beethoven record was being played. Another student took the record off and replaced it with a Beatles offering. Wayne went berserk and lifted the other youth like a rag doll and flung him across the room. "I saw the juice of ignorance running down the mouths of the muck," Wayne wrote, "and it brought out in me the other side of man—the heavy bear which walks with all."

Wayne graduated from high school in June, 1965. He then went tuition-free to the summer sessions at state-supported Cerritos—which had accepted him as a freshman—to earn two college credits in English and mathematics. To help out his grandmother, he took a summer job at Transport Cartage. He worked four or five nights a week from nine until the following morning. On Saturdays and Sundays he also had a job as a playground supervisor for the parks department in Downey. Both of his jobs put him in close proximity with "the muck."

In fact, on the night of August 11, he had been pushing a dolly loaded with 200 pounds of freight down a corridor on the dock when he encountered Alejandro Montez, whom he considered "the worst of the muck," sitting on a forklift truck. Welch had asked Montez to move. Montez had replied with a stream of curses.

As Welch thought about it in his grandmother's apartment that next afternoon, he decided he had to have a gun. There was, in the apartment, a .22-caliber pistol, and a rifle which he and his brother used for target practice and hunting. But Welch didn't want either of these. He struggled into his denims, lurched out of the apartment, got on his bicycle and pedaled the half mile or so to Paramount Boulevard, a main street in Downey. As he rode, he later noted, "the hot wind slapped my face, my skull remained bloodless, feeble, a terribly heavy obstacle as if it anchored me."

Despite his daze, young Welch knew exactly where he was going. In the back pocket of his denims was a passbook for a savings account he had at a Downey bank. He parked his bike, went inside the bank and withdrew $100. He then rode to a gun shop, the Ammo Dump, across the street from a pizza emporium he frequently visited. A woman waited on him in the gun shop and sold him a Winchester, Model 100, .308 caliber. When she asked him if he needed ammunition, he nodded. "What kind?" she said. "What kind do you have?" he said. She replied, "It all depends on what you're going hunting for. If it's big game, I just happen to have some NATO military ammunition here. If you're going after deer, I have the regular stuff." Welch said, "I'll take twelve of the NATO and eight of the regular."

When Welch returned home, he discovered that

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his grandmother and Gary also were there. Welch hid the rifle behind the front seat of his grandmother's car. A moment later, Gary came out of the house. "How about going to the library with me, Wayne?" said Gary. "I need some books for my lit course."

"Fine," said Wayne, and he slid behind the wheel of the car. Gary got in beside him. Gary, well over six feet tall and weighing 220 pounds, also a football tackle and weight lifter, slapped Wayne roughly but paternally across the shoulders. Wayne had said that Gary was more like a father than any other man he knew. Gary seemed to like the role. "Anyone hurts Wayne," he used to say ominously, "will have to reckon with *me*."

At the library Wayne buried himself in volumes of symbolist poetry. As he said later, "I was seized with the sensation to take all, all, and run with my treasure to fill myself with the fire it held." He limited himself, however, to one book of verse, and he and Gary drove home.

On the way, a strange compulsion came over Wayne, and he said, "Gary, I've got to tell you something." He stopped the car and poured out all the strange feelings he had experienced in the preceding 24 hours, the clash with Montez the night before, the suicidal impulses, the purchase of the rifle, everything.

A grim look spread across Gary's face. "You need a rest badly," he said. "Tonight, after dinner, I want you to go to Texas to see Mother. You always feel better when you see her, and by the time you get back you'll be ready for the fall semester."

"OK," said Wayne, "that's what I'll do."

They reached the apartment, and Wayne said, "What about the rifle?"

"I'll take it," said Gary.

And so Gary removed the Winchester from his grandmother's car, took it to his own car a few feet away, and locked it in the trunk.

It was October 5, nearly eight weeks after the Montez-Kimball murders, the middle of the afternoon, another hot day. Sgts. McGann and Terry had been to Downey a couple of times the week before, but hadn't found anyone at Welch's home. They had asked a lot of questions in the neighborhood and had done a lot of legwork.

Now, as they arrived at the twin stucco apartment buildings on Old River School Road, they skirted the swimming pool, which contained a small boy who splashed them deliberately, and mounted the stairs to the apartment marked "Welch-Crumbley." They rang the doorbell, and Mrs. Crumbley came to the door. She had just returned from work to prepare dinner for her two grandsons, and she still wore her white nurse's uniform. The detectives identified themselves, and a look of fright passed over her face. "We'd like to talk to your grandsons," McGann said.

"Gary's in the bedroom taking a nap. I'll get him," she said. "Wayne's at school. He goes to Cerritos College, you know." She brushed back her silver hair nervously.

"Don't call Gary yet," said McGann. "We want to talk to you about Wayne. Where was he the night of August twelfth?"

"Oh, that was the night he left in my car," said Mrs. Crumbley. "I was sure he'd gone to see his mother in Texas. He'd been talking about doing that earlier that day. But when I found out a couple of weeks later that he never got to Texas, I reported that he had been missing since August twelfth. Is that why you're here?"

"Where did he actually go that night, Mrs. Crumbley?" asked Terry.

"Well, he went north to try to see his stepmother, his father's new wife," the old lady replied, "but he only got as far as Bakersfield. The car broke down."

"Where is the car, Mrs. Crumbley?" asked Terry. Just then Gary appeared. He seemed quite nervous. "I can tell you where the car is, lieutenant," Gary said. "It's in storage at a garage just beyond the underpass where you enter Bakersfield on route ninety-nine."

Terry turned to the grandmother. "Tell me, just what kind of car do you have, Mrs. Crumbley?" he asked.

"It's a 1957 Chevrolet," she said. "It's blue."

"Does it have any dents or any other kinds of markings we could identify it by?" Terry asked.

"Yes," she said. "It has a broken rear window. I've been meaning to get it fixed."

"Thank you, Mrs. Crumbley," said Terry, "you've been very helpful." He looked at Gary, who was twisting the hem of his T-shirt into a knot, the enormous muscles of his arms working compulsively. "Are you going to be around later?" he said. "We may want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," said Gary. "I've got a lot of studying to do."

The detectives left. As they passed the swimming pool, they were splashed again by the small boy. This time they headed for Cerritos College.

At the college they discovered that Wayne was due for a music course at 7 P.M., and they waited around, watching an intramural football game. At seven o'clock they went to the class. Welch was there. "We want to speak with you," said McGann, "but I think it would be better if we went down to the station in L.A."

Wayne showed no emotion. "OK," he said. They all got in the detectives' car and drove in silence to the Newton Street Station.

Lt. Deemer was waiting, and the three detectives began questioning the boy. At first Deemer played on Wayne's scholastic interests and ambitions. They discussed the poetry of Rimbaud and Baudelaire and the novels of Camus. Wayne began to relax. "Wayne, do you consider yourself an existentialist?" asked Deemer.

"Oh, yes," said the youth eagerly.

"How would you define existentialism?"

"Man," Wayne said, "is a helpless prisoner of his environment, and the only way he can escape is to use will instead of reason."

"Wayne," said Terry, "would you like to tell us now about your whereabouts on the night of August twelfth?"

The boy's mouth dropped open, and he seemed to gasp for breath. Finally he said, "Well, if you want me to talk about that, I won't say anything until I talk to my brother."

McGann and Terry then asked a series of direct questions about the Montez-Kimball murders, but as Terry later testified, "He didn't say anything. He made no motions with his head. He completely ignored the questions. I said, 'Do you understand that I'm directly accusing you of the murder of these men in cold blood, and you are not saying anything in your defense, even just to say that you did not do it?' Still he did not react in any way. I pulled out some of the color photographs of Montez and Kimball as they had looked after they had been shot. He came practically to tears three or four different times, but he remained silent. He just repeated, 'I won't say anything until I talk to my brother.'"

"OK," said Lt. Deemer to McGann and Terry. "Book him for murder. Then go out and pick up Gary Welch. Book him for murder too."

An hour later, Gary was brought into the station. He, too, insisted that he wouldn't talk until he could speak with his brother. There is normally no bail for murder suspects. The youths were locked in separate cells in the county jail.

At this point Deemer's decision to hold the two brothers overnight was quite permissible by law. First, their grandmother's description of the car tallied with the vehicle seen at the truck dock just before the murders—and either of the two boys could have driven it. In addition, the witness,

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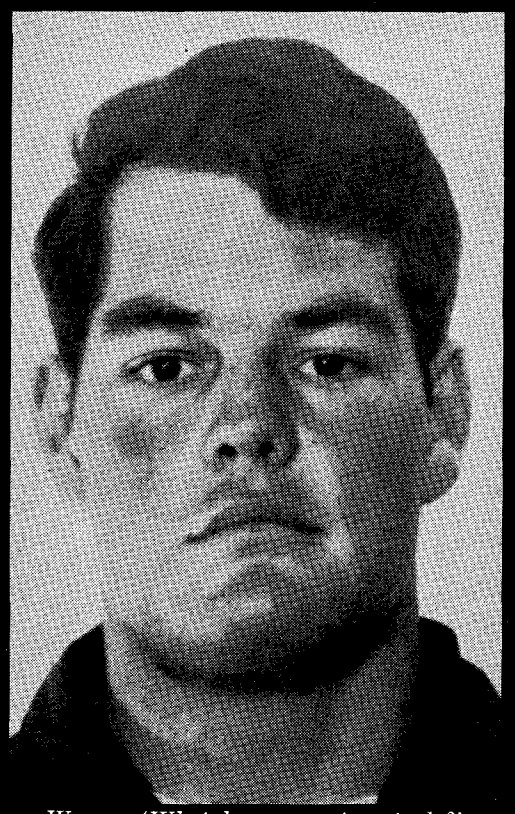
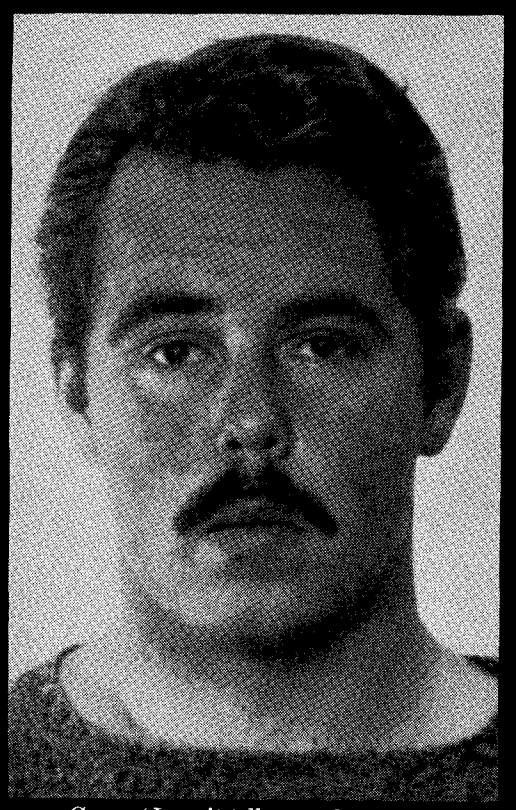


Wayne: 'What do you want me to do?'

When Wayne and Gary began throwing punches, it took six cops to subdue them.



Gary: 'I can't tell you what to do.'

James Aubrey, had reported seeing two men at the murder scene, one perhaps serving as a lookout, or accessory, and the other, whom he actually had seen firing a rifle at Montez, as "a Caucasian, young, fairly tall, very strong-looking." This description fitted both Wayne and Gary.

The next morning, October 6, McGann went to the crime lab where experts were examining rifle ammunition found in the boys' apartment. Terry went to Wayne's cell. As he walked in, the youth said, "I want to make a statement." Terry rushed to a phone and told McGann. Shortly thereafter, Terry, McGann and Bill Roady assembled in the stenographer's room at the jail. Both Wayne and Gary were brought in. "All right," said Terry to Wayne, "do you want to give your statement to the stenographer?" The boy began to talk.

He said he had left for work on the evening of August 12, but had changed his mind. Instead, he had driven around all night in his grandmother's car. Two days later, on August 14, he said, he had met a man named James Forman, who drove a cross-country moving van, and for the next month he had worked his way to New York and back again with Forman.

McGann broke in, "But you say you didn't meet Mr. Forman until the fourteenth. I'm not interested in what you did on the fourteenth or even the thirteenth of August. I want to know about the twelfth."

Wayne turned sullen again. "Well, I've told you all I'm going to tell you," he said.

"All right," said Terry, "I guess we'll have to go back downstairs."

Just then, Gary leaped to his feet and snarled at Wayne, "You're not going to leave *me* in this, are you?"

Wayne shouted, "Well, what else can I do? What do you want me to do?"

Gary yelled, "If you don't know what I want you to do, I can't tell you what to do."

"All right," said Wayne, "if you want me to tell them, I'll tell them. I——"

He never finished the sentence. Gary broke it off by hurling himself at Wayne like a football linebacker going after a pass receiver. The two young giants then began a struggle in the middle of the room. Furniture flew in all directions. The stenographer, a young girl, huddled terrified in a corner. Terry, trying to separate the battling youths, was flung against the wall, and his forehead split open. Cops poured into the room. It took six men to subdue the youths. Finally both were handcuffed and led away to their cells.

It was August 14, 1965, two days after the Montez-Kimball murders. A huge moving van, eastbound out of Los Angeles, came roaring down the metallic strip of U.S. 66 at the point just before it bent into the town of Needles, Calif. At the wheel was Jim Forman, a handsome, six-foot-one-inch, 40-year-old ex-infantryman who had been captured by the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge in World War II.

As he rumbled along the highway, Forman noticed someone in the distance. As he got closer, he saw it was a youth of about 18, wearing a blue-and-white-striped T-shirt and tan chinos. The boy was holding up a sign on which he had scrawled in large letters NEW YORK.

Forman stopped, and the youth got in. He gave what Forman immediately sensed was a phony name—Jack Smith—and said he wanted to visit his brother who was a college student at New York University. He asked if he could work his way with Forman, helping him to load and unload the van. Forman, noting the boy's burly physique, nodded. "I guess I can use you," he said.

That was the beginning of a strange odyssey which lasted for almost a month. Forman had to deliver and pick up loads of household furnishings along the route. "The kid was a good worker," said Forman later, "and he didn't give me any trouble. He was well-mannered, intelligent and very clean. He was a strange boy, though, and for the most part he kept away from me and didn't talk much except in those long stretches when we were on the road. He read all the time, and he kept trying to impress me with his knowledge. Talked a lot about French poets and writers."

Frequently, when they had unloaded in a town and had an hour or so to kill, the boy would disappear. When Welch returned, Forman would ask him where he had been, and he would say he had stopped off in a church. After each of these episodes, they would talk a lot about religion. Forman got the impression that the boy believed in the hereafter, but that he had gnawing doubts about religion generally.

"I was very suspicious about the kid from the beginning," says Forman. "From what he said, I knew he knew nothing about New York, though he had once said he had been there. I *knew* he was running away. I thought maybe he was mixed up in the Watts riots in some way. He was very, very nervous. I kept talking to him, trying to figure out his way of thinking and what was going on in his mind. I thought maybe I could help him."

As they got closer to New York, the boy began to talk about his home life. Forman says, "He told me that he felt he was all alone. As a kid he was always being boarded out. He was a loner. He felt nobody cared for him. He felt he was a burden, and that people had pushed him around and dictated his life completely. He told me, 'I'll show them.' He said his mother was in jail, and had been before, and that she wasn't capable of raising a family. He said he lived with a grandmother and a brother. He had some affection for the grandmother, but I got the impression that he was somewhat afraid of the brother."

They reached New York, and Forman's suspicions were confirmed. The boy obviously had never been there before and was totally unacquainted with even the main landmarks of the city. Forman took Welch on a tour of the city, and when he headed back West again in his truck, Welch went with him.

"By this time, I knew he was too dangerous and disturbed to be left alone," Forman explained. "I wasn't afraid of him, though. Since the Battle of the Bulge, I haven't been afraid of anything that I can see."

A few days out of New York, Forman decided to have a talk with Welch and find out what was really bothering him. He said, "There's something wrong with you. You need to talk to somebody. Now, look—anything you want to tell me will be in strict confidence."

The boy looked at him for a minute. Then he said, "If you don't want to be bothered with me after I tell you, you can go ahead."

Forman said, "Well, you just tell me."

The boy said, "I'm in trouble. I killed two men. I shot them. There was this fellow on the job, this loudmouth. He was just muck. Well, one night he cursed me and started at me. I didn't deserve to be talked to in any such manner. I couldn't forget it. It grew and grew. I went to bed thinking about what this guy said to me. So I got up and bought a gun and went in my grandmother's car to the dock. I know this is a horrible thing to say, but I felt good to see that man's blood run down the gutter. I know I'm wrong, but I can't help it."

The youth paused and stared at Forman. He said, "You know, you're the calmest man I've ever seen. Doesn't this make you afraid of me? I have respect for you, so if it bothers you, I'll go.'

Forman said, "I'm not a damned bit scared o you. Forget the whole thing, and we'll talk more.'

They did talk more, and Forman never becam

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convinced that the boy was telling the whole truth. "There was something about that relationship with his brother which I couldn't figure out—he seemed to love him and hate him at the same time," said Forman later. "I advised the kid to give himself up to the police, and then I offered to go with him to talk to his brother. He said, 'No, I have something to do on my own.'"

On the night of September 10 the van arrived in Los Angeles. It took two days to unload the huge vehicle, and the boy helped out. Then Forman took the boy home with him for dinner.

After dinner, Welch disappeared. Forman went out to his van, and on the seat of the cab he found a note, neatly hand-printed in pencil.

The note read: "Jim: I have left! Going home to face humanity. For I can succeed *this* time. For this reason: You—you have injected a philosophy of life within my views which cannot be erased with passage of time. A philosophy of humanistic acceptance. We have to live—may as well make the best of it you can. Without a doubt you have left a strong impression upon me. . . . Please don't call or contact. I couldn't bear the pain. . . ."

On the afternoon of October 6, 1965, after a doctor in the county jail had patched up the forehead cut he had suffered in the scuffle between Wayne and Gary Welch, Sgt. Terry went to see Wayne in his cell. "What was that you started to say when Gary jumped you?" he asked.

The hulking youth began to cry, then said, "I guess that's what you want to know, and you're going to keep asking me, so I might as well tell you. I shot those two men."

"And how about Gary?" said Terry.

"He didn't have anything to do with it. He did everything he could to stop me."

They returned to the interrogation room. Wayne told Terry the entire story—all the way up to the point where Gary took the gun away from him and locked it in the trunk of his car. "And how did you get the gun back?" asked Terry.

"I really *was* going to see Mother in Texas, like Gary suggested," said Wayne, "but when I called the bus terminals, I couldn't get a bus out that night, so I decided to go down to the dock. I went to Gary, who was studying, and I told him I had left my book of poetry on the seat of his car. I asked him if I could borrow his keys to unlock the car, so I could get the book out. Instead, I unlocked the trunk and took the rifle. I put the gun in Grandmother's car and drove off to the dock.

"I parked my car, and I took my rifle, and I got out. I went over to the boxcars on the railroad siding about forty feet away. I saw Mr. Kimball arrive and park his car next to mine.

"He couldn't see me, but I could see him. He stayed in his car and was listening to the ball game. I sat down then on the railroad tracks. I sat there for a long time."

Later in his cell, Wayne wrote about these moments: "My body no longer carried characteristics of a human. My feet were roots attached to and blossoming from the cool earth. . . . Steel raged, shocked against my hollow flesh. . . . I was drowning in bellows of monotonous steel, iron, concrete. I felt an ancient sensation—as if I were an age-old stone savage pitted against the wilderness. . . . The sadness of the moon engulfed me. I remembered Baudelaire's verses: 'Tonight the moon, by languorous memories obsessed/ Lies pensive and awake: a sleepless beauty amid/ the tossed and multitudinous cushions of her bed/ Caressing with an abstracted hand the curve of her breast.'"

"What happened next?" Terry asked.

"I heard a noise," Wayne said. "A car had pulled up. It was Montez, backing into his usual parking place. I walked over toward Montez, and Montez was standing at the rear of the car changing his shoes. I got to about four or five feet from

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Montez before he looked up and saw me. He said, 'Watcha doing, kid? Are you going hunting?' And I shot him at that time."

In his autobiography, Wayne wrote: "An outraging explosion occurred. A bitter smell filled my nostrils. The gun—the gun—it exploded. My humanistic finger quivered. Before me a hideous semblance. A body lunged backward then splattered itself on the pavement. There was shape—but no form, shade—but no substance. A skull was down—but no features, empty. Blood enclothed it! Here! Here! A grotesque beauty, a hideous charm spread before me. The most engrossing crimson liquid lay itself out—as though it knew I was a savage dog and would lap it up. But it was mistaken. I was a member of humanity . . . and a lover of the family of man."

"What did you do after you shot Montez?" Terry asked.

"I walked across the street and put my gun in my car and started to get in myself," said Wayne, "and then I heard old man Kimball say, 'What the hell did you do, kid?' He was still sitting in his car listening to the ball game. He was facing away from where I had shot Montez. I reached back and got the rifle again, and old man Kimball was trying to get out of his car, and I shot him."

In the autobiography: "Once more the ghastly explosion occurred. The matter dropped to the pavement in a pose which resembled a slave bowing to his god."

"Did you leave the dock immediately after you shot Kimball?" Terry asked.

"Not right away," Wayne said. "I looked up, and I saw a man standing in the middle of the street up near Olympic Boulevard. It was an old wino, a derelict who used to hang around there. He was just standing there, and he was funny."

Terry realized that this cleared up the mystery of the so-called "lookout" seen by the witness, James Aubrey. It was not Gary, but the wino.

"Why didn't you kill that wino?" Terry asked.

"I couldn't," Wayne said, "because he looked so funny."

"Where did you go next?" said Terry.

"To my girl-friend's house in Downey," the boy replied. "Jeri Hazlett. Her father goes hunting a lot, and he has a big gun collection. I asked Mr. Hazlett if he wanted to buy my rifle. He said he couldn't afford to buy it right now . . . he looked in his wallet and he only had five dollars, but Jeri said she had twenty dollars and would loan it to me. Mr. Hazlett said that was OK, so I took the money, left the gun, and drove away."

"Did you really try to get to see your mother?" asked Terry.

"No," said Wayne, "I decided I wanted to see my father instead. The last time I heard from him was three years ago, and he was in New York. I thought if I went to see my stepmother in Fresno, she could tell me where he is. But I never got to Fresno. The car broke down in Bakersfield."

"What did you do after that?" asked Terry.

"I hitched a ride back toward L.A. with two sailors. They had a gun, and they were talking about going down to shoot themselves a few Negroes in Watts. They showed me the gun, and I thought for a minute about killing the two sailors. But I didn't. . . . I hitched another ride to Needles, and the next day Mr. Forman came along in his moving van."

"What did you do after you left Mr. Forman?" asked Sgt. Terry.

A look of hurt indignation flitted across the boy's face. "I registered at Cerritos and started my classes, of course," he said. "My education is the most important thing in the world to me."

"Of course," said Terry. He had Wayne complete his statement for the stenographer and took him back to his cell. Then Terry went to see Sgt. McGann, who was questioning Gary.

It turned out that Gary's story jibed completely with what Wayne had told Terry. It was clear that Gary had not been involved in the crime at all. The murder charges against him were dropped, and he was released a short time later. He, too, sobbed intermittently throughout the questioning, but mostly out of concern for his brother. "Why do you think Wayne did it?" asked McGann.

"It was the book," said Gary. "He was obsessed with that damned book."

"What book?" asked McGann.

"*The Stranger* by Albert Camus," said Gary. "He must have read it a hundred times. It's about a guy who murders a man for no reason, and without emotion. Wayne was so obsessed with that book that he couldn't even write a letter without trying to make it sound like Camus."

When they were finished with Gary, McGann and Terry reported to Lt. Deemer, and then left to tie up the loose ends of the case. Deemer thought for a while about what Gary had said and sent to the public library for *The Stranger*. Strangely enough, the copy of the book which he received was well marked. On page 72, where the hero, revolver in hand, is facing the Arab he is later to kill, there was heavy underlining at the line: "And just then it crossed my mind that one might fire, or not fire—and it would come to absolutely the same thing." Another marked passage was: "In the same weary tone [the magistrate] asked me a last question: Did I regret what I had done? After thinking a bit, I said that what I felt was less regret than a kind of vexation."

Page 76 was missing completely. It had been torn out of the book. Deemer immediately sent for another copy. Page 76 was the account of the murder itself. Deemer read: ". . . Everything began to reel before my eyes, a fiery gust came from the sea, while the sky cracked in two, from end to end, and a great sheet of flame poured down through the rift. . . . The trigger gave, and the smooth underbelly of the butt jogged my palm. And so, with that crisp, whipcrack sound, it all began. I shook off my sweat and the clinging veil of light. I knew I'd shattered the balance of the day, the spacious calm of this beach on which I had been so happy. But I fired four shots more into the inert body, on which they had left no visible trace. . . ."

When McGann and Terry returned, Deemer showed them this passage in the book. Then Deemer showed them the marked copy from which page 76 had been torn out. Terry said, "I hope, for our sake, that this was Wayne Welch's copy and he did this. I'd hate to think there's *another* kook walking around loose."

During the period from October 6, 1965, to March, 1966, Wayne Lee Welch was examined by two court-appointed psychiatrists and by several medical examiners. All found that he didn't drink and had never taken drugs. He had no physical brain damage. Both psychiatrists pronounced him sane. One of the two, Dr. Brunon Bielinski, even went so far as to insist that the boy was "not neurotic, let alone psychotic or borderline psychotic." In a classic understatement Dr. Bielinski said, "His is a protracted adolescence. He was highly suggestible, as are all adolescents, and hence he was suggestible to the book by Camus, his hero. Adolescents frequently overreact. This boy overreacted when he killed the two men."

Based on the judgment that Wayne was sane, the only hope of his defense attorney, Maxwell Spencer, was to try to save the boy from the gas chamber. Spencer, a middle-aged, fatherly man from the Los Angeles County Public Defender's Office, had many discussions with the Deputy District Attorney Joe Reichmann. Reichmann was outraged by the crime and wanted to go to trial and demand the death penalty, but he was wary about the age of the boy "and the psychiatric gobbledygook about unhappy childhoods that can influence juries." He and Spencer finally agreed that the result would be the same if the case went

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to trial, at great expense to the state, or if Wayne were allowed to plead guilty—with the probability that he would receive a life sentence.

On March 22, 1966, Wayne appeared before Superior Court Judge Eugene E. Sax. He sobbed slightly as he entered his plea of guilty to two charges—premeditated first-degree murder in the case of Alejandro Montez and unpremeditated second-degree murder in the case of John Kimball. After the plea, he was taken back to his cell in the county jail, and over the next few days, several people commented on what a nice, bright boy he was. Defense attorney Spencer said, "I don't have any children of my own, and when I talk to him and don't think of what he did—I almost figure this is the kind of boy I'd like to adopt." Even Lt. Deemer said, "I'd get to like the boy after talking to him—and then I'd remember what Montez and Kimball looked like when I saw them lying on the truck dock."

On April 22, Wayne once again appeared in court and was sentenced by Judge Sax to life imprisonment on the first-degree murder charge and five years-to-life for the second-degree murder. He will be eligible for parole in six more years—when he will be 26 years old.

What made Wayne Welch kill? No one really seems to know. Will he kill again when he gets out of prison? Psychiatrist Bielinski doesn't think so. He says, "By the time he is twenty-six, he will have outgrown his period of protracted adolescence and no longer will overreact."

The other examining psychiatrist, Dr. K. Grosvenor Bailey (appointed for the defense) is more concerned. He recommended psychiatric treatment for the boy. In his diagnosis for the court, Dr. Bailey wrote: "It is obvious that the family background has been very difficult, and it appears that he inherits certain aggressive traits which, under gross stress, nervous exhaustion, under circumstances of multiple dilemmas—all these precipitated him into a behavioral orbit of cruel, antisocial behavior . . . in maniacal homicide."

Dr. Bailey also hints at a sexual cause for Wayne's actions, a proposition Dr. Bielinski totally rejects. Wayne, at the age of 18, had had no sexual experiences of any kind. Dr. Bailey, however, found evidence indicating, as he wrote, "an Oedipus complex, or at least a pliant libido misdirected to his mother as the love object." He cited letters which the boy wrote to his mother from jail. Here are some excerpts:

"Ten-thousandfold do I kiss your lips in total stimulation. Mother, my thirst to be with you never leaves me."

"Come to me, hold my hand, kiss my head, let me feel the warmth of your limbs embracing me. I love you with my life."

"I clasp your hands and kiss your excess of crimson hair overshadowing the curve of your milky shoulder."

"Bend down your neck and let my lips part your burning lips."

By now, Wayne's mother has been released from prison in Texas, has changed her name and gone to work as a secretary. She is only 41, but her hair now is pepper-and-salt gray, and there are lines in her face. She visits her son in jail as often as she can. She cries a lot.

Welch's grandmother fared worse. She had a heart attack shortly after his confession, and since then has been in a hospital, on and off. Gary has moved into a small room, is trying to finish college, and has become a brooding loner.

The families of the two murdered men have never quite recovered from the tragedy. Dr. John Kimball says, "We've all been numb for months. My mother, of course, was hardest hit, and her health has been failing. My kids loved my father. They called him Popeye, and when I told my youngest son, who was eight, that Popeye was dead, he refused to believe me and ran out of the house. He didn't come back for hours.

"When I saw the Welch boy in court, he seemed clean-cut, quiet, anxious to please. I tried to look at him clinically, but I couldn't. I'm against capital punishment, but when I realized what his sentence was, I was bitter. My specialty is not psychiatry, but I hold little hope for this boy's rehabilitation. When he is released, I'll still be thinking of his few years in jail in exchange for my father's life."

Welch himself does not seem to have been touched very much. He refers to the murders as "the incident" and seems to look upon them mostly as a vexing setback to his educational plans. He still talks about going on to get his master's degree in music and his Ph.D. in English, and about how wonderful it will be to teach both subjects in college.

And he still seems to be influenced by *The Stranger*. In the Camus book, the hero rejects the prison chaplain who comes to him, hoping for some expression of remorse before the hero is executed.

Wayne was visited in jail by Rev. Alton Johnson, then a minister at the First Baptist Church in Downey. "The boy didn't go to my church," says the Rev. Mr. Johnson, "but he played football in high school with my son, Steve, and I knew him. I talked to Wayne in his cell, and he was very courteous but reserved. He showed complete lack of remorse. He never alluded to his own family or to the loved ones of the men he had killed. He changed the subject to a discussion of the studies he was planning.

"The only time he really opened up was when he started holding forth on existentialism. He told me he was a fatalist. The way you can tell if you have made any progress or contact with someone is if he asks for something. By this I mean a request for books or a call to someone like his grandmother or brother. This boy asked for nothing."

Only in one letter to his mother has Welch ever tried to explain his feelings about the murders. In that letter, dated December 27, 1965, he wrote: "A huge cloak of guilt covers my face. Why does not the heart feel the pang of remorse? I sit here in a cell, and two men's pulses have stopped. No room in my ribs is reserved for these two men. It has only left me with the impression of being an absurd dream. . . ."

EPILOGUE

It was 18 months after the crime and a broiling sun beat down on the town of Vacaville, Calif., just as it had on Downey the day of the Montez-Kimball murders. Outside Vacaville, a group of tan, barracks-like buildings squatted behind a wire fence at the bottom of a tree-dotted ridge. The sign at the main gate read CALIFORNIA MEDICAL FACILITY. The innocent-sounding name disguises the fact that this is a prison hospital for psychotic convicts.

I was admitted through the main gate, and tower guards armed with rifles watched warily as I entered the administration building.

In the superintendent's office, I spoke with Dr. Thomas Clanon, a psychiatrist who is chief of psychiatric services, and with Louis Nelson, an associate superintendent. We discussed Inmate Number B-2377, who is Wayne Lee Welch. "A nice, normal boy," said Dr. Clanon, "except that he's got one thing wrong with him. He likes to kill people. We keep him under close guard. He's one of three or four hundred here who might kill again—even in prison."

Asked if Welch is getting psychiatric treatment, Dr. Clanon replied, "As much as we have the personnel for. He gets an hour of group therapy twice a week. He's a strange boy. He only seems to be interested in studying all of the time."

When Welch does become eligible for parole, Nelson pointed out, he first must "get through our Stress Assessment Unit, which has to determine whether or not he's safe to return to society."

Nelson picked up a phone and sent for Welch. He came in with a guard a few minutes later. Now 20 years old, with the adolescent fat gone, he looked taller and leaner. His handsome face was reddened by the sun. Nelson said, "Welch, Mr. Davidson would like to talk with you."

Welch said, "I don't want to talk with him."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "it would be the height of vulgarity. I prefer not to think back." His huge fists clenched, and he moved toward me. Nelson nodded to the guard, who grabbed the youth and turned him toward the door. Nelson nodded to the guard again, and Inmate Number B-2377 was returned once again to his books and to the anonymity of the prison.

"I have never been able really to regret anything in all my life. I've always been far too much absorbed in the present moment or the immediate future, to think back."—"The Stranger." □

'I wasn't afraid of him.

Since the Battle of the Bulge,

I haven't been afraid

of anything I can see.'

Cross-country trucker Jim Forman

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Editorials

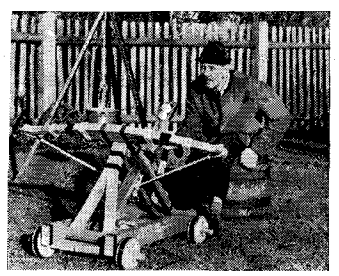
The welfare mess

It has long been part of the American mythology that no honest man would accept handouts from the Government. The corollary is that anyone who does take Government handouts is probably shiftless and immoral. None of this applies, of course, to the middle classes, who accept Government handouts with perfectly clear consciences. The professor with a grant for scientific research, the wheat rancher getting federal subsidies, the war veteran with a monthly pension—all manner of Americans consider themselves entitled to receive Government doles. Only the poor are patronized or condemned for doing the same thing.

Because of this moralistic attitude toward supporting the poor, because it is assumed that the poor will try to cheat, the whole welfare system is designed not only to support the poor but to punish them for their poverty. It is generally forbidden, for example, for a poor family to get child-support payments if there is an employable man in the house; therefore, a poor man can help his family by deserting it—or pretending to; therefore, to prevent cheating, the welfare people stage nighttime raids in search of hiding husbands. Similarly, if a jobless man earns some money, he is penalized for it by having his welfare payments reduced. The result of the system is that the number of people on the dole grows every year, until there are now a million families on welfare, including 3.6 million children, that the cost of simply administering the mess amounts to more than $600 million, and that the recipients of uncharitable charity live in a state of apathy, hostility and despair.

In the past few years some imaginative people in and out of Government have begun to try figuring out alternative solutions. There are various plans, but most of them center on some form of guaranteed income. The basic idea is generally credited to Dr. Milton Friedman, an economic adviser to Barry Goldwater, who argued for a "negative income tax" that would guarantee a basic income of about $1,500 for a family of four, but would also permit the poor to add to this by their earnings. These plans need a great deal of further study and testing, but they seem to be gathering support. To that trend, we add our own support.

Catfish in the sky



A most extraordinary one-man war has been going on in the countryside near Munich, West Germany. An obscure figure named Helmut Winter, fed up with having his home buzzed by low-flying planes approaching a nearby airfield, bought a tiny model of a Roman ballista, an infernal machine constructed on the principle of the crossbow. With the aid of a carpenter, Herr Winter built a big, operational version and equipped it to shoot homemade *Knödel* (dumplings).

Red-eyed from lack of sleep, Herr Winter took his position on a bright Friday morning and began firing away at incoming Luftwaffe planes. Helmut estimated his range at about 180 feet, not even close to the aircraft; but, as he said, "It makes them nervous." These friendly bullets routed the Luftwaffe and brought its pilots to the truce table, where Herr Winter served them some of his dumplings. Soon after, an offending U.S. helicopter unit capitulated, and Herr Winter was treated to full military honors. He was also promised that jet helicopters would maintain a decent 1,600 feet.

Aside from the nourishing aspects of Herr Winter's heroic exploit, it appears that his machine should be enormously adaptable to local problems and local cuisine. It is easy to conceive of a chagrined Vermont Yankee firing globs of Indian pudding at a derelict airliner. And there is something satisfying in the thought of a whole catfish dinner with trimmings, including hush puppies, being angrily fired off from some southern swamp at a low-flying noisemaker. Navel oranges could be the ammunition in Florida, stewed possum in the border states, giant cornballs in Iowa, osso buco in New York City, hot tamales in Texas—there is no end to it. A continuous umbrella of edibles would do the trick from coast to coast. But beyond this grand scheme there is a deeper insight. Herr Winter has something to tell us.

He rejected all the tired weaponry and conventional tactics against the plagues of the age. His counterattack was awesomely original and benevolent—and, perhaps for that reason, it worked. It is time we applied this sort of spirit on all fronts.

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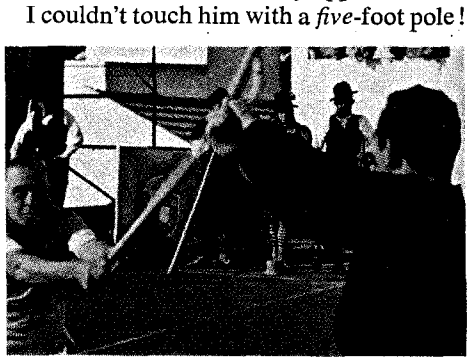
The Portuguese call it Jôgo do Pau. I call it mayhem.

1 **"Here's a rough sport** that calls for skill, strength and, most important, stamina," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "A good Jôgo player uses all the tricks of fencing—jabbing, sabre-swinging, lunging, parrying—with just a supple 5-foot stick as his weapon. I'd done some fencing so I thought I'd give Jôgo a try.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

2 **"The idea of Jôgo,** they said, is to overwhelm, rather than injure, the other fellow. So I began a whirlwind offensive to wear down my opponent. But I couldn't touch him with a *five*-foot pole!



3 **"Then he went to work** like a master swordsman, penetrating my defenses at will. I back-pedaled but he kept on coming. In Jôgo, only a fool fights till he's down; I resigned.

4 **"Thoroughly licked,** but not disgraced, I went off arm-in-arm with my opponent to a nearby tavern for a drink of his favorite whisky and mine—Canadian Club."
Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon.
No other whisky tastes quite like it.
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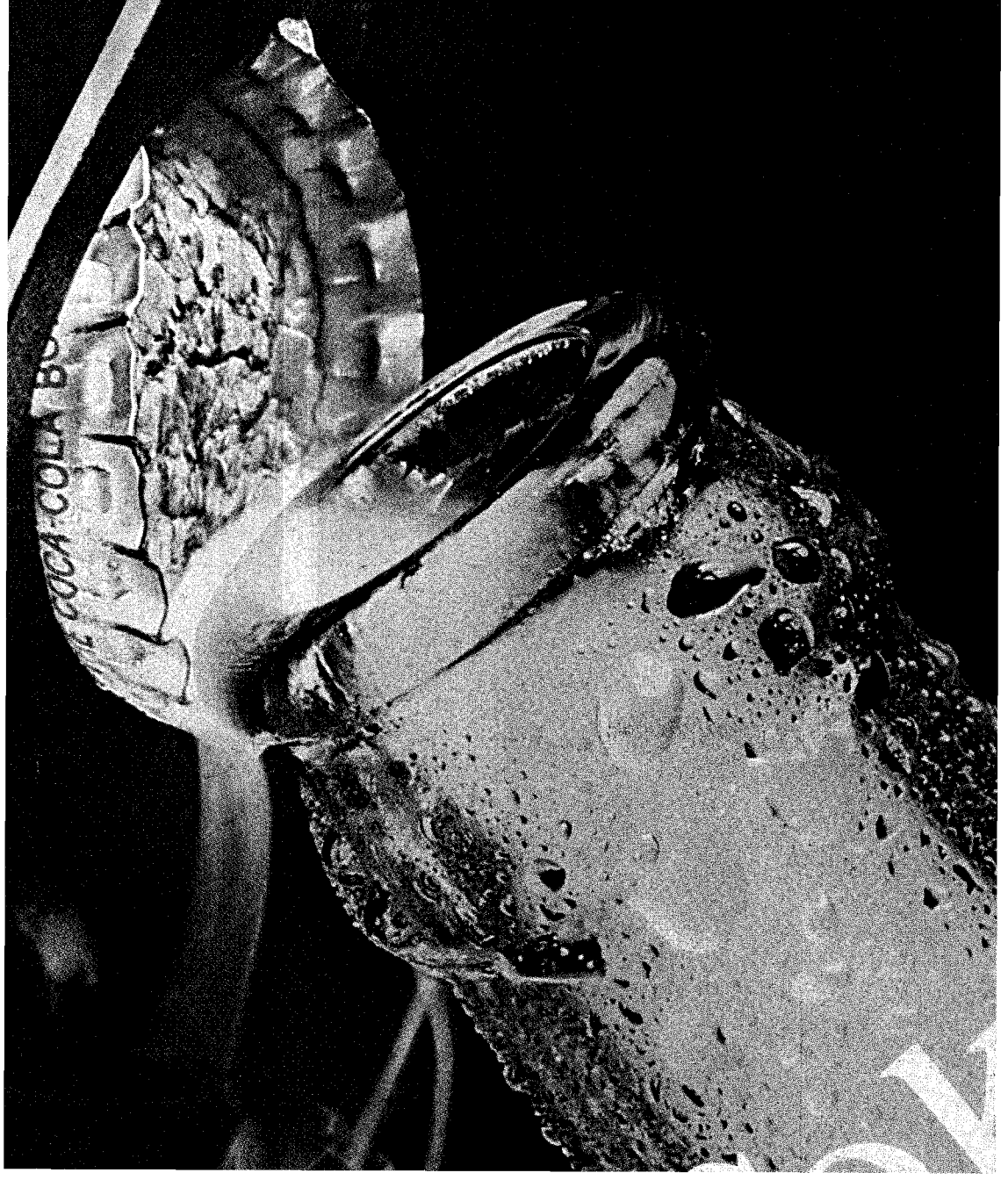
or the taste
ever get tir

oca-Cola is always refreshing...that's why things go better wit



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